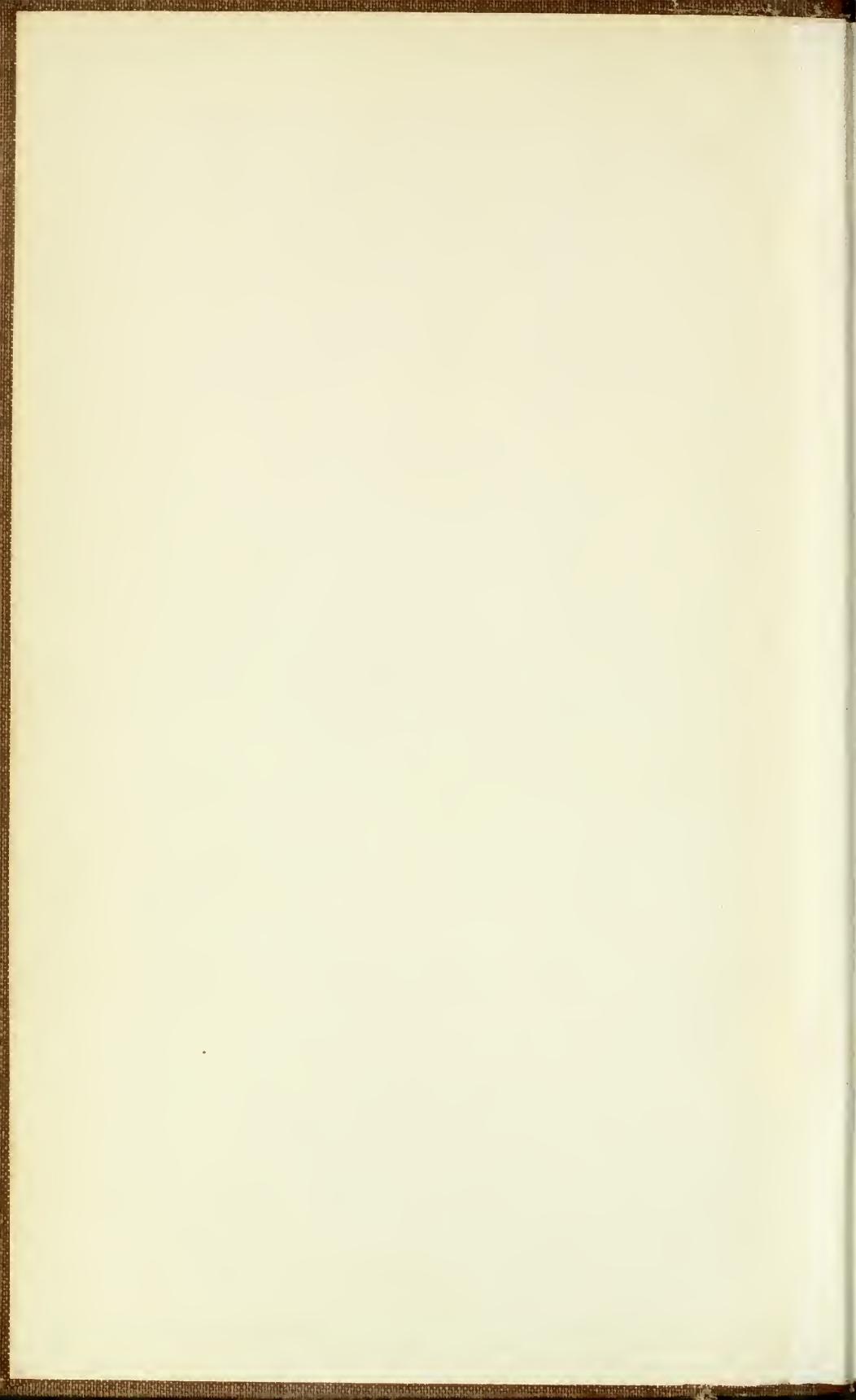


The Prose Life of Alexander



PR
1119
A2
no.143



The Prose Life of Alexander.
(THORNTON MS.)

EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY.

Original Series, 143.

1913 (*for 1911*).

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~~L~~ The Prose Life of Alexander.

FROM THE THORNTON MS.

EDITED BY

J. S. WESTLAKE, M.A.

THE TEXT.

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE delay in issuing this important prose romance has been due to the prolonged illness of its editor, Mr. J. S. Westlake. Even now Mr. Westlake has not been able to attend to the revision and publication of the book. The collation with the manuscript has been made for the Society by Miss E. M. Thompson, the proofs have been read over by Mr. John Munro, and a few changes have been made in the side-notes, foot-notes and head-lines, which otherwise remain as Mr. Westlake left them. The translations from the Latin text which make good the lacunae in the manuscript have also been inserted by Mr. Westlake.

The Introduction, together with the Notes and Glossary, are reserved for a future volume. Mr. Westlake's elaborate side-notes provide, meanwhile, a useful epitome of the story.

The Society is greatly indebted to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln for depositing the manuscript in the British Museum, and to the Keeper of the Manuscripts, Mr. J. P. Gilson, for receiving it there.

I. G.

THE PROSE LIFE OF ALEXANDER.

LIFE OF ALEXANDER

THE most learned Egyptians who know of the size of the earth, the waves of the sea, and the order of the heavens (betokening the way of the stars and the turning of the skies), have bequeathed these things to the whole world through the highness and the wisdom of magic knowledge. And they tell of a king of that land, by name Anectanabus, great in understanding, and full of love in astrology and mathematics. Now, upon a day it happened that a messenger came, and said unto him that Artaxerxes, king of the Persians, was drawing nigh towards him with a very great force of foes. Yet he did not call out his army, nor get ready his advance. Instead of this, he hurried into his bed-chambers in his palace, and, taking down a brazen shell, which was full of rain-water, and holding in his hand a brazen rod, sought by magic spells to summon the devils. By which wizardry he felt, in the shell itself, the fleets sailing over him amid fearful affray.

Of the Wisdom of the Egyptians and of their king Anectanabus.

How Anectanabus saw by wizardry the on-coming of the Persian hosts.

Now there were lords of Anectanabus set in sway over his armies to guard the Persian border.

And one hapless man coming to him, besought him : ‘ O most mighty King Anectanabus, there ariseth against thee Artaxerxes, the king of the Persians, with an untold horde of foes and strange races. For they are Parthians, Medes, Persians, Syrians, Mesopotamians, Brapes, Phares, Argiri, Chaldaeans, Bachiri, Confires, Hircanians, and Agiophii, and many other folks coming from Eastern lands.’ On hearing this, Anectanabus said, sighing : ‘ The trust that I gave to thee, heed thou right well ; yet thy prowess hath not been the prowess of a doughty man, but the doings of a cowardly fellow. For worth showeth itself, not in the greatness of the folk, but in the steadfastness of their souls. Dost thou not know one lion putteth many

A lord of the Marshes tells him of the advancing myriads of foes and is chidden for his cowardice.

2 Anectanabus's flight from the Persians. He greets Olympias.

The king sees his further ill-luck by wizardry.

does to flight?' And having said these words, he went into his chamber alone, and made brazen shells, and filled them with rain-water, and held in his hand a palm rod, and gazing into this, began, as hard as he could, to utter spells, and beheld how the Egyptians were being smitten down at the onslaught of the Barbarians' ships.

Forthwith he changed his dress, and shaved his head and beard, and took gold as much as he might bear, and which might be needful to him to busy himself with wizardry. And thus he fled from Egypt, near by Pelusium. And at length, coming into Ethiopia, he put on linen apparel, [and] in the guise of an Egyptian seer went into Macedonia. And there he sate himself, and before all the Greeks, and in their sight was sooth-saying. But the Egyptians, when they saw how Anectanabus was not at Court, went to Serapis, who was their greatest god, and besought him that he might give them answer as to Anectanabus their king. And Serapis replied: 'Anectanabus, your king, is gone from Egypt because of Artaxerxes, the king of the Persians, who will subdue you unto his lordship. Never-

theless, when a short time hath flown by, he will come back to shake off his thraldom, and will be avenged on your foes, and yoke them under you.' And as soon as they had got this answer, they made a kingly statue out of a black stone, in honour of Anectanabus. And they wrote on it, at his feet, this saying, that it might be handed down for their offspring to think of. But Anectanabus remained in Macedonia, nor was he known.

He fleeth unto Ethiopia and from Ethiopia to Macedonia and is there a soothsayer.

The Egyptians learning his absence get an oracle why he is gone and when he shall come back again victorious. They make of him a black stone image.

HOW ANECTANABUS WENT UP TO THE PALACE TO OLYMPIA THE QUEEN.

Philip, king of Macedon, being gone to battle, Anectanabus meeting Olympia greets her and is answered.

In the meantime, Philip, king of Macedonia, went out to battle. But Anectanabus went forward to the palace, that he might behold Olympia the queen, and see how fair she was. And when he saw her, his heart was smitten with love of her, and stretching forth his hand, he greeted her, saying, 'Hail, Queen of Macedonia,' disdaining to call her 'lady'. And she, Olympia, answered him, speaking thus: 'Hail, master, come thou and sit near.' And when he sate thus, Olympia

asked many things of him. ‘Art thou not an Egyptian?’ And the queen hearing that he is an Egyptian asks him of many things.

4 wise, and read dreams, understand the birds of the air in their flight, open up the hidden places, and tell the fate of those new-born, babes. Of all these things, as a seer, I, too, have knowledge.’

And Olympia saw how he gazed upon her, and spoke, ‘Master, of

8 what dost thou bethink thee, who thus lookest on me?’ And

Anectanabus answered, ‘I call to my mind many answers of the gods. One answer had been that I was to look upon a queen.’

And saying this, he drew forth from his breast a cleansing 12 tablet of bronze and ivory, inwrought with gold and silver, and on its face were three whirls. The first contained in itself the

Twelve Minds, and in the third, sun and moon were fashioned.

Next to them, was seen a chain of ivory, and from it he 16 pulled forth seven wonder-bright stars, that told the hours and birth-dooms of men, and seven carven stones, and two stones for the saving men whole.

And Olympia beheld these things, and said: ‘Master, if 20 thou wouldest I should believe thee, tell me the year, the day and hour of the king’s birth.’ And upon this, he said to the

queen, ‘Wishest thou to hear nothing else from me?’ Quoth the queen, ‘Tell me what shall fall out betwixt Philip and me, for

24 men say that, when Philip shall come from the war, he will thrust me forth, and take another mate.’ And Anectanabus answered: ‘They prate of many things untruly; but ere a long time pass, it shall be as they say.’ And the queen answered:

28 ‘I beg thee, master, unveil me all the truth.’ Thereupon Anectanabus:—‘One of the mightiest gods shall share thy bed and uphold thee through all thy thrivings and downfalls, even if they be overstrong.’ Olympia replied: ‘I beseech thee, say

32 what shape this god shall put on?’ Anectanabus replied: ‘Neither young, nor old; his beard besprinkled with white hairs. Wherefore, if this please thee, be ready for him, for at night shalt thou see him, and in thy sleep shall he lie by

36 thee.’ The queen said: ‘If I behold this, neither as a seer, nor as godly, but, as the god himself, will I worship’ [thee]. And at once Anectanabus said, ‘Fare thee well, O queen.’ After this Anectanabus, leaving the palace, and walking straight forth

He looks on her, and telling her of an oracle, shows the instruments of his sorcery.

Olympia asks as to the king’s birth; and as to what shall befall her, for men foretell evil.

Anectanabus gainsays them and foretells that she shall be beloved and have the embraces of a god in man’s shape.

Leaving
her he digs
up herbs
that he
may so
delude her.

And
having
dreamt
Olympia
calls him
to her, he
tells her
how to
enable the
god to come
to her first
seeming as
a snake.

She gives
him a
chamber in
the palace.

He lieth by
the queen
seemingly
as a god
and sealeth
her womb,
saying the
child shall
not be up-
braided for
his birth.

Thus
was she
cheated;
and was
with child.

But she, in
fear, asks
him how
to escape
Philip's
wrath.

He comforts
her and
through
wizardry
makes
King
Philip
dream a
god is
lying with
his wife
who, after,
seals her
womb,

to the city's camp in a desert spot, tore up herbs, and ground them, and took their juice, and wrought spells and other like things of the fiend, that in that same night Olympia might behold the god Hamon lying beside her, and saying to her 4 thereafter, 'Woman, thou hast conceived him who shall beshield thee.' And, on the morrow, Olympia awoke from her slumbers, and called Anectanabus to her, and told him of the dream she had beheld. Then Anectanabus said: 'If thou wilt give me 8 room in the palace, thou shalt see the god himself, face to face. For that god shall come to thee in the shape of a great snake, and soon after, taking on a manlike body, he shall seem to be in my likeness.' And to this Olympia said: 'As thou hast spoken, 12 master, do. Take to thyself a bed in the palace, and canst thou make good the truth thereof, I will deem thee to be the father of the boy.' And, about the first watch of the night, Anectanabus took on him, through spells and wizardry to be changed into 16 the shape of a great snake, and whistling on to the bedchamber of Olympia, to fly through. And he entered her room, and rose on to her bed, and with great love began to kiss her, and the kisses betokened to her who he was. And when he rose up 20 from the bed, he smote her on the womb, and spake: 'This begetting be thy avenging, and in no wise may it be upbraided of men.'

On such a fashion was Olympia cheated, who had lain with 24 a man as though he had been a god. And in the morning, Anectanabus went down from the palace, and the queen was with child.

And when she began to be big, she called unto her Anec- 28 tanabus, saying: 'Master, tell me, what doom will Philip wreak on me, when he shall come back?' And Anectanabus said to her, 'Be not afraid: god Hamon will champion thee.' And with these words he left the palace, and went outside the 32 town, to a barren spot. And, uprooting grasses, rubbed them, and grated them, and took their sap. And he caught a sea-bird, and began to sing over the herbs, and anoint the herbs with the sap. This he did in fellowship with the fiends, that he might 36 betray King Philip through a dream. And this was brought about. That same night the god Hamon appeared to Philip, in a dream, lying with his wife Olympia, and, the night ended, he

saw him touch her womb, and seal it with a golden ring. And on this ring there was a stone, and graven on this a lion's head, and the chariot of the sun, and a very sharp sword. And he said to her: 'Woman, thou hast conceived thy saviour.' And Philip awoke from his sleep, and calling Arideus, made known to him the dream, and what he had seen. And Arideus said: 'Philip, not from man, but from a god, hath thy wife conceived. In truth, the lion's head and the chariot of the sun and the sharp sword, foretoken that he, who shall be born of her, shall journey to the East whence riseth the sun! And with the sharp sword shall he underyoke to himself the nations of the whole world.'

telling her
she has
conceived
hersaviour.

And awak-
ing from
the dream
his seer
reads him
its mean-
ing, and
that the
child shall
be glorious.

HOW ANECTANABUS IN THE SHAPE OF A MIGHTY DRAGON
WENT TO THE FORE IN FRONT OF PHILIP AND OVERCAME
HIS ENEMIES IN THE FRAY.

In the meanwhile, King Philip fought and won. For there appeared in the battle a dragon, who went before him and laid low his foes. And when he came back to Macedonia, he met and kissed Olympia. And King Philip gazed on her, and said, 'To whom, O Olympia, hast thou given thyself up. For sinned thou hast, yet not sinned, for as much as thou hast brooked frowardness from a god. But I have seen all that has been done by a god on thee, in a dream: therefore be blameless in my eyes, and the eyes of all men!'

With the
dragon's
aid King
Philip wins
the fight,
and com-
ing back he
speaks as in
joke to his
wife as to
what has
befallen
her.

HOW ANECTANABUS IN THE SHAPE OF A DRAGON CAME
BEFORE PHILIP AT A FESTIVAL AND KISSED OLYMPIA.

On a certain day Philip was feasting with his lords and chieftains of Macedonia and with Olympia his wife. And Anechtanabus through wizardry took on himself the shape of a dragon, and, passing through the midst of the couch whereon they lay apart, whistled so loudly that all the revellers were stricken with fear, and the greatest dread, and coming near Olympia, he put his head on her breast and kissed her. Philip, seeing this, spoke to Olympia, 'Woman, thee and all I tell; beheld this dragon, what time I laid my enemies low.'

At a feast
Anectana-
bus comes
to Olympia
as a dragon
and Philip
tells the
guests
what has
happened.

HOW A BIRD LAID AN EGG IN PHILIP'S BOSOM AT WHOSE
BREAKING THERE CAME FORTH A SERPENT, WHICH FORTH-
WITH DIED.

A bird lays
an egg
in King
Philip's
lap, which
breaking
gives forth
a snake,
which
before it
can go back
dies. His
sorcerer
reads him
its mean-
ing.

The queen
is com-
forted by
wizardry
till the
child is
born.

Mighty
wonders
happen,
and Philip
is per-
suaded to
let the
child be
fostered
as though
he were his
own son.

And a few days after this Philip the king was sitting in his palace, and there appeared unto him a little and most gentle bird, which flew into his bosom and laid an egg. And the egg, falling to the ground, was broken. And at once there crept forth from it a very little snake. And it turned around, wishful to go into the egg, but, before it might put in its head, it was quenched. And Philip, seeing this, was heavily distressed, and called to him Arideus, and showed him the monstrous thing he had seen. And Arideus said to him, 'King Philip, a son shall be born to thee, who shall reign after thy death, and shall fare forth over the whole world and sway all peoples, and ere he come back to the land of his birth, shall die by a most swift ¹² death.'

And as the time of child-birth was drawing nigh, Olympia began to feel pain, and her womb was tormented, and she bade Arideus be called to her, and spoke with him: 'Master, my ¹⁶ womb is wrenched with very heavy labours.' Anectanabus [*sic in both editions 1489 and 1494*] then spake: 'Raise thyself awhile from thy throne, for in this hour the elements are troubled by the sun.' This was done, and the pain went from ²⁰ her. And soon after, Anectanabus said to her, 'Sit down, O Queen!' and she sate herself and bore a child. And as soon as the boy was fallen on to the earth, a mighty thunderclap and thunderbolts, with tokens and lightnings came about through- ²⁴ out the whole world. Then night was spread forth and lasted, it reaching unto the last hour of day. Then parts of the clouds fell down in Italy. And seeing these signs, Philip the king was affrighted, and went in to Olympia, and said: 'I deemed ²⁸ that this little babe should in no wise be fostered. For he is not conceived of me, but of some god, for at his birth I beheld the heavens changed. Yet let him be fostered in my memory, as though he were my son, and follow in the stead of a son ³² I begot through another wife.' And when he said this, she handled the babe with great care. And the boy's face had the likeness neither of father nor mother. The hair on his head

was shaggy as a lion's. His eyes glistened like the stars, but each beamed with its own hue, one black, the other yellow. And his teeth were sharp, and his eager rush as a lion's. His
4 shape foreshadowed his energy and forethought. By his parents he was called Alexander. In the schools, and wheresoever he sate, he strove with them in letters and disputations, and by his keen swiftness won the mastership. And when he was twelve
8 years old, he was beweaponed for battle, and excelled in arms. And Philip, seeing how quick he was, praised him, and said : 'Son Alexander, I love thy speed, and wit of mind for its work. But I am sore and feel foolish that thy form is so unlike mine.'
12 And Olympia heard this, and was greatly afraid. And she called hither Anectanabus, and said : 'Master, learn from me what Philip mi:deemeth. For he said to Alexander, "Son,
I love thy speed and wit of mind. But, that thy shape is
16 unlike mine, I am saddened.'" And Anectanabus began to think, and said : 'His thought is nowise harmful.' And gazing aloft as he was wont, he looked on a certain star, and riddled out his wish. And when Alexander heard this, he spake :
20 'The star thou seest is seen in the heavens?' And Anectanabus replied : 'My son, it is.' Alexander said : 'Canst thou show it unto me?' Anectanabus answered : 'Follow me in the hour of night, and I will show it unto thee.' Alexander said : 'Thy
24 fate is not known to thee, or uncertain?' Anectanabus replied : 'Enough of this.' Alexander said : 'I would fain know it.' Anectanabus answered : 'In truth know that from my son shall come my death.' This said, as he went down from the palace,
28 Alexander followed him in the hour of the evening without the city. And when they arrived up on to the ditch of the city, Anectanabus spake : 'Son Alexander, gaze thou on the stars; look how the star of Hercules is perplexed, and how Mercury's
32 star is blithe. If I see Jove sparkling, my doom telleth me of my coming death at the hands of my son.' At this sight Alexander came up nigh to him, and made an onslaught on him, making him fall

The child is like neither father nor mother; his eyes are starlike, one black one yellow, his teeth sharp. He is called Alexander.

In the schools and at arms he excels all. Philip tells him how he loved him yet was grieved at his birth. Olympia fearing tells this to Anectanabus, who says it is not harmful.

Anectanabus, being with Alexander, sees a star which when shown again, he announces to foretell his death at his son's hands. Alexander holding this a lie rushes against him.

[*The early Text begins.*]

36 dowin in to þe dyke, and thare he fefte, & was aff to-frusched; and þan Alexander said vn-to hym one this wyse. 'Fals

Leaf 1.
Anectanabus falls

into the
dyke and
Alexander
tells him it
is right
punish-
ment.

Anectana-
bus tells
Alexander
that he is
his own
son.
Alexander
reproaches
his mother.

A Prince of
Macedonia
brings a
fierce horse
to the
palace
which the
king uses
to slay evil-
doers.

King Philip
has an
oracle of
his gods.

Alexander
taught the
seven
sciences by
Aristotle
and Calis-
thenes.

wreche,' quoþ he, 'that presumeþ to tell thynges þat ere to
com, reȝte als þou were a prophete, and knewe þe preuateȝ
of heuen. Now may þou see that þou lyeȝ, And þare-fore
þou arte worthy to hafe swilke a dede.' And thanȝ Anectanabus 4
ansuerd, & said: 'I wiste wele ynoghe,' quoþ he, 'þat I scholde
die swylke a dede. Talde I noȝte lange are to þe, that myȝ
awenȝ soñ schulde slae me?' 'Whi, ame I thi soñ?' þaið
quoþ Alexandire: 'zaa, for sothe,' quoþ Anectanabus, 'I gat the.' 8
And wiȝ þat word, he ȝalde þe gaste. And thanȝ Alexander
hert tendird on his Fader, And he tuke hym vp on his bakke,
and bare hym to þe palace. And when his moder Olympias
saw hym, Scho said vn-till hym. 'Soñ,' quoþ scho, 'what 12
es that?' 'Als thi foly hase made it,' quoþ he, 'so it es.'
And thanȝ he gert berye hym wirchipfully.

¹ In the mene tyme, a prynce of Macedoyne broghte þe² kyng
a horse vn-temed, a grete and a faire; & he was tyed on ilke 16
side wit chynes of Ireñ, for he walde very meñ and ete þam. This ilke horse was called Buktiphalas³, bi-cause of his vgly
lukynge, For he hade a heued lyke a buffe, & knottifls in his
frount, as þay had bene þe bygynnyng of hournes. And when 20
þe kyng saw þe bewtee of this horse, he said till his seruandis,
'Takeȝ this horse and putteȝ hym in a stable, and makes barreȝ
of yreiñ be-fore hym, that thefeȝ and oþer mysdoers, þat sañ be
done to dede, may be putt in-till hym, to be slaeñ of hym.' 24
And þay didd so. In þe mene tyme þe kynge Philippe had
ane awnswere of his goddes, that hee schulde regne nexte after
hym, the whilke myghte ryde that wylde horse wit-owtew
harme. So it felleþ þat Alexander þe whilke was þan twelue ȝere 28
alde, wexe strange & reȝte hardy, & was wysse and discrete;
for he was wele lered & command in all þe seuen sciences,
þe whilke twa philosophirs had teched hym: þat es to say,
Arestotle & Calistene. And one a day, as Alexander passed 32
for-by þe place þare als þe foresaide stode, he loked in be-
twene þe barreȝ of yrne and saw, bifore þe horse, mens hend
and fete, & oþer of þaire membris, liggand scattered here &
thare, and he had grete wonder þare-off. And he putt in his 36

¹ Space for miniature blank, ten lines.

² a changed by scribe into þe.

³ Buktiphala. In MS. a blot has

smudged out all the i except a dot, and obscured the p, making it look like *Bukts-phala*, but it reads really as above.

hande bitwene þe barreȝ, And þe horse * strekede oute his nekke,
als ferre als he myghte, and likked Alexander hand; and he
knelid douȝ on his kneesse, and bi-helde Alexander in þe vesage
4 langly. And Alexander vnderstode wele þe will of þe horse,
and oþynd the barreȝ, and went into þe horse, and straked him
softely on þe bakke wit his riȝte hand; And belyfe þe horse
wexe wonderly meke tiff Alexander; and riȝte as a honde will
8 conche wheñ his maister biddes hym, so dide he tiff Alexander;
and Alexander lukede besides hym, & sawe a sadif & a brydell
hyng thare; and he tuke & dyd þan on hym, & leppe one his
bakke; & rade furthe on hym. And wheñ the kynge Philippe
12 sawe hym do so, he said vn-tiff hym ‘Mi soñ Alexander’ quoþ
he: ‘All þe ansuers of our goddeȝ are fulfillede in the! For
wheñ I ame dede, þou mon regne after me’ And Alexander
ansuerd, & said ‘I pray the, Fader,’ quoþ he, ‘ordeyne me horse
16 & meñ, for I gaa seke dedeȝ of armeȝ.’ ‘For soþe’ quoþ þe
kynge wit a glade chere, ‘Take þe a hundred horse, and
xl thosandeȝ pounde of golde; and take wit the of þe worthieste
knygheȝ þat langeȝ to me, and wendis furthe.’ And he didd so.

20 And he tuke wit hym also a philosophre þat highte Eu-
festius, whilke he traysted mekiȝt in, And twelue childre þat
he chese to be his playfers, and went hym furthe, and come
in-tiff a contreth þat es called Polipone. And wheñ the
24 kyng of þe land herd teñ, þat swilke meñ ware entred in-to
his rewme in swilke araye, he raysed a gret Oste, and come
agaynes Alexander for to fechte wit hym. And wheñ he
come nerehand hym, he said vn-tiff hym. ‘Teñ me’ quoþ he
28 ‘whatt þou ert?’ And Alexander ansuerd ‘I am Alexander’
quoþ he ‘þe soñ of Philippe, þe kyng of Macedoyne.’ ‘And
what hopeȝ þou þat I be?’ quoþ þe kyng tiff hym. And
Alexander ansuerd. ‘þou ert kyng of Arridouns’ quoþ he.
32 ‘Neuer-þe-lesse, if all I do þe þat wirchipe þat I calle þe
kyng, emprise þe natlynge þare-of. For meñ seeȝ ofte tymes
meñ þat ere in heghe astate com to lawe degree, & meñ þat
ere in lawe degree, come tiff heghe astate.’ ‘þou sais riȝte
36 wele’ quoþ þe kyng. ‘Take hede to thyȝ awen selfe!’ And
Alexander ansuerd & said ‘Ga bethew away fra me’ quoþ he
‘for þou cañ say noghte to mee, ne I hafe noghte at do wit þe.’
And þan þe kyng was worder wrathe, And said tiff Alexander

* Leaf 1 bk.
Alexander
sees Buce-
phalus.
Bucephalus
bows and
submits to
him.

Philip sees
Alexander
riding
Bucephalus
and says
the oracles
are ful-
filled.

Philip at
Alexander's
asking
gives him
arms and
men to
invade
foreign
territory.

Alexander's
encounter
with the
King of the
Arridons.

They quar-
rel fiercely.

* Leaf. 2

The king challenges Alexander. Alexander accepts, and they both go home to gather forces.

Alexander gathers his army, meets King Nicholas and slays him after the fight.

On his home-coming, he finds his father at bridal with a new wife, and begs him to take Olympia back again,

lest Alexander, giving her to another king, be his foe. One Lesias jeeringly foretelling that Cleopatra shall bear Philip an heir,

'Luke on me' * quoþ he 'þat spekes to the: Fore I swere the be my Fader hele, & I anes spitte in thi face, þou schale dye.' And wit þat he spitte at Alexander, & said: 'Take þe þare, þou biche whelpe, þat þe semeȝ till hafe.' And Alexander stepped furthe, & said vn-till hym. 'For þou' quoþ he 'hase dispised me, by-cause I ame littill; I swere þe, bi þe pete of my Fader, & by my moders wambe, in þe whilke I was consayued of godl Amoȝ, þat þou schall see mee, are oughte lange, in þi rewme, redi to feghte wit þe; and owþer I schall wyð thi rewme wit dynte of swerd, & brynge it vnder my subiecion, or þou schall make me subiecte vn-to þe.' And þare þay assignede day of Batelle; and ayther of þam went hame fra 12 oþer.

¹ And agaynes þe day of Batelle, Alexander, bi ascent & ordynance of kynge Philippe, gadird a grete Oste, & went to the place þare þe Batelle was assigned, and fand all redy þare, 16 kyng Nicoll and his oste. And þay trumpped vp appoñ bathe þe parties, and bigan to feghte, & many meȝ ware slaeñ on bathe þe sydeȝ. Bot at þe laste, Alexander hadde þe felde, & tuke kyng Nicholl, & gart smytte of his heued, & went in-till 20 his land, and conquered it; and his knyghtes went and coround hym kynge þare-off. And sythen he went hame till his fader, kyng Philippe, and fand hym sittand at the mete at a bridle: For he had put awaye fra hym his wyfe Olympias, Alexander 24 moder, and taken hym an-oþer þat lighte Cleopatra; And Alexander went in-to þe haule, and said vn-to þe kynge Philipp: 'Fader,' quoþ he, 'I pray ȝow, þat for a rewarde of my firste iournee þat I hafe now made, ȝee graunte me to take 28 my Mder Olympias agayne vn-to ȝow, & do to hir as awe to be done to a qwenne², rathere þan I gyffe hir to anoþer kyng; so þat I be noȝte ȝoure enemy for euer. For this weddyng, þat ȝe hafe now made here, es vnlefuff!' Wheñ 32 he hadd said thir wordes, ane of þe þat satt at þe kynges burde, whase name was Lesias, answerd & said to þe kyng: 'lord' quoþ he 'þou schall hafe a son of Cleopatra, and he schall regne after þe!' Alexander, thañ, was gretly greuede at his 36 wordes, and wit a wardrere þat he hade in his hande, he went

¹ Place for miniature blank, twelve half-lines.

² MS. *qwenne* with *e* inserted above text.

tilt hym and kellede¹ hym. Wheiñ kyng Philippe sawe this, he was gretly stirred, and rase vp, & gatt a swerde * & ranne to-warde³ Alexander, for to hafe smytten hym. Bot onane 4 he felle down; and ay þe nerre Alexander þat he drewe, þe mare he felle to the erthe riȝte as he bene ferd. And þan Alexander said vn-tilt hym: 'Philippe' quoþ he 'how es it soo, that þou, þat hase wonn wit dynt of swerde alle Grece, 8 ne hase now na strenghe to stande on thi fete.' And þan aft þe hauȝte was troubbled, and the brydale letted. And Alexander went abowte þe hauȝte, and keste douȝ þe boundes 12 wit þe mete, & þe drynke þat ware appoȝ þam, and tuk Cleopatra, and schotte² hir oute at þe hauȝte dore. And the kynge Philippe, for sorowe þat he tuke tilt, felte grefe seke.

And a littif afterwarde³, Alexander went tilt hym for to vesett hym & comforthe hym, and said vn-tilt hym 'Philippe,' 16 quoþ he, 'if all it be noȝte semely, þat I calle þe be þi propre name; neuere-þe-lesse, noȝte as þi son, bot as þi godl frend, I sali teile the myȝ avice. It es fully my consaile þat þou reecounsele agayne vn-to the my lady, 20 my Moder Olympias, and at þou grefe þe na-thynge at þe dede of Lesias, ne take na heuynes to the þare-fore. For vnykndely me thynke þat þou didd, and vngudely, þat þou drewe þi swerde for to smytle me þare-wit.' And wheiñ Philippe 24 herd þis wordes, his hert tendird, & he bigane to wepe. And þan Alexander went tilt his Moder Olympyas, and said vn-tilt hir: 'Be noȝte ferde' quoþ he 'ne be noȝte heuy to my fader, for if alle thi trespass be preuee, & noȝte knawen, neuer-þe-lesse 28 þou erte in party to blame.' And wheiñ he hade sayde thus, he ledd hir furthe to þe kyng Philippe. And he tuk & kyssid hir, and thus was scho reecounselle vn-tilt hym agayne.

³ After þis, þare come messengers Fra Darius, þe emperour 32 of Perse, to kyng Philippe, and asked hym tribute. And Alexander answerd to thir messengers, & saide, 'Saise to Darius, ȝour lorde,' quoþ he, 'þat seit þe tyme þat Philippe soiñ was waxen of age þe hen þat ay es waxen barayne & consumed'

¹ The first vowel is either a *y* changed into *e*, or an *e* changed into *y*. Hence it is uncertain if *kyllede* or *kellede* was written first. I think *kyllede* was first written and changed to *kellede* from the link with

next letter.

² MS. seems certainly when magnified to write *o*, *schotte*, although it is blotted.

³ Space left for miniature, eleven half lines.

Alexander slays him.
* Leaf 2 bk.

King Philip having in vain sought to kill Alexander, Alexander upsets the feast and casts out Cleopatra.

King Philip having fallen sick, Alexander goes to be reconciled with him.

Philip weeps and Alexander brings him and Olympia together again.

Messengers come from Darius the Emperor of Persia, to whom Alexander refuses the

wonted tribute.

Armenia rises, Alexander subjugates it.

* Leaf 3.

Pansamy, a lord, covets Philip's wife and kingdom; he revolts and wounds king Philip to the death.

Alexander comes back in the midst of the troubles and his mother goes to meet him.

Pansamy goes forth to meet Alexander, but Alexander slays him.

awaye, and so es Darius pryuede of his trybute.' And [when] thir messengers herd thir wordes; þay hade grete wounder of þam & of þe witt & þe wisedom of Alexander.

In þe mene tyme tythynge; come to kyng Philippe, þat Ermonye, 4 þe whilke bi-fore was suget vn-till hym, was rebelle & rayssse agaynes hym. And he garte * semble a grete Oste, and sent Alexander thedir þare wit to feghte wit þam, and to putt þam agayne vnder his subieccional. Alexander than went wit this Oste 8 till Ermonye & broghte it agayne in subieccional, as it was bi-fore.

An in þe mene tyme, whils he was þare, a lorde of Macedoyne þe whilke highte Pansamy, a strange man & a balde, suget vn-to Philippe, and hade of lange tyme couette for to hafe þe quene ¹² Olympias, conspirede agaynes þe kynge, and come with a grete multytude of folke appoñ þe kynge, to for-do hym. And when tythynge; here of come to kyng Philippe, he went to mete hym in þe felde wit a fewe menȝee. And when he sawe þe grete multitude þat Pansamy hadde wit hym, he turned & fledd, and Pansamy persued after hym, and ouerlied hym, and strake hym thurgh wit a spere, and ȝitt ife aft he were greuously wounded, he dyed noȝte alsone, bot he laye halfe dede in the waye. And than ²⁰ þe Macedoynes, þat wenede he hade bene dede, made mekiȝ sorowe. And when þis iournee was done Pansamy was gretly empridede þare offe, & went in to þe kynges palace for to take þe qwene Olympias oute of it and hafe hir with hym. ²⁴ And euen in þe same tyme, Alexander come fra Hermony, & sawe ¹ swylke trouble & styrrynge in the rewme, and hyed hym faste towarde þe kynges palace, and when Olympias herd tellie þat Alexander hir soñ had þe victorye of his enemys, ²⁸ & was comande nere, Scho went furthe of þe palace at a preuee posterne to mete hir soñ, and to welcome hym hame. And alsone als scho come nere hym, scho criede appoñ hym & said.

'A A, my son Alexander, whare es þe grace & þe fortune ³² þat oure goddes highte the, þat es to say, þat þou scholde alwaye ouercome thynal enemys & noȝte be overcomeal, þat Pansamy hase one þis wyse slaen thi Fader.' And alsone the worde come to Pansamy þat Alexander was comeal, and he ³⁶ went furthe of palace for to mete hym. And also faste als Alexander sawe hym, he oute wit a swerd and clafe his heued

¹ MS. blotted at sawe.

in to þe tethe, & slewe hym. And ane of þe Oste said^d till Alexander: 'Philippe þi fader' quoþ he, 'lyes dede in þe felde.' And þan Alexander went thedir thare he laye, and saw hym euen at þe dyinge. And þan he began faste for to wepe. And Philippe loked upon hym, & said^d. 'A A, my dere son Alexander,' quoþ he, 'wit a glade hert [I] may now dye, for þat þou so sounre hase venged^d my dede,' & euen wit *þat 8 worde he ȝalde þe gaste. And Alexander wirchiffully gert hym be entered.

¹ When kyng Philippe was entered, Alexander went and sett hym in his trone, and gerte calle by-fore hym alle þe folke þat 12 was gaderd^d thedir, lordes & oper, and said^d vn-to þam on þis wyse. 'Men,' quoþ he, 'of Macedoyne of Tracy, and of Grece byhaldeȝ þe fegure of Alexander and putteȝ oute of ȝour hertes drede of alle ȝour enemys. For sekerly, and ȝe will take

16 gude hertis to ȝow, thurgh þe helpe of oure goddis he schall hafe þe ouerhande of all ȝoure negheteboors, and ȝour name schall spred^d ouer alle the werlde. And þare-fore ilkane of ȝow þat hase Armour, makes it redy, and he þat hase nane come to my 20 palace & I saff gerre delyuer hym all þat hym nedis, and ilk a man make hym redy to þe werre.' And wheñ þe lordes and knyghtis þat ware of grete age, herd^d thir wordes þay ansuerd^d Alexander, & said^d vn-till hym: 'lorde,' quoþ thaye, 'we hafe 24 seruede ȝoure fader a longe tyme & traueld^d wit hym in his werres, & þare-fore we ere now so bryssed^d in armes þat þare [es] no myghte lefte in vs for to suffre disesse þat ofteñ tymes fallas to men of werre. For we ere streken in grete age. And

28 þare-fore, if it be plesynge vn-to ȝow, we consaile ȝow & we beseken ȝowe, that ȝe chese ȝow ȝong lordes & ȝong knyghtes, þat ere listy men & able for to suffre disesse for to be wit ȝow. For here we giffe vp att armes if it be ȝour will & forsakes

32 þam for euer.' And þan Alexander answerd^d & said^d: 'I will rathere,' quoþ he, 'chese þe sadnessse of an alde wyse man than þe vnavesy lightenesse of ȝonge men. For ȝong men ofteñ tymes traystand^d to mekill in thaire awen^d doghtynes thurgh 36 þaire awen^d foly ere mescheued. Bot alde men wirkes all by consaile & by witte.' Wheñ he had said thir wordes all men

Alexander
is told of
his father's
dying
state. He
goes to him
and hears
his last
words.

Philip dies.
* Leaf 3 bk.

After
Philip's
burial,
Alexander
calls his
fol-
to-
gether and
harangues
them.

He foretells
to them
their rule
over the
world, and
bids them
get ready
their wea-
pons for
war.

But those
of great
age beg
leave that
they
should not
be made to
go on new
wars, but
rather the
younger
men.

Old men
work with
wisdom,
young men
with bold-
ness and
rashness.

¹ Twelve half lines space for miniature in MS.

They allow alowed his hie witte and hally þay assenteð to hym for to do and con- sent to his his lyste.

* Leaf 4.
Gathering an army,
Alexander ships to Italy, first taking Chalcedonia.

He takes tribute of the Romans and of all Europe as far as the West Ocean.

Thence sailing to Africa he subjugates it.

The adventure with the hart.

He sacrifices to Amon, praying the oracle.

He goes to Taphoresey and sacrifices to his gods.

The Vision of Serapis.

¹ Sone after Alexander assemblede a grete Oste, & went bi Schippe to-wardez Ytaly, and als he come by Calcedoyne, he 4 assayld it reȝte strangly, and þe folke of Calcedoyne * went to þe walles of þe Citee and defendid manly. Bot at the laste Alexander waȝ the Citee, and fra thethyȝ he Schippede in-till Italy. And alsone als þe Romaynes herd of his comyng 8 þay were wonder ferde for hym, and the grete lordes of þe lande tuke fourty thowsandez of besandez and 1^c corounes of golde, and went vn-till hym, and presant hym wit þam & lysoughte hym þat he scholde noȝte werrey appoȝ þam, ne 12 do þam na harme. And than Alexander tuke trybute of þe Romaynes, and of alle the folkes þat duelt bitwixe that & þe weste Occeane, þe whilke regione es callede Europe, & lefte þam in gude pesse. 16

² Fra thethyȝ he Schippede in-till Affrice, in thee whilke he fande bot fewe þat rebellid agaynes hym and þare-fore als [men] swa saye, eueȝ sodeynly he conquerid it & broghte it vnder his subieccioȝ. And fra Affric he went by Schippe till ane Ile, þat es called Frontides, for to consaile wit a godd þat þay called Amon. And as Alexander & his meȝ went to-wardez þe temple of þis for-said godd, þay mett in þe waye a grete hert þe whilke Alexander bad his meȝ sla wit arowes. And 24 þay schott at hym; bot nane of þam myghte hitt hym. And þan Alexander tuke a bowe & schotte at hym & hitt hym & slewe hym. And þan Alexander went in-to þe temple, & made sacrafyce of þis hert vn-to godd Amon, and by-soughte 28 hym þat he schulde gyffe hym ansuares. Wheȝ Alexander hadde made his prayers þare to godd Amon, he went wit his Oste in-till a place þat highte Taphoresey, In þe whilke were feftene³ gude townnes, & þay hade twelue grete reuers þat rane in-to 32 þe see, and at þe entree of þam in-to þe see þare was drawen ouer grete chynes of yryne, and thare Alexandir made Sacrafice till his goddez. And on þe same nyghte, a godd þat [hight] Serapis apperid vn-till hym in his slepe, cledd in riche clothynge in ane horrible forme & a dredefull, and said vn-till

¹ Three lines miniature S.

² Five lines miniature F.

³ MS. has xv crossed through before feftene.

hym. ‘Alexander,’ quoþ he, ‘may þou take þis montayne on þi schulder & bere it a-way?’ Quoþ Alexander, ‘how myghte any man do þat?’ And Serapis ansuerd & said, ‘righte as þis 4 montayne salt nener wit-owten * end be remowed hetheñ, so thi name & thi dedes schall be made mynde of to the worldes end.’ And thañ Alexander prayed hym þat he walde prophycye hym what kyns dede he scholde die. Serapis ansuerd and said, ‘It 8 es noghte spedfull till a man to knawe his paynfull endyng. For if he knewe it, peraudenture, he scholde neuer hafe Ioye in his hert. Neuer þe lesse bi-cause þou hase prayede me to telle þe, I salt say the. After a drynke þou schall take thi dede. 12 For in thi ȝouth þou salt make thyñ endyng. Bot spirre me noþer þe tyme ne þe houre wheñ it schal be, For I will on na wyse telle it to the. For-whi goddeȝ of þe este partieȝ of þe werlde salt telle the alle thi werdeȝ.’ Wheñ Alexander 16 wakkened of his dreme, he was reghte heuy, and sent þe maste substance of his Oste to þe Cite of Askalon and bad þan habide hym thare, and hym selfe & a certane of menȝ wit hym habade & thare he garte make a Citee & called it Alexander 20 after his awenñ name.

¹ In the mene tyme þe Egipcyens herd of þe comynges of Alexander, & þay went agaynes hym & submytt þan vn-till hym & resayffed hym wirchipfully. And wheñ Alexander come 24 in-till Egipte, he fand ane ymage of a kyng made of blake stane curiously corueñ, and he askede þe Egipeiens whase ymage it was, and þay ansuerd & said, ‘It es þe ymage,’ quoþ þay, ‘of Anectanabus that was kynge of Egipte noȝte lange sythen 28 gane, þe wyseste & þe worthiest þat euer was þare-in.’ For sothe quoþ² Alexander, ‘Anectanabus was my Fader.’ And þan he knelid douñ with grete reuerence & kyssed þe ymage. Fra thethyñ he went wit his Oste to Surry. But þe 32 Surriens agayne-stude³ hym and faghte wit hym and slew many of his knyghtes. Neuer þe lesse Alexander had þe victorye. And þan he went to Damaske, & Ensegged it & wanne it, and fra thethyñ he went to Sydon & wan it. 36 And þan he went vnto þe Citee of Tyre and layde Ensegge abowte it, and [in] þis Ensegge he laye many a day. And thare

* Leaf 4 bk.

Serapis foretells him his lasting fame, his deeds, his death. But of some things Serapis may not speak.

Alexander awakens saddened. He sends his main strength on to Askal. Where he was he founded the city of Alexandria.

The Egyptians hearing of his coming submit. He sees the image of Anectanabus.

Heacknowledges Anectanabus as his father.

He invades Syria, takes Damascus, Sidon, and sets about the siege of Tyre.

¹ Five half lines space for miniature I.² quoþ Alexander in margin.³ Scribe wrote agaynesande and altered it to agaynestude.

Tyre resists stoutly, and he has to set a boom across the haven.

* Leaf 5.

Alexander sends for help to Jaddus, Bishop of the Jews, and also demands tribute.

The Bishop pleads the oath of fealty sworn to Darius.

Alexander swears to wreak vengeance on the Jews.

He sends Meleager with 500 men to Josaphat to forage. They defeat the Lord of the country and slay him.

But the Lord of the city sends help and

his Oste suffred many dyssesse \mathfrak{z} . For þat Cite was so strange in it-selfe by-cause of þe ground. þat it was sett upon, and by-cause of grete towres & many þat ware abowte it, and also because it was so enclosed wit the see þat it myghte noghte & lightly * be wonnen by nane assawte. Alexander þan vmbi-thoghte hym, one what wyse he myghte best com \mathfrak{t} to for to destruy þis citee, and he gerte make a grete bastell of tree, and sett it upon schippes in þe see euen forgaynes þe cete, so þat þare myghte no shippe \mathfrak{z} come nere the haue \mathfrak{n} for to vetaille þe Citee or suppoell it wit meñ by-cause of þe bastelle. In þe mene tyme Alexander Oste had grete defawte of vetaylls, and þan he sent lettres vnto Iadus, þat at that tyme was 12 bischoppe & gouernoure of þe Iewes, and prayede hym for to suppoell hym wit som meñ, and also þat he walde send sum vetails for hym & his Oste, and he scholde pay for þan wit a glade chere, and þat he scholde also send hym the tribute 16 þat he scholde gyffe Darius þe emperour of Perse. For hym ware better, he said, hafe his frenchippe þan þe frenchipe of Darius. The Bischope þan of þe Iewes ansuerd þe messangers þat broghte hym þe lettres & said, 'I hafe,' quoþ he, 'made 20 athe to Darius, þat, whils he lef \mathfrak{z} , I schall neuer bere armes agaynes hym, and þarefore I ne may noȝe do agaynes myn Ath \mathfrak{n} ' The Messagers þan went till Alexander & talde hym þe bischopes ansuere, and he was greued & said, 'I make myn 24 avowe,' quoþ he, 'vntiff oure goddes, þat I schall take swilke vengeance on þe Iewes þat I salt make þan to knawe, whethir it es better to þan to be obeisant vn-to [my?] commandement, or vn-to þe kynges of Perse.' And he callede a duke, þat highte 28 Melagere, and wit v^e meñ of armes, and badd \mathfrak{t} þan gaa in to þe vale of Iosaphat, þe whilke was full of beste \mathfrak{z} & brynge of thase beste \mathfrak{z} to þe Oste for to vetaille þan wit. And ane Sampson, þat knewe þe cuntry wele was þaire gyde. þay went in to þe 32 vale, and gadird \mathfrak{t} to gedir catell wit-owte nombir & be-ga \mathfrak{n} for to dryfe on þan. And he þat was lorde of þe cuntry, Theosellas bi name, raysed \mathfrak{t} a grete multitude of folke and mett þan & faughte wit þan & slewe many of þan. Bot Melagere & his 36 felaws at þat tym had þe better. And ane þat highte Caulus went baldly to Theosellas, & smate of his heued. All this was done bot a littill fra þe citee of Gadir. And þan Bertyne,

lorde of þe citee, seand^d this, was gretely stirrede and ischewede
owte of þe citee & wit xxx feghtyng men and sett vp a schowte
apon the * Macedoynes alle at anes, that alle þe erthe trembled⁴
wit-alle. And wheñ þe Macedoyns saw that grete multytude
of folke com appoñ þam, þay were reȝte ferde. And þan
Melagere walde hafe sent a Messangere to paire lorde Alexander,
for to come & socoure þam, bot he mygte fynd na man þat
walde vndertake þe Message. Than thir twa batalles met
Sameñ & faughte to-gedir, and thare was Sampson slaen,
and Bertyne. And þe Macedoyns wit þe grete multitude of
þaire enimys ware dreueñ abakke, and lyke for to be dreueñ
abakke & discomfites. And ane of þe grekkes, þat highte
Arttes, seyng þe meschefe þay stode In, wanñ hym owte of the
Bataile & went in alle þe haste, þat he myghte, till Alexander
& talde hym þat þe Grekkes & þe Macedoynes ware in poynte
to be mescheuede, bot if he suppoellde þam þe tittere. And
than Alexander lefte þe segge of Tyre, and went wit his
Oste to þe vale of Iosaphat, and fand his meñ riȝte harde
by-stadde wit þaire enimys. And he and his Oste vmbylapped
alle þaire enimys, and daunge þam douñ & slewe þam ilke
a moder son. And wheñ he had so done he turned agayne
vn-to Tyre, and fande the Bastelle, þat he hade made in þe See,
dungeñ doune to þe grounde. For alsoñ als Alexandere was
gane fra Tire to þe vale of Iosaphat, Balañ þat was lorde of
Tyre ischewid oute of þe citee wit thee folke þare-of, & assailed²⁴
the bastell manfully, and tuk it & dange it doune. And wheñ
Alexander sawe that, he was gretly angerde, and his hert
wonder heuy, and so ware alle þe Macedoynes and the Grekes.
In so mekiff thay ware nerehand in dispeire for to wyñ þe
citee, and ware in poynte to hafe rissen¹ up þe segge. And
one þe nyghte nexte suande, Alexander, als he laye & slept,
dremyd þat he hadde in his hand a grape, þe whilke hym
thoghte he keste downe vnder his fete, and trade þare-one,
& alsone þare ran oute of it a grete dele of wyne. And wheñ
Alexander wakned, he called till hym a Philosophre & talde
hym his dreme. And þe Philosophre ansuerde, ‘be balde,’
quoþ he, ‘& lefe noȝe to ensegge Tyre, for þe grape þat thou

the Macedonians
are driven
back.

* Leaf 5 bk.

One of the
Greeks
sends for
help to
Alexander,
who, leav-
ing the
siege of
Tyre, out-
flanks the
enemy of
Josaphat
and slays
them all.

Alexander,
returning
to Tyre,
finds his
boom
thrown
down, for
Balan had
sortied
with all his
people. So
despairing
are the
Greeks
that they
almost give
up the
siege.

The next
night Alex-
ander
dreams a
dream and,
when his

¹ MS. rissen, perhaps for ȝissen, but the same idiom is found elsewhere.

Philoso-
pher in-
terprets it,
he is
cheered.

* Leaf 6.
He makes
another
boom on
ships
higher
than the
highest
city tower.
He directs
his men
how to at-
tack.

Cutting the
cables he
lets the
towers over
the boom
float in up
on the city.
He, climb-
ing the
walls, slays
Balan, and
his follow-
ers rush all
at once in-
to the city.
Tyre is de-
stroyed.

Alexander
takes Gaza
and
marches on
Jerusalem.
The Bishop
of the Jews,
hearing
this, calls
the Jews
before him,
and orders
fasting,
prayer, and
sacrifice.
An Angel

helde in thi hand, and keste vnder thi fete, and trade þare-one, es þe Citee of Tyre, þe whilk þou salt wynð thurgh strenþ and trede it with thi fote, and þare-fore be na-thyng abaste.' When Alexander herd' thire wordes, he was gretly comforted, + and vmbithoghte hym one whate wyse he myghte gette this Citee.

And thañ he * garte make anoþer bastelle in þe see, grettene, & hyere, and strangere þan þe toþer was. For it was hiere 8 þañ þe heghest towre of þe citee. And þis bastelle was tyede wit a hundrethe ankers. Þañ Alexander gert armeð hym¹ suerely & wele, & wente by hym ane vp apoñ this bastelle, and badd' all his meñ þat þay schulde make þañ redy for to feghte 12 & to giffe assawte to þe citee. And alsone als þay sawe hym entire in to þe citee, þay scholde all at anes presse to þe walles, and scale þañ, and clymbe ouer þe walles baldely & wyñ þe citee. And wheñ all meñ wereñ redy, hee gerte smyte 16 sounderē þe cabillis þat þe bastelle was tyed wit, & þe wawes of þe see bare it to þe walles of þe Citee. And Alexander delyuerlye stert apoñ [þe] walles, whare Balañ stode, and rañ apoñ hym & slew hym and keste hym ouer þe walles in-to 20 þe dyke of þe citee. And wheñ þe Macedoyns & þe Grekes sawe Alexander entir in-to þe citee, þay schouffed to þe walles all at anes, and clambe ouer, sum wit leddirs sum on oþer wyse wit-owttein any resistance. For þe Tyreyenes was so ferde by- 24 cause of þe dedde of Balañ þaire duc þat þay ne durste nocte turne agayne ne defende þe walles. And on this wyse was þe citee takenñ and dounen doun to þe erthe.

Fra þe segge of Tyre Alexander & his meñ went to þe citee 28 of Gaza and assailed' it, & wit schoite while þay wanñ it. And Fra thethyñ hyed' hym towardeñ Ierusalem for to ensegge it.

² Qwheñ þe Bisshoppe of þe Iewes herde telle þat Alexander was commaund toward Ierusalem, he gert call bifore hym all 32 þe iewes þat ware in þe citee, and talde þañ þe tythyngeþ þat ware talde hym. And sytheñ he commandid' þañ þat þay schuld' com to þe temple, and be þare in praynge Fastyngeþ and wakynge & in sacrafice makyng vn-to godð, bisekand hym 36 of helpe & socoure. And þay did' so. And on þe nyghte nexte

¹ The *y* of *hyñ* for *hym* is written over another letter scratched out.

² Twelve half lines space with miniature of a Q.

after, when þe Bisshoppe hadde made his sacrafice, and was lyand in prayers, he fel on slomeryng and ane Angele appered vn-till hym, and sayd, 'Be noȝte ferd,' quoþ he, 'bot swythe 4 gere araye honestly all þe stretis of (þe) citee, and caste open the ȝates, and warne aff þe folke þat þay aray þam in whitte clethynge, and thi-selfe & alle þe prestis reuestez ȝow solempnely, and to-morne arely wendeȝ furthe of þe citee agaynes Alexander 8 in processiouȝ. For hym by-houeȝ * regne & be lorde of alle þe werlde. Bot at þe laste þe wrethe of godd salle apon hym.' Wheñ þe bischoppe^{*}wakened of his slepe, he called till hym þe iewes and talde þam his reuelacioȝ, and bad þam do 12 aff als þe Angelle hade schewed hym. And þay did so. For þay arayed þe streteȝ of þe citee and cledde þam in whitte clethynge, and the bischope & þe prestis reueste þam, and bathe thay and alle þe folke went furthe of þe citee till a place 16 whare þe temple & all þe citee may be seen. And þare þay habade þe comynge of Alexander. And wheñ Alexander come nere þis foresaid place, and sawe be-for hym swilke a multitude of folke, cledd alle in whitte, and þe presteȝ arayed solempnely 20 in riche vestymenis, and þe byschope also in his pontyfycals and a mytir one his heued, and þare-apon a plate of golde, whare-one was wretyn þe name of grete godd Tetragramaton, he commaunded aff his men þat þay schulde halde þam by-hynd hym, and habyde till he com to þam. And he lighte off his horse, and went bi hym aне to þe iewes, And knelid down to þe erthe and wirchippede þe hye name of godd, þat he saw þare wretyn apon þe bischopes heued. And þam alle þe iewes 28 knelid down & saluste Alexander and cried aff wit a voyce: 'lyff lyffe,' quoþ þay, 'grete Alexander, lyffe, lyffe the gretteste Emperour of þe werlde, lyffe he þat sal over-com all men and noȝte be overcome. Prynce maste gloriouse and maste worthy 32 of all þe princeȝ þat regneȝ apon erthe.' Wheñ þe kynges of Surry saw þis, þay had grete wonder þare-off. And a prynce of Alexanders, þat highte Parmenoȝ, said vn-till Alexander: 'Mi lorde þe Emperour,' quoþ he, 'we meruelle vs gretely þat 36 þou, whan aff men wirchipeȝ and lowteȝ, wirchipeȝ here þe bischope of þe Iewes.' And Alexander ansuered, 'I wirchipe noȝte hym,' þis quoþ he, 'Bot Godd, whase state he presenteȝ. For wheñ I was in Macedoyne, and vmbithoghte me, on what

of the Lord appears by night to the High Priest and shows him how the city may be freed—and utters a prophecy.

* Leaf 6 bk.

The Bishop awakens, and, doing as the Angel bids, he and his people go forth to meet Alexander, the folk in white, the Bishop in full Pontificals.

Alexander, seeing them, dismounting, kneels and worships the Name of God.

Alexander, being asked, tells them that he wor-

ships not
the High
Priest but
God, and
this be-
cause of a
vision pro-
mising him
the con-
quest of
Darius.

He goes
into Solo-
mon's Tem-
ple and
sacrifices.
The Bishop
shows him
the pro-
phecy of
Daniel.

* Leaf 7.

The Bishop
of the Jews
asks that
the laws of
their
fathers
might be
granted.

Alexander
conquers
the rest of
Judea.

Darius
asks the
fugitive
Syrians as
to what
kind of
man Alex-
ander was.
They show
him a
parchment

wyse I myȝte conquere Assye, I saw hym slepand; in swilk habite & in swylke araye; and he lete as he sett noȝte by me, bot went baldely furthe bi me. And for I see nane¹ in swilke arraye bot hym, I suppose it be he þat I saw in my slepe. 4 And þare-fore I trowe þat thurgh þe helpe of Godd I salt ouercom Daryus, þe kyng of Perse, and his grete prude fordo. And all thynges þat I caste in my hert fo[r] to do, it es my full triste þat thurgh his helpe I salt fulfill it, and wele bryng 8 it to end. And þis es þe cause I wirchipped hym.² And when he hadd said thies wordes; he went in-to þe citee wit the bischope & þe prestes, and went in-to þe temple þat Salamoȝ made. And as þe bischope tecched hym he offred¹² sacrafice vn-to Godd. And þe bischope tuke Alexander in hande a buke of þe propheyce of Daniel*, in þe whilke he fande wretyn, þat a man of Grece sulde distray þe powere of Perse². And Alexander was rechte gladde, supposyne þat¹⁶ it was hym-selfe. And þan he gaffe þe bischoppe & þe oþer prestes grete gyftes & riche & precyous, And badd³ þe bischope ashe of hym what so he walde. And the bischope askede þat he walde giffe þan leue to vse þe same lawes þat þaire²⁰ faderes vsed bifore þan, and he graunted it. And þan pe bischoppe askede þat³ walde giffe þe Iewes þat ware in Medee & in Babyloyne, leue for to vse þaire lawes, & he graunted hym þat & all oþer thynges þat he walde aske. 24

⁴ Alexander thaȝ went fra Ierusalem, & lefte thare Andromac his Messagere, and hym selfe & his Oste went to þe oþer citeȝ þat ware in þe lande of Iudee, and at ilke a citee þat he come to, he was wirchippfully ressayued. In þe mene tyme þe²⁸ Surryens þat fledd fra Alexander, went to Perse, and talde þe emperor Darius how Alexander hadd done to þan. And Darius spirred thaym of his stature & of his schappe, and þay schewed hym purtrayed in a parchemyȝ skynȝ þe ymage of³² Alexander. And alsone als Darius sawe it, he dispysed Alexander bycause of his littill stature, and be-lyfe he gerte

¹ MS. *see nane* twice over: ‘*see nane, see nane.*’

² A more open handwriting begins most clearly after *Perse*.

³ Supply *he* between *þat* and *walde*.

⁴ Eleven half lines space for a minia-

ture which is lacking. A square is roughly drawn out, and in the square the words ‘*hic incipit*’ scribbled. Beside the miniature in the margin is written ‘*rex equitans*’.

write a *lettre* and sent it till Alexander. And þare-wit he sent hym a handbaſt & oþer certane Iapeȝ in scorne. And þis is þe tenour of þe *lettre* þat he sent till hym.

⁴ ¹ 'Darius, kyng of kynges, and lord of all erthely lordes euen like vnto sonne schynande, wit þe goddeȝ of Perse, vntill Alexander oure seruand we send. We haſe vnderstaundē now on late, whare-of we meruelle vs gretely, þat þou ert so rayſed in pride and vayne glorye, þat þou hase ſemblēd to gedir a company of robbours and thefeȝ oute of þe westē parties, and casteȝ þe for to com in-till oure partieȝ, ſupposyng thurgh þām for to ouer-sett and conſtreyne þe grete myghte & þe virtue of þe pereyens, whase ſtrenght þou may neuer ſloken ne ouercome, ſuppose þou gadirde & ſemblēd to gedir all þe werlde. For I do þe wele to wiete þou myghte nerehand alſonne nommer þe ſternes of heuen, as þe folke of þe empire of Perſe. Oure goddeȝ also², * by whaym all þis werlde es gouerned & ſuſtened, prayſſeȝ & commendeȝ oure name paſſyng all oþer nacyons. 'Bot noȝte wit-ſtandyng þis; þou as a littill biſne & a dwerghe, a halfe man & orteȝ of alte meñ, deſyrand to ouerpasse þi littillnesse, riȝte as a mouse crepeȝ oute of hir hole, ſo þou ert cropeñ out of þe lande of Sethym, wenynge wit a few rebawdeȝ to conquere & optene þe landeȝ of Perſe brade & lange, & to ryotte & playe the in thaym as myſſe douse in þe house whare na cattes ere. Bot I þat priualy hafe aspied thi gateȝ, wheñ þou weneȝ moſte ſurely for to ſtertle abowte, I ſall ſterte apoiñ þe & take þe; & ſo in wrechidnes ſall thi dayes foully hafe aīd ende. 'A grete Foly þou diſe for to take apoiñ the swylke a presumpyon. It ware full faire to þe, if þou myghte bi oure leſe, wit oure beneuolence, oecupie all anely þe rewme of Macedyne, ȝeldynge þarefore till vs ȝerely a certane tribute, if all þou couetid noȝte oure empire. Pare-fore it es gude þat þou leſe thi fonned purposse, and wende hame agayne, and ſett the in thi moder knee. And lo, I ſende the here a littill baſſe, wit þe whilke als a childe þou may play the. For þou ert bot a childe. It es mare ſemely þat þou vſe childeȝ gamineȝ þan dedeȝ of armes. 'We knawe wele thi pouert and thi nede, and

portrait
and he de-
spises him
for his
short sta-
ture.

Darius
writes to
Alexander,
telling him
how he has
heard of
his band of
thieves and
robbers,
and that
they could
never over-
come the
power of
Persia.

* Leaf 7 bk.

He tells Alex-
ander of his
meanness and
wretchedness
who wishes,
like some
mouse crept
out of her hole
when the cat
is gone, to
dispart him in
the broad
lands of Per-
ſia. But Da-
rius shall
pounce upon
him when
least awaited.

It were a great
gift to leave
him Mac-
edonia alone,
under tribute.
He had better
go home to his
mother's knee.
He sends him
a play ball as
more beſeem-
ing him.

¹ Four half lines and miniature D with a king's head within.

² At bottom of leaf 7, first side, are

written in large characters indistinctly
... kychyn ys att a Rio ...

Does Alexander dream of subduing the rich Empire of Persia. He advises him to return home again or he will send a force to hang him as a thief on a gibbet.

The messengers deliver Alexander the ball and the letters. His knights, hearing it read, are astounded and cast down.

* Leaf 8.
Alexander
consoles
his men
with the
hope that
what
Darius says
of the
wealth of
Persia may
be true,
and he ex-
horts them
to fight for
it man-
fully.

He bids his
knights
bind the
messengers
and lead
them forth
to be
hanged.
They lead
them forth
thus, but
the mes-
sengers beg
for mercy.
Alexander
tells them
why he

þat þou hase vnnethes whare wit þou may sustene thi caytyfle corse. Weneȝ þou, thaȝ, to bryngē vnder thi subieccioȝ the empyre of *Darius*. I say the by my Fader saule, þat in the rewme of Perse þare es so grete plente of golde, þat, & it were 4 gadirde to gedir on a hepe, It schulde passe þe clerenes of þe soȝ. Whare-fore we commande the, and straitely enioyneȝ the, þat þou leue thi fole pride and thi vayne glory, & tourne hame agayne to Macedoyne. And if þou will noȝte soo, we salſ ſende 8 to þe a multitude of meȝ of armeȝ ſwilke aue ſaw þou neuer, þe whilke ſalſ take þe, and hyngē þe hye oȝ a gebett as a traytour and a mayſter of theefez: and noȝte as þe ſon of Philippe.'

¹ Wheȝ þe messangers þat were ſent fra *Darius* come to 12 king Alexander, þay gaffe hym the lettres, and þe. baſſe & oper certane Iapes, þat þe emperour ſent hym in ſcorne. And Alexander tuke þe lettres, and gert rede it openly by-fore alle meȝ, and Alexander knyghtes when þay herde þe tenour of þe 16 lettres ware gretly astonayde and wonder heuy. And wheȝ Alexander ſawe þam so heuy by cauſe of þe lettref, he ſaide vnto þam: 'a a, my worthy knyghtis,' quoþ he, 'are ȝe fered for þe prowde wordeȝ þat are contened in *Darius* lettref, wate ȝe 20 noghte wele þat hundez, þat berkes* mekiȝ, byteȝ meȝ noghte so ſone, als doeȝ hundes þat commeȝ one meȝ wit-outten berkyngē. We trewe wele þe lettref ſays ſothe of ſome thyngeȝ, þat es to² ſaye, of þe grete plente of golde, þat *Darius* ſais he 24 hafe. And þarefore late vs manly feghte wit hym and we ſalſ hafe þat golde. For þe grete multitude of his golde, als meȝ thynke, ſchulde gare vs be balde and hardy for to fighte wit hym manly.'

28

When Alexander had ſaide thir wordeȝ he bade his knyghtis take the messangers of *Darius* and bynd þaire handeȝ bi-hynde þam, & lede þam furthe to the galowes, & hyngē þam. And þay tuke þe messangers & bande þam, and began for to lede 32 þam furthe to þe galowes-warde, and þam þe messangers bigaȝ for to crye rewfullly vntill Alexander & ſayd: 'A, A wirchipfull lorde & kynge', quoþ þay, 'whate hafe we trespassē, þat we ſchaffē be haungede for oure kynges dedis'. And þam kyng 36 Alexander anſuerd: 'þe wordeȝ of ȝour Emperour', quoþ he, 'gers me do þis, þat ſent ȝow vnto me, as vnto a theeffe, as þe

¹ Five half lines ſpace with a miniature W.

² to in margin of MS.

-ette whilke þe broghte witnesse³: ‘A, A lorde’, quoþ þay, ‘oure emperour sent¹ thus to þou: for þour powere & þour myghte was unknawwen vn-till hym. Bot we he-seke þow late⁴ vs gaa, and we schal^t mak aknawen vntill hym þour grete glory, þour ryaltee, & þour noblaye.’

þan^t kyng Alexander badd^t his knyghtis lowse þan^t, and bryng þan^t in-till his hauffle, to þe mete. And thare he made þan^t a grete feste & a ryall. And as þay satt at the mete, þir messangers saide vn till Alexander, ‘lorde,’ quoþ þay, ‘if it be plesynge to þour hye maiestee sende² with vs a thowsand of doghthy meid of armes, and we salt delyuer þan^t þe Emperour Darius,’ and Alexander ansuerde agayne & said² ‘Sittes stille’, quoþ he, ‘& makes þow mery. For I telf þow in certayne, for þe betrayinge of þour kynge, I will noghte graunt þow a knyghte wit þow’. Apon þe morne, Alexander gart write a lett^r vn-to Darius, whareoffe þe tenour was this.

will hang them.
They promise to make known to Darius Alexander's real character.
King Alexander, loosing them, bids them come to meat.
They propose to Alexander that they should deliver Darius into his hands.
He scornfully rejects it.

þe letter of Alexandere³

‘Alexander, the soiⁿ of Philippe & of qwene Olympias, vn-to Darius, kyng of þe land^t þat schynes⁵ wit þe goddez of Perse, we sende. If we graythely & sothefastly be-halde oure selfe þare es na thynge þat we here hafe þat we may bi righte caffours, bot all it es lent vs for a tyme. For alfe we þat ere whirlede aboute wit þe whele of fortune, now ere we broghte fra reches in-to pouerte: now fra myrthe & ioy in-to Sorowe & heunynesse; and agaynwarde³: and now fra heughte, we are plungede in-to lawnesse. þare-fore þare schulde na maiⁿ þat es sett in hye degré triste to mekiff in his hyenesse, that, thurgh pride & vayne glorye, he schulde despys^e þe dedis of oþer meid lesse * þan he. For he wate neuer how sone þe whele of fortune may turne abowte, and caste hym doune to lawe degree, þat sitte³ hye oñ-lofte: and rayse hym to hye wirchipe and grete noblaye þat bifore was pore and in lawe degree. And þarefore the aughte to thynke grete schame, þat swilke a worthy emperour as meid halde³ the, schulde sende swylke

Alexander, writing, reminds Darius of the unsteadfastness of earthly wealth.

No man of high degree should scorn those lower, for he never knows when the wheel of Fortune may turn about.

* Leaf 8 bk.

Therefore Darius should be ashamed that he, a great

¹ sent in margin of MS.

the letter.

² & said in margin.

⁴ Five half lines with miniature A.

³ The rubric is wrongly placed in the MS. after dignyte³, p. 24, i.e. at the end of

⁵ schynes in margin of MS.

man, behaves so to Alexander, a little man.

The Undying Gods do not associate with men that die.

Alexander comes as a mortal man to fight Darius. Even if Darius overcome Alexander he shall win nothing by it, for he is but a little man and a thief.

Darius's boasts of the Persians of old have heartened them to attack the Empire.

The play ball that was sent was also a forecast of his rule over the world.

The other toys likewise foretell his rule over all men. By the same, Darius has sent tribute to Alexander.

The letter is taken to Darius. He then marches on Persia.

* Leaf 9.
Darius, receiving

a message vnto me so littill a man and so pore. For þou ert euen lyke to þe sonne, as thi selfe says, sittande in þe trone of Nitas wit þe goddeȝ of Perse. Bot goddeȝ þat euermare are, liffaunde & neuermare dyeȝ, deyneȝ noȝte for to hafe þe fela- 4 chipe of dedely meñ. Sekerly I am a dedely man; and to þe I come as to a dedely man, for to feghte wit the. Bot þou þat arte so grete & so gloryous & calleȝ thi selfe vndedely, þou sañt wynne na thylnge of me, if alle þou hafe þe ouerhande of me.⁸ For þou hase ouercommen bot a littill man, and a theeffe³ als þou sayse. And if I hafe þe ouerhande ouer the, It sañt be to me þe gretteste wirchipe þat euere byfet me, for als mekif als I sañt hafe þe victorye of þe worthieste emperour of þe werlde. Bot ¹² þare þou saide, þat, in þe rewme of Perse, es so grete plentee of golde, þou hase scharpede oure hertiȝ, and made mare balde for to feghte with the, & for to wynne þat golde; for to relefe oure pouerte wit-all, & putte awaye our nede whilke ¹⁶ þou says we hafe. In þat also, þat þou sent vs a hande-balle and oþer barne-laykaynes, þou prophicyed riȝte, and betakend bi-fore, thynges þat we trewe, thurgh goddeȝ helpe, sañt falle vn-till vs. By þe rowndenes of þe balle, we vnderstande ²⁰ all the werld aboute vs, þe whilke sañt falle vnder oure subiec-cioñ. Bi þe tane of þe laykanes þat þou sent vs, þe whilke es made of wandeȝ and cruceȝ donwardeȝ at þe ouerend; we vnder- stand þat all þe kynges of þe werlde, and all þe grete lordes,²⁴ sañt lowte till vs. Bi þe toþer laykañ, þat es of golde, and hase apon it, as it ware, a manneȝ hede, we vnderstande þat we sañt hafe þe victorye of all meñ and neuer be ouercommen. And þou þat ert so grete & so myghty hase now onwardeȝ sent ²⁸ vs trybute, in als mekif als þou sent vs a handballe, and þir oþer thynges þat I rehersed by-fore, the whilke conteneȝ in þam so grete dignyteȝ.'

¹ Wheñ þis lettre was wreten, Alexander called till þe mes- ³² sangers of þe Emperour of Perse, and gaffe þam riche gyftes and betuke þam þe lettre, and baddi þam bere it to þaire lorde. And þam Alexander sembled his Oste, and by-gañ for to wende towarde Perse. When the messangers of Perse come to þe ³⁶ emperour þay talde hym of þe grete ryaltee of kyng Alexander * and tuke hym the letters þat Alexander sent hym. And

¹ Four half lines space with miniature W.

þe emperour garte rede þam. And when he herd þam redde
he was wonder wraþe, and sent a letter belyue vn-till twa
grete lordes that hadd þe gouernance of þe empire vnder hym
4 sayand to þam on this wiese.

Alexander's letter,
writes to
his two
great lords,

¹ Darius kyng of kynges and lorde of lordes vntill oure trewe
legez Primus & Antiochus, gretynge and ioy. We here tell þat
Alexander, Philippe sonne of Macedoyn, es so heghe raysede in
8 pryd, þat he es rebelle agaynes vs, & es commeid in-till Asye,
and hase destroyed it vtterly. And ȝitt hym thynke noȝte this
ynoghe, bot he purposez hym for to come nere vs, and do þe
same till oþerre cuntreȝ of oure empire as he hase done tyll

12 Asye. Whare-fore we comande ȝowe o Payne of ȝour legeance,
þat ȝe semble þe grete men & þe worthy of oure empire, wit
oþer of our trewe legez; and, in all þe haste þat ȝe may, gase
& counters ȝone childe, takand hym, and bryngand hym bi-fore

telling
them of
Alexander's bold-
ness and
bidding
them take
him prison-
er so that
Darius may
whip him
as a
naughty
child and
send him
to his mother.

16 oure presence, þat we may lasche hym wele, als a wanton
childe schulde be: and clethe hym in purpoure; & so send
hym till his moder Olympias wele chastyede. For it semeȝ
noȝte to be a feghter: but for to vse childe gammegz.

20 ² Thire twa lordes Primus and Antiochus, when þay hadde
redde this letter of þe emperour, þay wrate agayne vntill him
on this wyse. 'Vn-to Darius, kyng of kynges, grete godð,
Primus & Antiochus, seruyce þat þay kað do. To ȝour heghe

Primus
and Anti-
ochus reply,
telling of
their utter
defeat at
the hands
of Alexan-
der and
begging for
help.

24 maieste we make it aknawen, þat þe childe Alexandere, whilke
ȝe speke off, hase all vtterly destroyed ȝour cuntree. And we
semblid a grete multytude of folke, and faughte wit hym; bot
he hase discomfit vs, and we were fayne for to flee. For un-

28 nethe myghte any of vs wynne awaye wit þe lyfe. Pare-fore
we þat ȝe say ere helpers vnto ȝowe, besekeȝ ȝour hye maiestee
that ȝe send sunð socoure till vs ȝour trewe leges.' Wheñ
Darius hadde redde þis letter, þare come anoþer messenger

32 till hym and talde hym þat Alexander and his Oste hadde lugede
þam appon the water of Strume. And wheñ Darius herd
þat he wrate anoþer letter vntill Alexander, of whilke þis was þe
tenour.

Darius is
told of the
camping of
Alexander
on the
river
Strume.

36 ³ Darius, kyng of kynges, and lorde of lordes, vn-till oure
seruande Alexander. Thorowte all þe werlde þe name of

Darius
writes
again to

¹ Space for four lines.

² Miniature and M space for four lines.

³ Four half lines and space with a minia-

ture D, with king's head within.

Alexander
telling him
to retire
before his
vengeance
fall upon
him.

* Leaf 9 bk.

He sends
him also a
token of
the num-
ber of his
own people.

They bring
Alexander
the letter.
But he
finds
another
meaning
for the
tokens.
He hears of
the heavy
sickness of
his mother.
Altho' cast
down by
the news
he writes a
letter to
Darius.
He tells
him that
for other
reasons he
is forced
unwilling-
ly to re-
turn, but
bids him
not put it

Darius es prayded & commended. Oure goddeȝ also hase it wretēn in thaire bukes. How thaȝ durste þou be so balde, for to passe so many waters, and seeȝ, Mountaynes & craggeȝ, for to werraye agayne oure royaſte maiestee. A grete wirchip⁴ me thynke it * ware to þe, if þou myghte mawgre oures, hafe in possessiouȝ þe kyngdome of Macedoyne all anely, wit-owtten mare. Thare-fore the es better amendȝ þe of thi mysededis, þan we take swilke wreke appoȝ the, þat oþer meñ take bisne þare-⁸ by, señ alle þe erthe wit-owtten oure lordchipe, may be callede wedowe. Torne agayne þare-fore, we consaile þe, in-to thyȝ awenȝ cuntrie, are oure wrethe and oure wreke falle apoȝ þe. Neuer-þe-lesse, þat oure wirchipp & oure grete noblaye ¹² be sumwhate knawen to þe, we sende the a malefull of cheseboȝle sede, in takennynge þare-of. Luke if þou may nombir & tellle all þir chesseboȝle sedeȝ, & if þou do þatt þan may þe folke of oure oste be nowmerd. And if þou ¹⁶ may noȝte do þat oure folke may noȝte be nowmerd. Pare-for turnee hame agayne in-to þi cuntrie and lefe þi foly þat þou hase bygud, and take na mare apoȝ þe swilke a presumption, for I tell þe we haffe meñ of armes wit-oute ²⁰ nownmere'.

¹ Wheñ þe Messangers of Darius come till Alexander, þay tuk hym þe lett're and þe malefull of chesseboȝle sedeȝ. Alexander þan gerte rede þe letter. And sythen he putt ²⁴ his hand in þe male, and tuke of þe chesseboȝle sedeȝ & putt in his mouthe, & chewed it, & said, 'I see wele', quoþ he, 'þat he hase many meñ, bot þay are riȝte softe as this sedeȝ are'. In þe mene tyme þare come a Messanger till Alexander fra ²⁸ Macedoyne: and talde hym þat his Moder Olympias was grefe seke. And [when] Alexander herd þis, he was wonder heuy. Neuer þe lesse, he wrate vn to Darius a lett're, þat spakke on this wyse.

² Alexander þe soñ of Philippe & of qwene Olympias vn-to Darius kynge of Perse, we sende. We do þe wele to wiete þat we hafe herde certane tythynges, whilke gers vs agayneȝ oure wiȝt do þat we now sal saye. Bot trow þou noȝte þat we ³⁶ for fere or dowte of thi pride and þi vayne glorye turne hame agayne now till oure awenȝ cuntrie, Bot all anely for to vsett

¹ Four lines space with miniature W.

² Three lines space.

oure Moder Olympias, whilke lygges grefe seke. Bot wete þou wele, wit in schorte tym, we schall haste vs agayne, wit a grete nowmere of fresche knyghtis. And riȝte als þou sent vs a malefull of chessebolle sedeȝ; so we sende þe here a littill peper. For þou schulde witte þat riȝte as þe scharpenes of þis littill peper passeeȝ þe multitude of þe chessebolle sedeȝ, riȝte so þe grete multitude of þe Persyenes salt be ouer-comeȝ wit a fewe knyghtis of Macedoyne.'

¹This lettre be-kende Alexander to þe knyghtis of Darius, þe peper also, & bad þam bere þam to þe emperour. And he gaffe þam grete gyftes and riche, and sent þam furthe.

12 And þan he turnede * agayne wit his Oste towarde Macedoyne.

Thare was þe same tyme a wonder wyse maȝ of werre þe whilke highte Amorca, and he was prynce-werres in Araby, and lay þare wit a grete multitude of meȝ in awayte of

16 Alexander & his Oste. And wheñ he herde tell of þe commyng of Alexander, he redied hym for to kepe hym. And wheñ þay mett, þay faught to-geder all þe daye fra þe morne till þe euen.

And so þay dide all þase thre deyes. And þare was so mekill folke dede in þat bataile, þat þe sone wexe eclipsē & wit-drewē his lighte, vggande for to see so mekill scheddyngē of blude.

Bot at laste þe Percyenes ware so thikke-falde felled to þe grounde, þat þaire prynce Amorca turned þe bakke & fledd;

24 and vnnethȝ myghte wynȝ awaye, and a fewe wit hym. So hastily fledd Amorca, þat he come nerehand alsone to

Darius, as his messagers did þat come fra Alexander, and fand Darius haldand þe lettre in his hande, þat Alexander sent hym,

28 and spirrande what Alexander did wit þe chessbolle sedeȝ. And þe messangers ansuerd & said: 'He tuke of þe chessbolle sedeȝ', quoþ þay, 'and chewed of þam, & said: I see wele,' quoþ he, 'þat Darius hase many meȝ, bot þay are wonder softe';

32 And than Darius tuk of þe peper, þat Alexander sent, and putt in his mouthe and chewed it. And when he felide þe strenghe of it, and þe grete hete, he syghede sare, and saide: 'Alexander knyghtis', quoþ he, 'are bot fewe, bot and þay be

36 als strange in þam selfe, as þis peper es in it selfe, þay salt fynde nane in þis werlde þat may agaynestande þam.' And þan ansuerde Amorca & saide, 'Forsothe, lorde', quoþ he, 'þe

down to his own vainglory or pride. He shall come again with a fresh host. And he sends him in return a little pepper.

He dispatches Darius's messengers back with the letter.

* Leaf 10.
Amorca tries to ambuscade Alexander.

They fought three whole days till the sun grew dark with dread, seeing the number of the slain.

So many of the Persians were slain that at last Amorca had to flee. He fled so quickly to Darius that he found him reading Alexander's letter.

Darius sighs at the sharpness of the pepper.

¹ Five lines space with miniature A.

Alexander's humility and courtesy to his fallen foes.

His further march.

Alexander sacrifices to the Sun in Phrygia.

* Leaf 10
bk.

Alexander answers a flatterer, he had rather be a wise man's disciple than have the praises of Achilles.

Alexander marches again towards Persia.

The citizens of Abandria shut their gates against him. But

say sothe, Alexander hase few knyghtis, bot þay ere strange, þat hase slaeð my knyghtis þat ware so many, so þat¹ vnnetheȝ myghte I eschappe owte of þaire handeȝ.' Alexander, if alle² he hade þe victorye of his enemys, he bare hym neuer 4 þe hiere þare-fore, ne empridede hym noȝte þare-of. Bot bathe Percyeneȝ & the Macedoyns þat ware slaeð, he gert bryngē to beryell. And það he come wit his Oste in-to Cecill, whare many Citeȝ submyt þam vñ-till hym, and of that rewmc, 8 þare went wit hym: xvij. M. feghtyng með. And fra thethyð he come till Ysaury, þe whilke, wit-owttein any agayne standynge, was ȝolden vntill hym. And Alexander went vp apoð þe Mounte Taurus, and fande þare a citee þat meñ callede 12 Persypolis, and thare he tuk wit hym a certane of meñ of Armes, and went so thurgh Asye, and wað many Citeȝ. And so he come in-to Frigy, and went in-to þe temple of þe son, and thare he made sacrafyce to þe son. Fra thethyð, he come 16 to a reuere, þat es called Stamandra, and þare he said till his men. 'Blyste mote ȝe be',* quoþ he, 'þat hase getyn þe comendacions & þe praysyngeȝ of þe gude doctour Homerus', and ane of his meñ ansuerde & said, 'Mi lorde kyng', quoþ 20 he, 'Me thynke I may sauely writte ma praysyngeȝ, & lonyngeȝ of the, þan Homerus did of þan þat distruyede þe Citee of Trayane. For þou hase done in pi tyme ma wirchipfull thyngeȝ, það euer did þay.' And Alexander [ansuerd,] & said, 24 'Me ware leuer,' quoþ he, 'be a wyse manes disciple þan for to hafe þe lonyngeȝ of Achilleȝ.' After this he remouede wit his Oste into Macedoyne, & fande his Modir Olympias wele couerd of hir sekenes, and suggournede þare wit her a while. 28 And thað he ordeyned hym for to wende agayne into Persy, And keste hym for to logge at a Citee, þat meñ calleȝ Abandryað. The meñ of þe Citee, wheð þay herde telle of his commynge, þay sperede þe ȝates of þe Citee, and wachede þe citee 32 one ilke a syde. And wheð Alexander saw þat, he went & assailedde þe Citee. And þe burgeȝ of þe Citee, wheð þay sawe þat þe citee was noȝte strange ynoghe of þe selfe, for to agaynstande þe assawte of þaire enemys, þay criede till 36 Alexander & saide: 'Kyng Alexander,' quoþ þay, 'we spred'

¹ 'þat' almost blotted out by stain in MS.

² 'alle' almost blotted out by same stain as above.

noȝte þe ȝates of [the] citeme to þat entent for to agaynestande
the, Bot allanly for þe drede of Darius, kyng of Perse, þe
whilke as it was tolde tiff vs, es purposse for to send his
men hendir, for to destruye vs & oure citeme.' And þan Alexander
said vnto þan agayn. 'Iffe ȝe will,' quoþ he, 'þat we distray
ȝow noghte, openeȝ ȝour ȝates, and when I haue made an ende
wit Darius, þan salt I come agayne, & speke wit ȝowe.' And
þan þe Citaȝenes opened þe ȝates. Fra thethen þay went to
Comnoliche. And fra thethynd to Bihoy, and so to Caldiple.
Syne þay come¹ till a grete reuere, whare Alexander Oste hadd
grete defaute of vetaiȝs, and þan his knyghtis murnede gretely
12 and said, 'Oure horses,' quoþ þay, 'fayleȝ vs ay mare & mare.'
Alexander ansuerd, & said, 'A A, my doghthy knyghtis,' quoþ
he, 'þat ȝitt heder-towardeȝ hase in werreȝ suffred many
perilliȝ & mekiȝ disesse, ere ȝe nowe in despeyre of ȝour hele
16 for þe failyng of ȝour horseȝ, Salt we noȝte gete horseȝ ynowe,
and we lyffe & hafe qwert, and if we dye we salt hafe na nede
of horse, na þay may do us na prophete. Haste we vs þare-fore
in alþat we maye to þe place whare² we salt gete horseȝ wit-
20 owtternd nowmer, and vetaiȝs also, bathe for oure selfe & for oure
horseȝ.' Wheñ he hadd all saide, þay went furthe and come till
a place þat es called Luctus, þat es to saye wepynge,*³ whar þay
fande vetaiȝs ynoghe, and mete ynoghe for þaire horse. Fra
24 thethynd þay remoued & come till a place þat hatt Trigagantes,
and þare þay luged þan. And Alexander went in-to a temple
of Apollo; whare als he aghteleð to hafe made Sacrafice, and
hafð ansuere of that godd of certane thynges þat he walde
28 hafe aschede. Bot a woman þat hiȝte ȝacora, whilke was preste
of þat temple, talde Alexander þat þan was noȝte þe tyme of
ansuere. On þe Morne Alexander come to þe temple & made
his sacrafice. And Apollo said till Alexander, 'Hercules,
32 quoþ he. And Alexander ansuerd, & said, 'Now þat þou
calleȝ me Hercules,' quoþ he : 'I see wele þat all thynd ansuers
ere false.' Fra thethynd Alexander went till a citeme þat es called
Thebea, and said vn-to þe folke of þe citeme: 'Sendez me furthe,'
36 quoþ he, 'fourre hundredth knyghtis, wele armed, for to wend wit

fearing
him they
tell him
that they
had done
so to with-
stand Da-
rius. And
they open
their gates.

Alexan-
der's
knights
complain
that their
horses are
failing
them.

Alexander
exhorts
them to
endure to
the end.

* Leaf 11.

32 quoþ he. And Alexander calls on
calleȝ me Hercules,' quoþ he : 'I see wele þat all thynd ansuers
ere false.' Fra thethynd Alexander went till a citeme þat es called
Thebea, and said vn-to þe folke of þe citeme: 'Sendez me furthe,'
36 quoþ he, 'fourre hundredth knyghtis, wele armed, for to wend wit

Alexander
gets a lying
answer of
Apollo,
who calls
him Her-
cules.

Alexander
calls on
the The-
beans to

¹ MS. *went* crossed through by the scribe, and replaced by *come* in MS. itself.

² *where* corrected from *þare* in MS.

³ On leaf 11 a more regular, orderly, and distinctive handwriting begins in the MS.

send him help. But they, refusing, shut their gates.

Alexander jeers at them.

He sends four thousand archers to shoot down the watches on the wall, two hundred miners to mine the walls, a hundred to burn down the gates, and four hundred engineers to batter the walls in. Himself with the rest lay by to help them when necessary.

The story of Cicesterus and Hismon.

* Leaf 11
bk.

Alexander refuses mercy to the city, and rases it to the earth. Clitomarus, one of the citizens, fares away with the conquerors. The Thebeans ask

vs in suppoellyng of vs.' And wheñ þe Thebeans herd̄ thir wordeȝ, þay spred̄ þe ȝates of þe citee, for to agayne-stande Alexander, and went to þe walleȝ, and cried̄ lowde þat Alexander myghte here: 'Alexander,' quoþ þay, 'bot if [þou] gaa hethyn fra vs, we sal̄ do the a velany, & thi knyghtis also.' When Alexander herde this, he smyled̄ & saide: 'ȝe Thebeans,' quoþ he, 'þat ere so mekiff praysed̄ & commended̄ of strenghe, Spere ȝe ȝour ȝates & saise ȝe will feghte wit me; þare es na doghety maiñ of armes 8 þat coueteȝ for to haue wirchip and loos; þat will close hym witin walles, bot fightes wit his enemys manly in þe felde.' Wheñ he hadd̄ saide thir wordeȝ, he bad þat foure thowsandeȝ archers sulde gaa abowte þe citee wit þaire bowes, & lay apoñ 12 þam wit arowes þat stode apoñ þe walleȝ. And he bad two hundredth men of armes ga to þe walles, and myne þam dounē, and a hundredthe he bad take fyrebrandeȝ, & gaa to þe ȝates & brygne þam. And he ordeynde oþer foure hundredth men, 16 for to bett douñ þe walles wit Sewes of werre, Engynes and Gommes & oþer maner of Instrumenteȝ of werre. And hym selfe, and þe remenant of þe oste lay nere þam to socour þam wheñ þay hadd̄ nede. And belyfe fra þay hadd̄ gyffen assawte to þe 20 citee, þe ȝates ware brynt, & mekiff folke was slayne witin þe citee, Sun̄ wit arowes, sun̄ wit stanes of Engynes; þe Fire also by-gañ for to sett in houseȝ wit-in þe citee, & rayse a grete lowe. In þe Oste of Alexander was, þe same tyme, a maiñ þe 24 whilke highte Cicesterus, a grete enemy to þe citee. He, wheñ he sawe þe citee bryne, made righte mery.* Bot a maiñ of the citee þat highte Hismon, wheñ he saw his cuntree þusgates be distruyed, come and felte one knees be-fore Alexander; and 28 bigañ for to synge a sange of Musyke & of murnyge wit an Instrument of Musike, Supposyng þare-by for to drawe Alexander's herte to Mercy, & styrre hym to hafe rewthe on þe citee. Alexander be-helde hym, & sayde: 'Maister,' quoþ he, 'whare- 32 to synge þou me þis sange?' 'A A lorde,' quoþ Hismon, 'to luke ȝife I myȝte styrre þi herte to hafe mercy on þe citee.' And þam Alexander was wonder wrathe, and bad dynge þe walles of þe citee douñ to þe harde erthe. And wheñ þay had so done 36 þay remoued̄ & went þaire way, and ane of þe worthieste men of þe citee, þe whilke hyghte Clitomarus, went wit þam in company. Bot þe Thebeans þat ware lefte aftire þe birnyng

of þe citee went to þe temple of Apollo, and askede weþer euer
mare þaire citee sulde be repaireld agayne. Apollo ansuerde,
& said^d, ‘he þat schaff^b bygge þis citee agayne sal^f hafe thre
4 victories. And when^d he hase geten^c thre victories, he sal^f
onane come & reparell this citee, and bigge it agayne, also
wele, als euer it was.’

an oracle of
Apollo as to
whether
their city
should ever
be rebuilt.
The answer
is, it shall
be rebuilt
by a three-
fold victor.

Alexander
is invited
to a wrest-
ling.

He asks
who will
begin.

¹ Alexander fra þe citee of Thebe, went to Corynthe, and þare
8 come till hym certane lordes, prayand^b hym þat he walde come
& see a wrestillynge. And he graunted^b þam. And to þis Ilke
wrestillynge þare come folke witowte^c nowmer. And when^d
all men^b were gadirde, Alexander saide: ‘whilk of ȝowe,’ quoþ
12 he, ‘sal^f gaa & be-gynn^b þis playe’. Clitomarus þam, of whaym
I spake bifore, knelið bi-fore þe kyng, & saide: ‘lorde,’ quoþ
he, ‘& ȝe wolle vouche-saffe to giffle me leue, I wiff be-gynn^b.’
And Alexander bad hym ga to. And Clitomarus went in-to þe
16 place, and þe firste man^b þat come in his hande, at the first
tourne he threwe hym wide open. And Alexander said vntill
hym: ‘Caste thre men^b,’ quoþ he, ‘& þou sal^f be coround’.
þam þare come anoþer man^b to Clitomarus and vnnethe^c he come
20 in his hande^b, when^d he was caste^c wyde open. And one þe
same wyse he seruede þe thirde. And þan Alexander gart sett
oþ his heuede a precious coroun^b, and þe kynge^b seruaundez
spirrede hym what his name was. ‘My name,’ quoþ he, ‘es wit
24 owtte^c citee’. When Alexander herde þat he saide vn-till
hym: ‘Thou noble wristiller,’ quoþ he, ‘whi arte þou callede wit
owtte^c citee.’ ‘Wrichipfull emperour,’ quoþ he, ‘be-fore þat ȝe
werede þe emperours Dyademe, I hadde a citee full of folke^b
28 & of reches. Bot now, sene ȝe come to this astate & þis
dignytee, I am spoylede & priuede of my citee.’ And when^d
[he] herde this, he wiste wele þat he ment of þe citee of
Thebe. And þan he garte his sergeante^b make a crye that

Clitomarus
begs the
favour of
so doing.

He wins
once.
Alexan-
der's pro-
mise.
He wins
twice.
He wins
thrice.
Crowning
him they
ask him
his name.
He
answers,
'One with-
out City.'How it be-
fell with
his answer.

32 [he] had^b giffen Clitomarus leue for to repairelle þe citee
of Thebes. Fra Corinthe, Alexander and his oste removed^b till
a citee þat highte Platea, of þe whilke a man^b þat highte Scrassag-
eras was prynce. And Alexander went to þe temple of Diane,
36 and fande þare a woman^b preste, þe whilke was a mayden^b, & scho
was araiel^b lyke preste^b of þat tymme. And when^d [scho] sawe
Alexander, scho saide vn-till hym: ‘Alexander,’ quoþ scho, ‘þou

* Leaf 12.

From
Corinth
they go to
Platea and
the Tem-
ple of
Diana.
The maid-
en Priestess

^a Five half lines space with miniature A, with knight within.

and her prophecy.

Seras-sageras curses the priestess, but it avails him nothing.

He falls from his Lordship and flees to Athens, and prevails on them to help him.

Alexander marches on Athens.

The letter of Alexander to the Athenians, telling of his deeds and conquests.

He asks of them but ten philo-

arte welcomme. You schaff conquere all þe werlde.¹ One þe morne Scrasageras went to þe same temple, and alsone als þe preste sawe hym, scho saide vn-till hym: 'Scrasageras,' quoþ scho, 'what thou wit-in a schorte while þou schaff be priued² of 4 þe lordchip þat þou now hase?' And when he herde þis he was righte wrathe wit hir, & saide, 'þou arte noȝte worthy,' quoþ he, 'for to be preste here. Alexander come to þe ȝisterdaye, and þou prophicyed hym gude; And to me þou sais, þat I schafft lose all 8 my lordechipē.' And scho ansuerd, & saide, 'Beeȝ noȝte angry to me,' quoþ scho: 'for all þis buse be fulfilled, and nathynge þare of leste ne ouerhippede.' A littill after it felle þat Alexander was gretely angrede at Scrasageras, and tuke fra 12 hym his lordchipe, & Scrasageras went to þe cite of Atheneȝ, and sare wepande he complenede hym to þe citazenes of Atheneȝ & talde þam how þat Alexander hadd priued hym of his lordchipe. And þam þe Atheneanes ware wonder [wrathe] towards 16 Alexander, and made grete boste & manace, þat þay schold ryse agaynes hym, bot if he restoredde Scrasageras agayne till his lordechipē. Alexander remowed his Oste fra Platea to þe citee of Athenes, and when [he] herde telle þat þe Athenens ware 20 wrathe till hym-warde, and manaced hym, he wrate vn-to þam a lettre þat spak one this wyse.

¹ Alexander, þe son of Philippe and of qwene Olympias, vn to the Athenenes, gretynge. Fra þe tyme þat oure Fadir was 24 dedde, & we were sett in þe Trone of his dingnytee, we went into þe weste Marches, whare all þe folkeȝ þat duelleȝ thare for þe maste party ȝalde þam vn-till vs wit-owtten stresse. Fra þe citee of Rome to þe weste see occyane, all meid sub- 28 mytte þam vn-till vs þat wit oure awen fre will we hafe taken þam ²till oure grace. And thase þat walde noȝte submytt þam till vs wit fairenes, we hafe distruyed³ þam & paire citeȝ, and doungeid þam dowid to þe erthe. And now þis oper 32 daye as we went fra Macedoyne & passed thurgh Asye: bi þe cite of Thebe, þe Thebeyens despysed vs, & lete as þay sett noȝte by vs. Bot onane we garte þair prydé falfe, and de-

¹ Four half lines space with miniature A.

² Here the scribe first has written 'to grace' and then erased it, substituting as

in text.

³ The *uy* in *distruyed* has been substituted for *uu* by the same scribe.

struyed bathe þān & thaire citee. And þare-fore we write sopers to
vn-to ȝow; that ȝe sende vs teñ philosophires þat be wyse, * by
þe whilke we may be encensede and conseled. For oþer thying
will we nane aske ȝow, Bot aſſe anely þat þe halde vs for ȝour
lorde & ȝour kynge. And ȝif ȝe will noȝte submytt ȝowe vni-
till vs, ȝow buse oþer be strangere þān we, or ellis submytt yow
to sum lordeckip, þat be strangere þān oures.'

8 ¹The Athenyenes redd̄ þis lett̄re and þan þay bigan to crye
one highte. And ane, þat highte Eschilf, stode vp amangē
þān, and said: 'It es fully my conseſt, quoþ he, 'þat we on
na wise assent [to thise] wordes of Alexander.' Alle þe folke þān
12 þat was gadirde þare, prayed þe philosophre Demostines, þat
he walde tell þān his conselle, as touchyng þat matere. And he
stude vp, & badd̄ aſſ meid be stiff. And þān he said vn-to þān.
'Sirs,' quoþ he, 'I pray ȝow takes tent vn-to my wordes &
16 herkenes gudly what I saſſ say. If ȝe fele ȝow of power, for
till agayne-stande Alexander, & to surprise hym, þān feghtes
wit hym manly, and obeys noȝte till his wordes. And if ȝe
suppose ȝe be noȝte strange ynoghe to feghte wit hym þān
20 hereȝ hym, and obeys vn-till hym. ȝe knawē wele, þat als
oure eldirs telles vs, Xerxes was a grett kynge, & a myghty,
and many victories he gatt. And neuer þe lesse in Ellada he
suffredre grete meschefe. Bot he, this Alexander, hase done
24 many batailles, in þe whilke he suffredre neuer disese hot alwaye
had þe ouerhande. þe Thirienes, I pray ȝow, ware [þai] noȝte
balde knyghtes and strange, and aſſ þaire lyfe hade bene excer-
cysede in Armes? And whate profitede þān þaire strenghe?
28 þe Thebienes also þat were so wyse, and so grete exercyse hadde
in armes, fra þe firſte tyme þat þe citee was bygged, whare-off
seruede þaire grete witt þān, and þaire grete strength, when
Alexander assailede þān? þe Poliponius faghte wit Alexander,
32 bot þay myghte na while agayne-stande his men of armes. Bot
alsoið þaire² ware disconfit and slaeñ. It es noȝte vnknaven
vn-to ȝowe, how many citees castells & townnes for fere submittis
þān vn-till hym wit-owttein any assawte gyffyng. þarefore,
36 it es noȝte my consaile þat ȝe be heuy, ne wrathe till Alexander

* Leaf 12
bk.

rendering
homage to
him; or else
must it
either be
stronger
than Alex-
ander or
dependent
on some
stronger
state.

The speech
of Aeschy-
lus against
Alexander.
The Athe-
nians beg
counsel of
Demos-
thenes.

He tells
them if
they feel
themselves
strong
enough to
resist, but
if not then
let them
submit.

He com-
pares Alex-
ander and
Xerxes to-
gether.

He nar-
rates Alex-
ander's
victorious
campaign.

He advises
them not to
be froward
towards
Alexander.

¹ Four half lines space with miniature T.

recurs on p. 55, l. 29. Cf. Icelandic *þeir*. There is nothing left out nor is it a misprint.

² MS. reads 'þaire' for þay. This form

Alexander is a wise and reasonable man, neither would he have put Scrassageras out of his Lordship except for treason against him.
The Athenians commend this

* Leaf 13.

counsel greatly and sent tribute but no philosophers.

He hears of the speeches of both Aeschylus and Demosthenes. He writes them a letter.

The Letter of Alexander to the Athenians.

He had purposed a philosophic dispute with them, and have shown them his friends. But their deeds showed otherwise. Whoso of them rises against him, he will make an example of. They, as knaves, think ill and fear ill.

He had put S. out of office for treason. They have despised his demand for ten philosophers.

for Scrassageras. For all men knewes wele þat Alexander es a wonder wyse man & a warre, & a man þat gouernes hym by reson; and þare-fore þe may wele wete, he walde noȝte putt Scrassageras oute of his lordechipe upon lesse þan forsett vn-4 till hym.' When þe Athenyenes had herde þir wordes, þay commedid gretly the conseilfe of Demostines, and thañ they ordeyned a corouñ of golde þe weghte of .1. pounde, and sent Messangers þarewit, and wit tribute vn-till Alexander, bot 8 philosophres sent þay nane. * And when þire Messangers come till Alexander, þay gaffe hym þe corouñ, and þe tribute, þat þe Athenyenes sent hym, and talde hym þat þay had highte hym a grete nowmer of catelle. And when Alexander had herd þam, 12 he vnderstode wele þe conceiff of Eschilus þat conceiffd þe Athenyenes to agaynestand hym, and also þe conceiff of Demostenes that conceiffde þam þe contrary, and þam he wrate a leltre to þam whare-of the Tenoure was this. 16

¹ Alexander þe son of Philippe and quene Olympias, for þe name of kynge will we noȝte take apon vs, before we hafe oure enemys vnder oure subieccion: vn-to þe Athenyenes gretynge. It es noȝte oure entent to come in ȝour citee wit oure oste, 20 Bot allauly to come & dispuyte wit ȝour philosophres, and to asche þam certane questyons, Oure purposse was also to hafe declared for oure trewe legges & oure gude Frendez. Bot ȝour dedeȝ proues þe contrary, as it ²done vs till vnderstande. Oure 24 goddeȝ we take to witnesse, þat whilke of ȝow so ryseȝ agayneȝ vs, we saff take swilke wreke apoñ hym þat oþer men saff take ensample þare-by. Bot þe als schrewes, and euyll men, euer mare troweȝ iff, and thynkes iff. Wate þe noȝte wele þat 28 þe Thebienes þat raise agaynes vs, hadd þaire mede als þay disserued. And þe haffand in vs a wrange consayte, blameȝ vs, For we putt Scrassageras owte of his Office the whilke ³forsett gretly agaynes oure maieste. We sent vn-to ȝow bi 32 lettre for teñ philosophres, bot þe, noȝte knawande oure grete powere & oure myghte, despysed oure maundement and walde noȝte fulfill it. Neuer þe les if all þe hafe offendid agaynes

¹ Four half lines with miniature A.

² The reader must probably here supply 'hase' between 'as it' and 'us till understande', but as it occurs several times it

may be a syntactical peculiarity.

³ The reader must probably supply was or deale between þe whilke and forsett, but see previous notice.

vs whider-towarde and beine disobeyande till oure maiestee, we forgiffe ȝow all ȝour gilt, and þe greuance þat ȝe hafe don vs, so þat ȝe be obeyande vn-till vs, fra þis tyme forwarde. Com-
4 forthes ȝow þarefore & beeȝ mery, for of vs ȝe schall hafe na greuance ne na disesse be-cause ȝe did after þe conceff of Demostynes.'

¹ Wheiñ þe Athenyenes herd þis lettref redd, þay ware riȝte gladd, and þam Alexander & his Oste went fra thethyn vu-to Lacedoyne. Bot þe Lacedouns walde one na wyse obey vn-till Alexander, bot said ilkañ of þam till oþer, 'latt vs noȝte be lykke þe Athenyenes,' quoþ þay, 'þat drede þe manaschyng, ¹² and þe boste of Alexander bot late vs schewe oure myȝte, and oure strenghe and manly defende * oure citee agayneȝ hym.' Wheiñ þay hadd saide, þay spred þe ȝates of þe cetee faste, and went manly to þe walles. And a grete nowmier of þam ¹⁶ tuke þam schippeȝ & went to þe see, a grete nauy, to feghte wit Alexander are he come to lande. And wheiñ Alexander saw this, he sent a lettref to þam sayand on this wyse.

² Alexander þe son of Philippe and of þe quene Olympias ²⁰ vu-to þe Lacedounes we sende. We conceff ȝow, þat þat, that ȝour elders hase lefte ȝow, ȝe kepe hale & sound & in sauete ³ and lyfteȝ noȝte ȝour hende ouer hie to þe thyngeȝ þat þe may noȝte reche to. And if ȝe desire for to hafe ioy of ȝour strenthe, ²⁴ dose swa þat ȝe be worthy to hafe wirchipe of vs. þarefore we comande ȝow, þat ȝe turne agayne wit ȝour schippeȝ, and leueȝ þam, & gase to lande by ȝour awenȝ fre wiff; or sekirly I sali sett fire in tham & brynn þam. And if ȝee dispice oure ²⁸ commandement, blameȝ na maiñ bot ȝour selfe, if we wreke vs one ȝowe.'

⁴ The Lacedounes redd þis lettref, and wheiñ it was redd, þay ware wonder heuy. Noȝte for-thi þay redied þam to feghte. ³² Bot Alexander arryued in an oþer coste, and come to þe citee are þay wiste and vmbylapped þe citee one ilke a syde, and assaillede it strangly & dange þe Lacedouns of þe walles & slewe many of þam & wounded many, and sett fyre in þaire ³⁶ schippeȝ & brynt þam. þe remanant of þam þat ware lefte

Neverthe-less he will forgive them if they be good for the future, since they followed Demosthenes' adviee.

Alexander goes thence into Lacede-monias. But they would in no wise submit to

* Leaf 13 bk.
him. But despising him the Athenians manned the walls. Yet others of them fled over-seas, and others went to meet him in fight.

The Letter of Alexander to the Laee-demonians bidding them re-turn and submit.

Alexander arrives by an unfore-seen way and sur-rounds them.

He attacks the city

¹ Three lines space miniature W.

another letter.

² Four half lines with miniature A.

⁴ Four lines space with miniature T.

³ MS. sauete with u written over

fiercely till they surrend're.

Alexander tells them they would not receive him peacefully, therefore are they come to this great harm.

Alexander reproaches them with overgreat conceit and quotes a homely proverb.

* Leaf 14.

They thought in vain to have done to him as their forefathers did to King Xerxes. Darius hears of the coming of Alexander. He is greatly terrified and holds a council. The speech of Darius. He bewails that he has underrated him, and sees that they must now look to their safety. He fears that God's Fore-sight helps Alexander so that he may eventually conquer Persia.

appon lyfe, when þay saw this grete meschefe come owte of þe citee vn-till Alexander, & felle douȝ at his fete, & besoughte hym of mercy & of grace. And Alexander ansuerd, 'I come to ȝow,' quoþ he, 'meke & mylde, bot in þat degré ȝe walde noȝte 4 ressayffe me, þarefore now are ȝour schippeȝ brynned, and ȝour citee distruyed, & ȝour folkeȝ slayne. Warned I noȝte be-fore þat ȝe schulde noȝte heue ȝour handeȝ ouer-hye to þe sternes, to þe whilke nane erthely maȝ may wynȝ. For wha so euer 8 clymbeȝ hier, þan his fete may wynȝ to sum halde, he salle falle onane douȝ to þe grounde. And þarefore es þare a com-mone prouerbe: þat "wha sa hewes to hie, þe chippes wiȝ fallie in his egh." ȝe wende hafe done till vs as ȝour eldirs 12 didde sumetyme till kynge ȝerses, bot ȝour wenyng dessayued ȝow. For ȝe myghte noȝte agayne-stande vs wheñ we assailedde ȝow.' Whan * he hadd' saide on this wise, he gaffe þam leue to gaa whare þay walde. And than he remouede thethyñ & went 16 to-warde Cicill. And wheñ þe emperor Darius herd' tell of þe comyng of Alexander, he was gretly abaiste and sent after all his princeȝ, Dukes & Erles, & oþer grete lordes, & went till a consaile. And he saide vn-to þam, 'I see wele,' quoþ he, 'þat 20 he, this Alexander, þat gase thus abowte werrayand, waxeȝ gretly in wirchipe, and ay-whare whare he commeȝ he hase þe victory. I wende he hadd' bene a theeffe & a robbour, þat hadde went till cuntrę þat ere wayke & feble, and durst noȝte agayne- 24 stande hym, & robbed þam & spoyled þam. Bot now, I see wele, he es a doghthy maȝ of Armes, & a noble werryayour. And ay þe mare þat I hafe depraued hym and despysed hym; þe mare ryseȝ his name, & his wirchipe. I sent hym a balle, a toppe, 28 & a scourge, for to lere barne-laykes; bot hym þat I called' a disciple, he semeȝ a mayster & whare-so-euer he gase, Fortune gase wiȝ hym. þare-fore vs byhoneȝ to trete of oure hele, & of oure popleȝ, and pute awaye all pride & all folly: & 32 namare despisse Alexander, saynge þat he es noghte, by cause we are emperor of Perse. For his littiñnes waxes and oure gretnes decresseȝ. I hafe grete doweȝ, þat goddeȝ forlukke helpeȝ hym, so þat whils we ere abowte, & weneȝ to putte hym 36 out of Ellada, we be spoyled, by hym, of þe rewme of Perse.'

¹ Wheñ Darius hadd' said thir wordeȝ, his broder Coriather

ansuerd & saide, 'þou hase here,' quoþ he, 'gretly magnisid & commendid Alexander, in that, þat þou sais he es mare feruent for to come in-to Perse, þan we in-till Ellada. And þarefore 4 if it be plesyng vn-to ȝour maiestee, vse ȝe þe maners of Alexander, and so salt [ȝe] wele & peysably welde ȝour empire & conquere many oþer rewmes. Alexander, wheñ he gase to bataile and salt feghte, he lates [nane] of his prynceȝ ne his 8 oþer lordes gaȝ be-fore, &¹ hym selfe come by-hynde, bot he gase bi-fore þan alle, and so riseȝ his wirchipp & his name.'

Quod Darius, 'wheþer awe me to take sa ensample at 12 Alexander, or Alexander at me.' A prynce ansuerde & saide,

'Alexander,' quoþ he, 'es a warrer² man & a wyse, & hase trespass in na degree & þarefore he duse manly by hym selfe all þat he doeȝ. For he hase taken þe fourme of þe lyoniȝ.'

16 'Whare-by knawes þou þat,' quoþ Darius, * and he ansuerd, & saide, 'whate tyme,' quoþ he, 'þat I was sent to Macedoyne for til aske tribute of kyng Philippe, I saw, bi his Figure & his wise ansuere, þat he schuld be a passyng man, bathe of witt, 20 & of doynges. Thare-fore, if it be plesyng vn-to ȝow, I conseil þat ȝe sende till all þe landes & cuntryes þat langeȝ to ȝour empire, þat es to say to Parthy & Medy, Appollamy, Mesopotamy, Ytaly, Bactri, and till all þe remenant for þay ere

24 subiectes vn-to ȝow a hundredreth: c. and fifty l. of dyuerse³ folke.

To þe lordes of⁴ all thire, I rede ȝe sende commandyng þan, þat þay come to ȝow, in all þe haste þat þay may, with all þe men þat þay may gett whilk ere able to ga to werre⁵. And wheñ 28 þay [ere] all sembled to gedir late vs beseke oure goddis of helpe. And þan Alexander wheñ he seeȝ swilk a multitude of folke agaynes hym, his hert salt faile hym, and his mens also. And owþer he salt for fere turne hame agayne till his 32 awen cuntrie, or ellis submytt hym vn-to ȝow.' And þan ansuerd anoþer prynce, & sayde, 'This es a gud conceil,' quoþ he, 'bot it es noȝte profitable. Wate þou noȝte wele þat a wolfe

Darius' brother advises him to lead his own men in the van as Alexander does.

Darius demurs.

A prince tells him of the person of Alexander, and

*Leaf 14 bk.
advises him to gather a tremendous force that Alexander's heart may fail him.

The counsel is commended but for the

¹ & is written in above the line in the MS. by the same scribe.

² Perhaps the abbreviation is here really a mere flourish, and we should read *warr*, though the contraction mark is well made.

³ In MS. *deverse* was at first written,

and *y* substituted by the same scribe.

⁴ *af* written and crossed out between *lordes* and *of*.

⁵ *wcre* at first written and changed to *werre* by the scribe.

cowardice
of the
Persians
and the
wisdom of
the Greeks.

Alexander gathers his host. He bathes in a cold river and gets a fever, to the great alarm of his army.

Alexander summons Philip his Physician.
* Leaf 15.

But another Lord is jealous of him and warns Alexander that Philip would poison him being in Darius' pay.

The Physician comes to Alexander.

chase; a grete floke of schepe & gerse þam sparple. Righte so, and þe wysdome of þe grekes passe; oþer nacyons.'

¹ In this mene tým, Alexander sembled a gret multitude of folke; to þe nowmer of ee of feghtyng meñ, and remewed to + warde Perse, & come till a reuere þat es called Mociona, of whilke þe water was wonder calde, & faire, & clere. And Alexander hadd a grete lyste for to be bathede þare-in, and went in-to it & bathed hym, & waschede hym þare-in, and also soñ 8 he felle in a feuer and a heued-werke þare-wit, so þat he fure wonder ill. And wheñ þe Macedoyns saw paire lorde so grefe seke, þay were wonder heuy and reghte dredand; and said amanges selfe: ‘And Darius,’ quod þay, ‘wete þat oure lorde 12 Alexander be þus seke, he sañt come & falle apoñ vs sodaynly, & fordo vs ilkañ. For, and we hadd þe hele of oure lorde Alexander, we hadd comforþ ynoghe & dredde no nacyon. Than kyng Alexander called till hym his Phicisiene þat 16 highte Philippe & badd hym ordeyne hym a Medcyne for his sekenes. Þis ilk Phicisiene was² * bot a ȝong mañ, bot he was a passyng kunnyng mañ and a sotell in all þe poyntes þat langed to phisic. And he highte Alexander, þat [by] a certane 20 drynke he sulde onane make hym all hale. Nowe fell it, þat was wit Alexander a prynce, þat highte Parmenius & was lorde of hermony. This prynce hade grete envy to þis phicisiene, bi-cause þat Alexander luffede hym so passandly 24 wele & belyfe he wrate till Alexander, and warned hym þat he schulde be warre wit Phillippe his phicisiene, and on na wyse resayfe þat drynke þat he walde gyffe hym. For he said, þat Darius had highte to giffe hym his doghter to wyf & his 28 kyngdom after his dissesse if swa ware, þat he myghte be any crafte make ane ende of hym. Wheñ Alexander hadde redd þis lettre he was na thynge trubbled, so mekyl he tristede of þe conscience of his phisician.

32

In þe mene tyme, þis Phisician come till Alexander wit þe forsaid drynke, and Alexander tuk þis drynke in a hande & þe forsaid lettred in his oþer hande and biheld þe Phisician in þe vesage riȝte scharpely. To whome þe Phisician saide:

¹ Five lines space with miniature I.

² At bottom of leaf 14 obv. is written ‘ff (fecit?) Seren. Ser.’

'wirchipfull Emperour,' quoþ he, 'be na thyng fered bot drynke þe medcyne baldely,' and þān onane Alexander tuk this drynke, & schewed Philippe þe lettred. And wheñ Philippe had redde 4 þe lettred, he said tiff Alexander: 'Now for sothe, my lorde,' quoþ he, 'I take oure goddes to witnessse þat I ne am noȝte gilty of this tresoñ, þat here es wretyñ.' Alexander þān was all hale als ener he was, & called vn-tiff Philippe his phisician 8 & embraced hym in his armes & said: 'Philippe,' quoþ he, 'knewes þou how mekist luffe & triste I hafe in the. Firste I dranke thi medecyne, & syne I schewede þe þe lettred þat was sent me agaynes the.' 'Mi lorde,' quoþ Philippe, 'I be- 12 seke ȝow þat ȝe wolle vochesaffe to send after myñ accusour, and do hym come bi-fore ȝour presence þat þis lettred sent vn-to ȝow, and hase lered me for to do¹ swilk a hie tresoñ. Be-lyfe 16 þān gerte Alexander send after Parmeny for to come vn-till hym, and gerte þe sothe be serched, & fande þat he was worthy þe dede. And þān he gert girde of his hened.

² Fra þeine kyng Alexander removed his Oste tiff hermyony þe mare & onane he conquered it, & put it vnder his subieccioñ. 20 And fra þeine he traualied many a day * wit his Oste, and at þe laste come tiff a cantre wonder drye, & full of creuesceȝ of cauerneȝ, & alde cisternes whare na water myghte be funden. And Fra þeine þay passede thurgh a cuntrie, þat es called 24 Andrias, to þe Reuere of Eufrates. And þare þay lugede þān. þan Alexander garte brynge many grete treeȝ, for to make a brygge of ouer þat water, appoñ schippeȝ, and garte tye þān Sameñ wit chenys of Ireneñ & ireneñ nayleȝ. And wheñ þe brigge 28 was all redy, he badde his knyghtes wende ouer apoin it. Bot wheñ þay saw þe grete reuer ryne so swiftly and with so a grete a byrre, thay dred þān þat þe brygge schulde falle. For þay supposede þe chenys schuld breke be-cause of grete 32 weghte. And, when Alexander saw þān dredand on this wyse, he gert hirde-menñ, þat were þare kepanð kateñ, wend ouer before, and warnede þat þe Oste schulde folowe þān. Bot ȝit þe knyghtis ware ferde & durste noghte wende ouer. 36 Thañ was Alexander riȝte wrathe and callede vntiff hym all his prynces, & grete lordeȝ, and firote he went hym selfe ouer

Alexander takes the drink given him, and shows the Physician the letter.

Alexander declares to him his great trust.

The trial of the accuser.

Alexander conquers Armenia

* Leaf 15 bk.

the Greater and marches through deserts to the Euphrates. He builds a bridge of boats and logs, but his knights fear to cross it because of the fierceness of the current.

Alexander sends herdsmen over, yet the knights durst not follow. Alexander then goes

¹ MS. repeats *for to do* twice.

² Three lines with miniature F.

first over
the bridge
with his
princes.
Then the
army
follows.
Alexander
destroys
the bridge
behind
him. The
knights
murmur
thereat,
fearing dis-
aster.

Alex-
ander's
speech to
his men.

Let them
all perish
or con-
quer, for
they shall
never see
home again
till they
have over-
thrown all
their
enemies.

Darius
gathers a
great force

* Leaf 16.
to meet
Alexander
upon the
river Ti-
gris. But
his men
flee.

The brave
Persian
who dares
alone try to
take Alex-
ander's life
in disguise
for the
sake of the

þe bryges, & all his prynces folowed hym, and sythen all þe Oste. Twa grete ryuers ryndes thurgh Medee, Mesopotamy and Babiloyne, þat es to say Tygre & Eufrates, and soo ryndes in-to þe reuere¹ of Nilus. When Alexander & all hys Oste ware past ouer Eufrates, he gert smyte sonder þe brygge þat he hadde gert make bifore, and dissolute ilk a pece þare-off fra oþer. And when his knyghtis sawe that, þay ware reghte heuy and murnede gretly þarefore, and said emanges þam selfe, 'What sal we now doo,' quoþ þay, 'when we are harde by-stadde wit oure enemys & walde flee. For ouer þis reuere may we noȝte wynn.' And when Alexander perceyued þat murmour of his folke, he said vn-to þam. 'What es þat,' quoþ he, 'þat ȝe say 12 amangeȝ ȝow, "If it falle þat we flee owte of þe bataile." Sothely, I late ȝow wele wite, þat þis is þe cause whi I garte for-do þis brygg, þat I gert make; For-thi, þat oþer we schulde feghte manly or ellis if [we] walde flee, we schulde all perische at 16 anes and all drynke of a coppe. For-whi þe victorye es noȝte arrettet to þam þat fleyȝ, Bot to þam þat habydȝ, or folowes on þe chace. Pare-fore comfortheȝ ȝow wele, & besy balde of hertis, and thynke it bot a playe stalworthly to feghte. For I say 20 ȝow sekerly; we ne schall never see Macedoyne, be-fore we hafe ouercomeȝ all oure enemys, And þam wit þe victorie we sal tourne hame agayne.'

² In þis mene tyme, kyng Darius gadirde a grete multitude 24 of meñ agaynes Alexander, and ordeyned ouer þam fyve-hundreth * chyftaynes of grete lordes and luged hym wit his meñ apoñ þe reuere of Tygre. And one a day thir twa kynges wit þaire bather Ostes mett to-gedir apoñ a faire felde 28 and faughte to-gedir wonder egerly. Bot sone Darius meñ hadd þe werre & ȝode to grounde thikkfalde, slayne in þe felde. And wheñ þe remenant saw þat, þay tuk þam to þe flighte. In Darius oste was a mañ of Perse, a doghety, & a balde; 32 to whaym Darius highte for to giffe his doghter to wyfe, if so were, þat he myghte, by any way, sla kyng Alexander. This mañ gatt hym clethyng and Armour like vn-to þe macedoyns, and went amangeȝ þam, as þay faghte, ay till he come by-hynd 36 kyng Alexander. And alsoñ als he come nere hym, he lifte his

¹ Scribe first wrote *rererere* here, and then wrote a *y* (*ryrere*) over it. The process is

quite plain.

² Two lines with small miniature I.

swerde on heghte, & lete flye at hym wit all þe myghte þat he
hade, and hitt hym on þe heued so ferclly, þat he perched¹ his
bacenett, and drewe þe blode of hym. Wheñ Alexander knyghtis
4 saw that: þay tuke hym anone, & broghte hym biforc Alexander,
and Alexander, supposyng þat he hadde bene a macedoyne, saide
vn-till hym. ‘Wrichipfull man,’ quoþ he, ‘& doghety & strange
what ayled þe at me, for to giffe suylke a strake, knewe þou
8 noȝte wele þat it was I, Alexander ȝour helperc & ȝour allere
seruande.’ And [the] Percyene ansuerd, & said, ‘Wiete þou
wele wrichipfull emperour,’ quoþ he, ‘I ne ame na macedoyne,
bot I am a mañ of Perse; and this dede I didd. For kyng
12 Darius made me a promysse of his doghetir to wife, if I myghte
brynge hym thi heid.’ Than kyng Alexander called bi-for hym
all his knyghtis and askede þam what þam thoghte was for to
do wit this mañ. Sunð ansuerde & saide þam thoghte it beste
16 to gerre smyte of his heid, Sun for to putt hym to þe fire for to
brynn, Sun to gare drawe & hang hym. And when Alexander
had herde þaire conceit, he ansuerd & said: ‘Sirs,’ quoþ he,
‘what wrange or what defawte cañ ȝe fynde in þis mañ, Sen he
20 hase besied hym till obey till his lordes commandement, and at
his power fulfilled it. Whilke of ȝow, so demeȝ hym worthy to
be dedde, es worthy in tyme commynge to hafe þe same dome.
For if I comande ane of ȝow for to ga & sla Darius, þe same
24 paync, that ȝe deme þis mañ for to suffre, ware ȝe worthy for to
suffre ȝourselue of Darius, if ȝe myȝte be getyn.’² And *þan he
commanded þat he schulde wende hame to his felawes wit-owttein
any harme. When Darius herde þat his lordes ware slayne in
28 grete nowmer, he gadered a grete multitude of knyghtis and of
fotemeñ, and went vp on a hill þat es called Taurisius, and thare
he made his mustre of his meñ, supposynge þat he schuld ouer-
come Alexander thurgh multitude of folke. Bot alsoñ als þay
32 mett wit þaire bathere osteȝ, and bigañ for to fighte, Darius
meñ fledd and hymselfe also. And Alexander persuede hym
vn-to þe eitee of Bactriañ, and þare he luged hym, and offerde
Sacrifice till his goddeȝ. And on þe morne he garte assaile þe

King's
daughter.Alexander
asks him
why he did
this. He
answers.Alexander
asks coun-
sel of his
knights,
what shall
he do with
this man?
Alexander
speaks to
them, and
shows this
man forth
to them as
an ex-
ample.
And then
he utters
his will.* Leaf 16
bk.Darius
gathers his
men again
to the fight,
but yet
again is he
overcome.Alexander
pursues
him.
He con-
quers Bac-

¹ The scribe wrote first ‘perceed,’ altered afterwards, in a very rough way, to ‘perched.’

² MS. reads ‘and he commanded’ at

bottom of first side of leaf 16 and ‘þan he commanded’ on the top of second side of the same leaf.

trian,
taking
great trea-
sure to-
gether with
Darius'
mother and
wife.

A Persian
prince
offers to
betray
Darius to
Alexander
if he will
grant him
ten thou-
sand
knights.
Alex-
ander's
answer.

Letter of
one of
Darius'
princes to
Darius be-
seeing
help.
* Leaf 17.

Darius to
Alexander,
reproach-
ing his vain
ambitions,
thanking

citee, and wanne it on werre. And in þe cheffe place þare-of he sett his trone. And all þir oþer citeȝ þat were abowte it, he wanȝ þam o werre, & putt þam vnder his subieccioȝ. In þis ilke citee of Bactriaȝ, he fande tresour wit-owtten nowmer, and also his moder, and his wyfe.

¹ And in þe mene tyme, whils Alexander lay at Batran: þare come a prynce of Darius oste vn-till Alexander, & said vn-till hym, ‘Wrichipfull emperour,’ quoþ he, ‘I hafe a lang tyme bene s a knyght of Darius, and done hym grete seruyce; and zitt to this day I had neuer na reward of hym. And þare-fore if it like vn-to ȝowre maieste; take me teȝ thowsande of ȝour men of armes; and I hete ȝow, for to bryngre to ȝour hande kyng Darius, & þe maste parte of his oste.’ And wheñ Alexander had herde þis, he said vn-till hym. ‘Frende,’ quoþ he, ‘I thanke þe mekill of thi faire promys. Neuer þe lesse, I late þe wite my men wiȝ noȝte beleue þat þou wiȝ feghte agaynes thyȝ owenȝ peple.’ In þe mene tyme a Prynce of Darius oste sent vn-till hym a letter, of whilk þis was þe tenour.

² ‘To Darius, grete kyng of kynges, his lordes whilke he³ hase ordeyned cheftaynes vnder hym Sendeȝ meke seruyce. Oftymes be-fore this hafe we wretein to ȝour maieste, and now agayne we writte vn-to ȝow, & lateȝ ȝow wite þat þe macedoynes & kyng Alexander, as wode lyouns ere enterde* oure landeȝ, and all oure strenthes, as a wilde raueschande beste he hase destryued: & oure knyghtes slayne. And oppressed we are wit so grete tribulacionis, þat we [may] na lengare suffre his mawgree, ne his malece bere. Whare-fore,mekly we be-seke ȝour benyngne maiestee, þat ȝe wiȝ drawe to ȝoure mynde oure meke seruyce, and swilke socoure vouchsaffe to send vs, þat we put off and agaynestande þe violence & þe malice of oure fore-said enemys.’ Wheñ Darius had redde þis lettir, on ane he gert writte a lettir to kyng Alexander, sayand on þis wyse.

⁴ ‘Daryus kyng of Perse and kyng of kyngeȝ, vn-to my seruande Alexander, I say. Now late þare es commenȝ till oure eres tythyngȝ: þat þou weneȝ to euenȝ thi littilhede till oure heghe magnificencie. Bot Seiȝ it es impossible till a heuy asse, wit ȝe

¹ Three lines with miniature A and knight's head within.

² Three lines space with miniature T.

³ MS. repeats ‘he’ twice.

⁴ Three lines space with miniature D and a man's head within, much faded.

owtten wenges, or oþer instrumenteȝ of flying, for to be lifte vp
to þe sternes, late noȝte thyȝ hert be raysede to lyne in pride
for þe victories þat þou hase geteȝ. We haue wele herd tell þat
þou hase done gentilly, and schewed grete humanytee till oure
moder, oure wyfe, & oure childre, and þarefore I late þe wele
wite þat, als lang als þou dose wele to þam, þou saff fynde me
nane enemy to the. And if þou do iñ to þam þou saff hafe þe
enemyee of me, and þare-fore spare þam noghte, bot do to þam
as þe liste. For somtyme þou saff see & fele þe sentence of oure
ire lighte apou thi heghe pride.' When Alexander hadd redde
þis lettre he wrate hym Anoþer agayne whare-off þe tenour
was this.

him for his
kindness to
his wife
and chil-
dren, and
enjoining
him to con-
tinue his
courtesy to
them.

¹ 'Alexander þe soñ of Philippe & qwene Olympias to Darius
kyng of Perse we write. Pride & vayne glorie hase oure goddes
all way hated; and takeȝ vengeance of dedly men þat takes
apoñ þam þe name of immortalitee. Bot þou, als I wele see,
cesseeȝ noȝte zitt hider-to for to blasfeme in all þat þou may.
Bot of that þat þou blameȝ me for þe benygnytes that I schewed
þi moder, þi wyfe, & þi childre; þou ert moued on a lewed
fantasye. For I late þe wele wyte, I did it noȝte * for to be
thanked of the, ne for to hafe thi Benevolence þare-fore. Bot
it come of a gentilnes of oure awenȝ hert, fownded in vertu. Of
thee victories also whilke þe forluke of godð hase sent vs, ere
we na-thyng enpriddede. For we knawe wele þat oure goddis
alwaye helpes vs, whilke þou ilk a daye dispuseȝ & setteȝ at
noȝte. And this saff be þe laste letter þat I saff writte vn-to
þe. Beware if þou wilt, For I say the sekerly, I come to þe
onane.' ¹ Þis lettre gaffe Alexander to þe messangers of Darius
and many grete gifteȝ þare wit. Seyme,² he sent anoþer lettre,
till his prynceȝ & his lordeȝ, of þis tenour.

³ 'Alexander, þe soñ of Philippe & of þe quene Olympias vn-
to þe prynceȝ & þe lordeȝ vnder our subieccioñ in Capadoce,
In laodice, or ells whare duelland, gretynge, & gude grace.
We charge þou & comandeȝ ȝow straytly þat ilkañ of ȝow
ordayne vs in all þe haste þat ȝe may jñ nete-hydes barked, &
send þam till Alexander, þat we and oure knyghtis may gere

Alexander
to Darius,
reproach-
ing him
with
assuming
to himself
the cha-
racter of
deity,
spurning

* Leaf 17
bk.
his
proffered
thanks,
and
leaving the
decision of
the matter
to the gods.

Alexander
writes to
his Lords,
ordering
commis-
sariat
materials.

¹ Three lines space, miniature A, with king's head (much faded).

² MS. clearly reads *seyme*, it may be for 'seyine' (=seine).

³ Four lines space, red capital A, much smudged; a small *a* written beside it in the margin.

make vs of þam clethyng, & schoees ; And wit cameles þat ȝe haue at Alexsander gerre cary þam to þe water of Eufrates.' In þis mene tyme a prynce of Darius, Nostande by name, wrate to Darius on þis wise.

One of his barons writes to Darius, telling of his own defeat and the treachery of others.

Darius writes to him, ordering him to gather a great force, and to Porus,
King of India, asking help.
Porus replies that he is at that time grievously sick, but that he will come as soon as possible with ten legions of knights.

⁴ 'To Darius þe wirchipfull grete godð his seruande Nostand law seruyce. Me aughte noȝte to sende swylk tythynge to ȝour ryalle maiestee, bot grete nede gers me do it. þare-fore be it knawen vn-to ȝour hie lordchipe, þat twa grete prynceȝ of ȝours, & I, hase foghten wiȝ kyng Alexander, And hym es falleñ þe victorie, & slayne he hase thir twa worthy prynceȝ, & mekiff oþer folke, and I fled ȝreuously wonded. And many worthi knyghtis of ȝours hase for-saken ȝour lordchipe & ioyned þam till Alexander 12 oste, þe whilk he hase wirchipfully, and hase giffen grete lordchipes of ȝours.' And when Darius had redd þis *lettre*, he sent in haste till Nostand, and commanded hym for till ordeyne a grete Oste ; and manfully agaynestande þe folke of Macedoyne. 16 He sent also a *lettre* to Porus kyng of Ynde, prayng hym to helpe hym agaynes Alexander, and Porus wrate agayne in þis manere.

² 'Porus, kyng of Ynde, vn-to Darius, kyng of Perse, gretyng. 20 For þou hase prayed vs to come to the in helpyng *of ³the agaynes thyn enimys, we late the wete, þat we are redy & alwaye hase bene, for to com to helpe ȝow. Bot as at þis tyme we are lettede to com to ȝow, be-cause of grete seknesse þat we 24 ere stadd in, Neuer þe lesse, sekerly, it es riȝte heuy vn-till vs, & ȝreuous, vn-till [vs to] here of þe grete injury þat es done vn-till ȝow. And þarefore we late ȝow wite, þat wit-in schorte tym, we sal come for to helpe ȝow wit teñ legyouns of knyghtis.' 28 Bot when Rodogorius, Darius moder, herd telle þat Darius hir soñ ordayneð hym for to feghite agayne wit kyng Alexander scho was riȝte sory and wrote a *lettre* vn-till hym þat contened this sentence.

Darius' mother writes to him, coun-

'To ⁴kyng Darius, hir moste biloued son, Rodogorius, his modir sendeȝ gretyng & ioy. I hafe vnderstanden þat ȝe hafe assemblede ȝour men, & mekiff oþer folke also, for to feghte

¹ Four lines with red capital T, much smudged ; a small t written beside it in margin.

² Two lines with smudged capital P ; a small p written in margin.

³ On leaf 17 of þe, on leaf 18 of the.

⁴ Rodogorius scratched out. Four lines with large capital T in red; small t in margin beside.

eftsones wit Alexander. Bot I late þe wite it will availe þe selling him
nathynge. For þoghe ȝe hadd' gadirde to gedir alle þe meñ in
þe werlde duellyng, ȝit ȝe ware vnable to agayne-stande hym.
4 For þe foreluge of godd' maynteneȝ hym, & vphaldeȝ hym. And to lower
þarefore dere soñ, it es my conseil, ȝour heghenesse of herte
ȝe lefe, & salt sumwhate fra ȝour glory, and bese fauorable to þe
gretnes of Alexander. For better it es to forga þat at ȝe may
8 noȝte halde, and haffe in pesse þan þat at ȝe may halde, þan for
too couett aft and be excluded & for-ga aft.' Wheñ Darius
redde þis lettre, he was gretly troubbled and weped bitterly,
command'vn-till his mynde, his moder, his wyf, & his childer.

12 ¹ In the mene tyme kyng Alexander remowed his oste, and Alexander
comes to
drew neie þe cite of Susis, in þe whilke Darius was lengaud'
the same tyme, so þat he myȝte see aft þe heghe hilleȝ þat ware
abownð þe citee. þan Alexander commanded aft his meñ, þat
16 ilkañ of þam suld cutte downe a brawnche of a tree, and bere
þam furth wit þam & dryfe bi-fore þam alre manere of besteȝ þat
þay myȝte fynde in þe way. And when the Percyenes saw þam
fra þe heghe hilleȝ þay wondred þam gretly. And Alexander come
20 wit his oste to þe citee of Susis and luged hym nere besyde þe
citee. And than he called his prynceȝ & his oþer lordeȝ and
said vn-to þam, 'Late vs,' quoþ he, 'send a messangere to kyng
Darius & bidd' hym ² owþer & com feghte wit vs or eñs *submyt
24 hym vn-till vs.' The nexte nyghte after, Godd' Amoñ apperede
vn-till Alexander in his slepe bryngand hym þe figurre of Mercuri
& a mantill, and anoþer manere of garment of Macedoyne, and
saide vn-till hym. 'Alexander, soñ,' quoþ hee, 'euer mare wheñ
28 þou hase nede, salt I helpe the. And þarefore luke þou sende
noghete to Darius þat messangere þat þou spake off. For I will
þat þou thi selfe clethe thee wit my figure & wende thedir þi
selfe; if alre it be perilous for to do, Dred þe na thynge, for
32 I salt be thi helpe, so þat þou salt hafe na maner of disesse.'

On þe morne wheñ Alexander rase fra slepe, he was gretly
comfortherd of his dreme & called till hym his prynceȝ and
talde þam alle his dreme, and þay assenteðe aft, þat he schulde
36 wende to Darius in his propir person. And onane he called vn-
till hym ane of þe princeȝ, þe whilke highte Emulus. This

somewhat
and yield
to Alex-
ander's
greatness
rather
than
lose all.

Alexander
comes to
Susa, driv-
ing before
him a
crowd of
beasts. He
decides to
send a mes-
senger to
Darius.

* Leaf 18
bk.

The Vision
of God
Amon in
the night,
who tells
Alexander
to go
alone to
Darius in
his figure.

¹ Four lines with large red capital I; ² hym inserted afterwards in left-hand small i written in margin.

Alexander rides with a single knight to the River Graneus which was frozen over.

He will not allow his knight to fare further with him.

The river ever freezes in the night and thaws in the morning.

The Persians are amazed at him. Alexander comes to Darius and summons him to give tribute or fight.

* Leaf 19.

prynce was a wyghte man, & an hardy & wonder trewe till Alexander. And þan Alexander bad hym lepe one a horse, and brynge wit hym a noþer horse & folow hym. And he didd so. And whend þay come to gedir to þe water of Graunte, þat in þe langage of Perse es called Struma, þay fande it froseñ ouer, and Alexander onane chaunged he¹ wede, & lefte þe foresaid pynce wit twa horse at þe water-syde and hym selfe, wit þe horse þat he satt upon, went ouer þe water apoñ þe Ys, towarde þe citee of Susis. And his pynce besoghte hym þat he walde suffre hym wende wit hym, ne perauenture any disesse fetle hym by þe waye. And Alexander ansuerd & sayde, ‘Habyde me here,’ quoþ he, ‘For he sañ be my helpere, wham in dreme I sawe appere vn-to me.’ This ilke water I spake of bi-fore, aft þe wynter seson ilke a nyghte was froseñ aft ouer; bot tymely in þe mornynge als sone als þe warme soñ smate upon it, þan it dissoluued agayne, & ran wonder swiftly; þe brede of þat water es þe space of a furlange. When Alexander come to þe ȝate of þe citee the Perciens, when þay saw hym, hadd grete wonder of his figure, and wend he hadd bene a godd, and onane þay asked hym what he was? And he ansuerd, and said he was a messangere sent fra kyng Alexander to paire lorde Darius, and be-lyfe þay broghte hym til hym. Darius, when Alexander come bi fore hym, said vn-til hym. ‘Whethyñ ert þou,’ quoþ he? ‘I ame,’ quoþ Alexander, ‘sent vn-to þe fra kyng Alexander to wiete where to þou taries to come till hym to gyffe hym batelle. Owthir come & feghte manfully wit thyne enemys or eñs submitte þe till hym & * pay² hym tribute.’

And Darius heard him and said, ‘Art thou then the Alexander who with such madness shaped thy speech, for I see thou holdest thyself not from words as a messenger doth, but art bold as a king. Yet know that by thy words I am not frightened at all. Come dine with me this day.’ And with these words, he reached out his hand to him and took him by his right, and led him into the palace. And Alexander, musing, began to say: ‘A right good token hath this barbarian wrought me when he clasped my right hand and drew me into

¹ MS. reads ‘he’. We ought perhaps to substitute ‘his’.

² Pay him tribute is written at the

bottom of leaf 18; between that leaf and what is now leaf 19 a whole leaf is missing.

the palace, because, as the gods say sooth, ere long the palace shall be mine.' And going in, Darius and Alexander lay by a table, and the daintiest feast was laid out. And Darius' 4 marshall gazed hard at Alexander face to face. And the table was wreathed in cleanest gold. But the Persians, seeing Alexander's shape, yet knew nothing of what wisdom, doughtiness, and strength lurked in this small body. The dishes and tables 8 and seats were wrought of the finest gold. The cup-bearers bore cups in golden vessels and rarest jewels. And when a cup was handed to Alexander, he hid it in his breast. And another cup was brought to him and he did the same, and thus too with 12 a third. And those who bore the cups, seeing this, gave the news to the Emperor Darius. And he, hearing of it, rose up, saying: 'Friend, what is this that thou doest, hiding the cups in thy breast?' And Alexander: 'In our king's feasts the 16 guests are wont, whenever they will, to take their drinking-vessels. But, as this seemeth to you unworthy, I will give them back forthwith.' And with these words he gave them back to the cup-bearers. But the Persians who sate at the 20 feast said each to each, 'a good custom, indeed, and one to be praised.' And some lords, too, praised this way and exalted it. But one of the Princes of Darius, called Anapolus, sitting at the feast, gazed hard at Alexander and his face. For he had seen 24 him when, at Darius' bidding, he went into Macedonia to take tribute of Philip. He, knowing his voice and looking on his face, began to think to himself and say: 'Is this not Alexander?' And rising at once he drew near to Darius, saying: 28 'This messenger whom thou beholdest is Alexander, the son of Philip of Macedon.' And Alexander, seeing them with each other in talk, knew they were speaking of him and he was known. And at this he rose up from his place and leapt away 32 from the board. And taking a blazing torch from a Persian's hand, himself mounted his palfrey, which he found ready outside Darius's palace, and fled in the swiftest flight. And the Persians seeing this, taking weapons, mounted their steeds with 36 a mighty stir, and quickly followed after Alexander. And in the darkness of the nightfall, they began to stray, some scratched their faces by the tree-boughs, some falling into ditches. But Alexander, bearing his blazing torch in hand, fared straight

The Feast
of Darius
and its
magnifi-
cence.

Alexander
hides the
golden
cups in his
breast.
Darius
chides him.
Alexander
answers by
giving
them to
the cup-
bearers.

Alexander
is recog-
nized by
one who
had been
in Mace-
don. He
tells
Darius.

Alexander
flees away
and is pur-
sued by the
Persians.
He escapes
in the
darkness.

Darius on his throne sees the golden image of Xerxes break, which foretokens the end of the Persian Empire. Alexander swims the river, but his horse is lost.

forward. Now, Darius sat on his throne and thought of Alexander and how great his daring was. He saw a statue of gold of Xerxes the Persian king, who sat below the high-seat in the hall. And at once the statue broke and was all scattered 4 asunder. And Darius seeing this was smitten with heaviness of heart and began to weep sorely and long. And he said: ‘This foretokeneth the wasting of my life, and the utter downfall of the Persian kingdom.’ Alexander, however, coming to 8 the river Grancus, found it swollen, and leapt athwart it. But ere he was over the stream burst its banks, and swept his horse away; with great hardship Alexander escaped and met Eumulus, his lord. And thus he went back to his army and 12 told them of Darius, how he had dealt with him, and the torch with which he had fled away.

HOW ALEXANDER PUT HEART INTO HIS HOST ANEW.

Alexander gathers his army.

And on the following day, he gathered his army, which told two hundred and twenty thousand of weaponed men. And 16 he went up

* * * * *

* Leaf 19.
Alexander's harangue to his men, telling them to have trust in their own bravery.

*on a hye place & comforted his meñ and said vn-to þam: ‘þe multitude of þe perciennes,’ quoþ he, ‘may noȝte be euend to þe multitude of þe greckes. For sewrly we are ma þan þay. And 20 if þay were ane hundreth sythes maa theñ wee, late noȝte ȝour hertis faile ȝow þarefore. For I telle ȝow a grete multitude of flies may do na harme tiff a fewee waspes.’ And wheñ þe Oste had herde thire wordes þay commendide hym halelely wit a 24 voyce.

Darius crosses the river Grancus with a mighty army and meets Alexander in battle.

¹ Thañ þe emperour Darius remowed his oste, and come to þe reuere of Graunt on þe nyghte, and went ouer on þe ys^z, and þar he luged hym. The Oste of Darius was wonder grete and 28 strange. For þay hadde in þaire oste X^m cartes ordaynd For þe werre, and grete multitude of Olyfante^z, wit towres of tree on þam, stuffed wit feghtyng meñ. And sone after appon a day thir twa kynges wit þaire oste^z mett sameñ 32 on a faire felde, Darius wit his meñ, and Alexander wit his men.

¹ Four lines with large cursive ornamental T of new type and decorative style.

Than Alexander lept apōn his horse, þat highte Buctiphalas, and rade furthe aff his oste, and houed in þe myddes waye bi-twene þe twa ostes. And wheñ þe Percyenes saw hym, þay had grete wonder of hym, and ware riȝte ferde for hym, by cause he was so vggly. Neuere-þe-lesse þay tromped vp & went to-warde Alexander. And sone þe batell ioyned, & faghte to-gedir fersely, and many meñ dyed on ayther party; þare was so thikke schott of arowes, þat þe ayer was couerde, as it had bene wit a clowde. Some faghte wit swerdeȝ, sum wit speres, sum wit axes, & sunȝ wit arowes. Þe felde lay full of folke, sunȝ dede, sunȝ halfe-dede, & sunȝ greuously wounded. Thay beganñ for to feghte at þe soñ-rysyng, and faghte to þe soñ-settyng. Bot þare dyed many ma of þe percyenes þan þare dide of Macedoyns.

And wheñ Darius sawe his meñ falte so thikke in þe felde, he lefte þe felde, and fledd, and þe percyenes seyng that, þay fledd also. Bot þan þaire cartes of werre rane amange þe percyens & slew of þan folke wit-owte nowmer & namely of fote-meñ. For by þat tyme it was myrke nylite, and þay ne myȝte noȝte see for till eschewe þan. Wheñ Darius come* to the foresaid watere he fande it froseñ, and ouer he went. And wheñ he was ouer, þe oper lordes of perse went appoñ þe ysȝ, so grete a multitude þat þay couerde þe ysȝ fra þe taa banke to þe toþer, & þat a grete brede, & þan onane þe ysȝ brake als sone als Darius was paste ouer, & aff þat ware on þe ysȝ ware perischte, ilk a moder soñ, & drownede in þe water. Þe remanaunt, wheñ þay come to the water, þay myȝte noȝte wyñ ouer. And þan þe Macedoynes come, & dange þan downe. In this batelle þare was slaen of þe percyenes cccm wit-owten thase þat were drownned.

Kyng Darius fledd to þe citee of Susis, & went in till his palace, & felle downe to þe grounde, & sigheand & wepande wit a sare hert, he said theis wordes: ‘Allas, full wa es me, vnhappye wriche, þat euer I was borne, for þe ire & þe indignacion of heuen es falleñ one mee. For I Darius þat lifte my selueñ vp to þe sternes, Now am I broghte lawe to þe erthe. Now es Darius, þat conquerede aff þe Este nacyons, & made þan subiecte & tributaries vn-till hym, fayne for to flee fra his enemys and submytte hym vn-to þan. And it ware

Alexander mounts Bucephalus and rides between the two armies. The Persians are afraid of his ugliness. The battle begins and lasts the day. The Persians lose more than the Greeks.

Darius flees and his flight causes the confusion of his army.

*Leaf 19 bk.
He crosses the ice, but his Lords are drowned in its breaking.

Darius flees to the city of Susa. He bewails his lot, for he is fallen from his greatness. He moralizes on the present and future lives, and quotes sacred passages.

knawen vn-to þe wretched man, what schulde falle till hym after-warde³, he schulde hafe littill thoghte of þe tyme presentt, bot one þe tyme to come solde his thoȝte be. In a poynte of a daye it falles, þat þe meke es raysede vp to þe clowdde³, and þe 4 prowde es putt to noȝte.¹ And wher he hade saide thir wordes, he rase vp, & satt & wrate a lettre vn-till Alexander, sayande on this wyse.

He writes to Alexander.

He praises the great wisdom of Alexander, who even knows what is to come.

Nevertheless he reminds him of his earthly birth, and warns him against pride. For often the end of a man ill accords with the beginning. Hereminds him of the fate of Xerxes.

Darius demands his mother, wife, and children, offering therefor his treasure and the kingship over the Medes and Persians.

¹ 'Till his lorde Alexander, kyng of Macedoyne, Darius, kyng 8 of Perse, gretynge & Joy. We hafe wele vndirstanden by þat that we hafe herde of ȝowe and sene, þat ȝe hafe in ȝow grete wysedom & a hye witt: so þat noȝte allanly ȝe knawe thynges þat are present or passede, bot also thynges þat ere 12 for to come, and þare-fore all thynges, þat ȝe doo: ȝe do it wit-owte¹ any lakke or repreue. Neuer-þe-lesse hafe² in mynde þat riȝte as wee ware, so ware ȝe gete¹ & borne of a fleschly womaȝ. And þare fore rayse noȝte ȝour herte to hye 16 bi-cause of ȝour prowesche & ȝour doghthy dedis, so þat ȝe forgete ȝour laste ende. For ofte tymes we see þat þe lattere end of a man discordes wit þe firste. It suffice³ till a wer-rioure for to gete þe victorye of his enemys, þose all he 20 schewe noȝte alle þe malice þat he may. Remembre ȝow of þe wirchipfull kyng ȝerses oure progenytour, þat many victoryes gatt & schane in alle prosperiteez, Be-fore he raysed his hert in pride passande mesure. Alle þe wirchippes þat he hadd⁴ 24 wonn be-fore, he loste in Ellada, þare-fore remembre ȝow, þat all þe wirchipes & þe victoryes þat ȝe hafe gete¹ by þe forluge of ² godd'

* * * * *

ye got this victory. To us then who beseech grant your 28 mercy. Yield us our mother, our sons, and wife, and we will render unto you the treasures we have in Aydem and Susa and Batram, the which our fathers hoarded and hid in earthen cellars. And we will give you the kingship of the Medes and 32 Persians, that thus ye may have and keep what victory Jove the all-mighty hath granted you.'

¹ Four lines space with decorated minia-
ture T.

² 'by þe forluge of godd'¹ is written at
the bottom of leaf 18 bk. Between this
leaf and what is now numbered leaf 20

a whole leaf is missing; and we are plunged into the middle of quite a different letter of Darius on leaf 20, which is addressed to Porus.

HOW THE MESSENGERS OF DARIUS GAVE ALEXANDER THE LETTER, AND HIS ANSWER.

The messengers of Darius coming then to Alexander gave him the letter, which Alexander read soon before them all. Then one of his chieftains, called Parmerion, said to Alexander: 4 'Most mighty emperor, take all the wealth which Darius covenants unto thee, and give back to him his wife and sons.' And, hearing this, Alexander called to him the messengers of Darius, and before all spoke thus, saying: 'Tell ye to your 8 emperor we wonder first that he misdeemed his mother, wife, and sons to be betrayed by our hands. If he be overcome, bid him not promise us a reward. If he bow himself to our yoke, all his honours and the majesty of God shall be laid 12 bare to our sway. If he be not overcome, let him do us battle once again.' This said, he gave them rich gifts and sent them forth away. Then he bade the soldiers take up and gather the bodies of the dead and bury them in graves: 16 and he bade them heal those that were wounded.

A noble of Alexander counsels him to accept these terms. But he will not. But bids Darius either submit himself or do battle.

He orders the dead to be buried.

HOW ALEXANDER ENCAMPED BY THE STREAM GRANCUS.

Then he encamped with his host by the stream of Grancus, and wintered there some days. And there he offered up victims to the gods. And about the river there were palaces, 20 and they were the fairest, raised up with greatest skill, and Xerxes the King of the Persians had built them. Alexander, seeing them, bade them be burned. And soon after this, stirred by ruth, he gave word none should dare touch them.

He encamps with his army by the Grancus and sacrifices.

Alexander commands the palaces to be burnt.

24 And there too was a most fair and very wide field in which the Kings and Deemsters of Persia were of old buried. And digging into this field the Macedonians found in the graves gemmed vases. And there they found the grave of Ninus the 28 King of Assyria and Persia, which was hollowed out of a single amethyst, and engraven on the outside with palm-leaves and sundry kinds of birds. And so bright was the amethyst that even from the outside the man's body appeared whole. 32 And in this place was a narrow and evil tower on which stood many men, some with cut legs, some with broken thighs, some with torn hands, and some blinded. They hearing

The burying-place of the Kings and Judges of Persia, wherein treasure is found. The grave of Ninus and its wonders. The Tower of the Maimed Men.

They beseech mercy of Alexander, who restores them to their own. For they were nobles dispossessed by Darius.

Darius' letter to Porus, King of India.

He asks him again for help against Alexander, since he has resolved to fight to the very death. For it is better to die in the field than to see the end of his kingdom and people.

* Leaf 20.
Darius writes to Porus to succour him for the sake of himself, his dynasty, and his people, promising him help and the spoils of Alexander. He warns him that as Alexander had done to him, so would be done to Porus.

the noise of the armed men cried out to Alexander, who hearing their cries, bade them be taken thence. And seeing them was struck with ruth and wept, and bade each one be given ten thousand drachmas, and be restored every one to his own. For Darius kept them in prison, since they were of noble birth, and awarded all their possessions to his thralls. In the meantime the messengers from Alexander to Darius told all that Alexander had said. And Darius hearing this began to get ready for the fight. And he wrote another letter to Porus King of India, which runneth as follows:—

THE LETTER SENT BY DARIUS TO PORUS KING OF INDIA.

' Darius King of the Persians to Porus King of Our Indians joy. We asked but lately of you, and again we ask you to come and help against those who strive to overthrow our palace. We know well also that the like harm will light on you. For this Alexander, who fighteth thus, hath an unquenchable and wild soul, which like a lion ceaseth not, and is like the sea when stirred by mighty winds. Furthermore, unwillingly though it be, we have gathered numberless races, and we have taken our counsel to fight with him to the very death.

20

* better vs es for to dy manly in þe felde þan for to see þe mescheffe of oure pople & þe dissolacioñ of oure rewme. Whare-fore, hafand' reward' and compassion' of oure disesse, we be-seke ȝow, þat ȝe late oure prayeres satell in ȝour hert, & helpe for to succour vs now at oure nede, hafand' in ȝoure mynde þe grete noblaye of oure progenytours. And I seure ȝow þat [I sall] giffe ilke a fote-mañ þat comeȝ wit ȝow, thre peceȝ of golde, And ilke a horse-mañ, fyve peceȝ of golde, And also mete & drynke ynoghe to ȝow & all ȝour meñ. And whare so ȝe lugge ȝow, we schal le fynde ȝow a hundred & fourscore tentes curiously wroghte. And also we schall gyffie ȝow Alexander horse Buktyphalas, and alle appairail, & þe araye þat langes till Alexander halley schall be ȝours and also all þe spoylle of his folke salt be dalte amange ȝoure folke. Where-fore we besoke ȝow þat also soñ als this

lettre commez to ȝow, þe haste ȝow till vs in all þat ȝe may.
For wite ȝe wele for certayne, that riȝte als he done till
vs, so he purpose hym in tyme commynge for to do to ȝowe.'

⁴ ¹ In the men tyme, certane meñ of Darius went fra hym
& come till Alexander, & talde hym, þat Darius purposede
hym for to feghte wit hym eftesones, and had sent till Porus,
kyng of Inde, for to come in grete haste, for to helpe hym.
⁸ Wherñ Alexander herd þis, be-lyfe he remowed his Oste to
ward Darius, thynkand in his herte þat he wolde on na wyse
take apoñ hym þe name of Emperour be-fore he hadd wonñ
Darius and his rewme one werre. And when Darius herde
¹² of þe commyng of Alexander, he dredd hym gretly & þe
percyenes also. Bot þare was two prynces of Darius, of þe
whilke þe tane highte Bisso & þe toþer Ariobarsantes, thir
twa wherñ þair² herd of þe comyng of Alexander, conspyred
¹⁶ to-gedir for to slaa þaire lord Darius, supposyng for till hafe
a grete thanke of Alexander, and a gret reward for þaire dede.
And ayther of þam ware sworne till oper. And thañ they
went to þe kynges palace, and come intill his chamber wit
²⁰ drawen swerde in þaire handes, and fand Darius bi hym
ane. And wherñ Darius saw that, he trowed wele þat þay
wolde sla hym, And said vn-to þam: ' Dere frendeȝ, hedir
to wardeȝ hafe I called ȝow my seruaundeȝ, bot now I call ȝow
²⁴ my lordes. What ayles ȝow at me þat ȝe will sla me? Haes
Alexander cheriste þe macedoynes mare þan I hafe done ȝow?
Hafe I noȝte sorow & disese ynoghe of enemyse wit-owttein?
Bot if ȝe conspire agaynes me for to sla me wit owttein gilt,
²⁸ I say for sothe, & ȝe sla me * thus preuelye, And Alexander
may gete ȝow, he will take mare cruell vengeance one ȝow, theiñ
on any theues. For sothely it es na comforthe ne lykyng till
ane Emperour to fynd an oper Emperour murthered wit his awen
³² meñ.' Bot þay were na-thynge stirrede to petee, ne tendernesse,
ne mercy, thurgh his wordeȝ, Bot went till hym and wit grete
cruelnesse smate hym, & al-to magle hym, and went faste þaire
waye, & lefte hym for dede.

³⁶ ³ And wherñ Alexander herd tell þat Darius was slayne he

Alexander
hearing of
this
through
treachery
marches
against
Darius.

Two nobles
of Darius
conspire to
slay him
that they
may have
reward of
Alexander.

Darius see-
ing them
begs for
mercy, and
foretells
the future
vengeance
of Alex-
ander. But
they slay
him.

* Leaf 20
bk.

Alexander
hearing of

¹ Five lines space with a capital I.

² MS. þair for þay, just as on leaf 34,
l. 23. Cf. Icelandic þeir. There is no mis-

take here, as the two spellings vary þaire
and þair on leaves 34, 54.

³ Four lines with red capital A.

his death
enters
Susa without
resistance.
The conspirators
hide themselves.

Alexander
goes to the
room where
Darius lies
dying.

Alexander
has pity
on Darius
and promises
him all he once
had if he
will but
live.

Alexander
says he
would
rather give
his own
Empire to
Darius
than be-
hold him
dead.

* Leaf 21.
Darius em-
braces
Alexander.

Darius'
speech to
Alexander
on the
worthless-
ness and
unstead-
fastness of

went ouer þe water of Graunt, and aft his Oste wit hym, and come to þe cetee of Susis. And alsone als þe percyenes saw hym, Thay Opened þe ȝates of þe citee, & rescheyued hym wit grete wirchipe. And wheñ þe prynceȝ þat slewe Darius wiste 4 þat Alexander was comen in-to þe citee þay went & helde þam in hidils ay till þay myȝte gete knaweynge of Alexander will, as towchand þat that þay hadd done to Darius. Alexander þan went in-to þe kynges Palace, and as he went þare-in he 8 merueyled hym gretly of þe biggyng þare-off. For Cirus þe kyng of Perse gert bigg it ryally. And the pament þareoffe was made of stanes of dyuerse colours, & þe walles aft enueround wit fyne golde & precyous stanes & sternes lyke to þe firmament, 12 and pelers of golde þat bare vp þe werke. Wheñ Alexander saw aft this curios werke, he meruailed hym gretly. And than he went to þe chambre þare Darius laye halfe dede. And alsone als he saw hym he hadd grete rewthe & compassion 16 of hym, and he tuke off his awen mantill & couerd [hym] þare-wit, & went and graped his wondes and wepid for hym riȝt tenderly, & said un-til hym. ‘Rise vp, sir Darius,’ quoþ he, ‘& be of gude conforthe. And als frely as euer þou reioysede thyð 20 Empire, so mot þou zitt do, And be als myghty, & als gloryouse als euer þou was. I swere the here by oure myȝty goddes & by þe faythe in my body, þat here I resigne vn-to the aft thyð empyre, desyrand souerayngly for to hafe þe lyfe of the, as þe 24 soñ of ¹þe Fader, For sekerly it es vnfittand & unseemly till ane émperour for to be reioysede of an oþer emperours mescheffe & disesse, wheñ fortune hase forsakeñ hym. Telle me, sir, what þay are þat hase thus fareñ wit the, and I sewre þe als I am 28 trew mañ I sañ venge the to þe uttereste.’ And * wheñ Alexander had said this & mekille mare, Sare wepaned Darius putt furthe his hande, and layde his arme abowte Alexander nekke, and kyssed his breste, his nekke, & his hande, & saide 32 thir wordeȝ, thare that here folowes. ²‘A, dere soñ Alexander,’ quoþ he, ‘als thi heghe witt knawes wele, aft this werlde es corrupt and sett in malice. For þe souerayne forluke of godð, aft thynges þanawande fra þe begynnynge, and hafand felyng 36 of þe wirkyngeȝ for to come, made man in that wyse, at þe

¹ þe is written in above the line in the MS.

² Four lines miniature with ornamented red capital A.

begynnynge, þat nathyng es in hym stable ne faste. So þat all thynges þat ere passande & werldely, fra þat he faile of gouernance, tournes alsoñ till hym in contrarye. For if godd^d had^d ordeyned all thynges¹ esy to mañ and alwaye wit-owtēn chaungyne sent hym prosperitee, mañ schulde be lyftede vp so hie in prydē & in vayne glorye, þat he solde noȝte arett alle his wele-fare & his welthe vn-to godd^d, bot till his awenū desert 8 & his awenū vertu. And so schulde meñ gaa fra paire makare. On þe toþer syde if þe heghe wyssedom^m of godd^d had^d made þe werlde onð þat wyse þat all illes and infelicites fell apoñ mañ wit-owtēn any maner of gudenesse, so many freleteſe sulde folow 12 þe kynde of mañ, þat we schlulde all be drawēn in-to þe gilder of disparacion, so þat we solde hafe na triste in þe gudnes of godd^d. And þarefore grete godd^d wolde so wisely skifte all thynges, þat, wheñ a mañ full of felicitee, thurgh^h his heghe 16 pride wiff noȝte knawe his makere, Fra þe heghte of pride in-to þe pitte of mekenes & lawnes he mon^d be plungede. So þat he þat thurgh^h pride & felicite forgatt his godd^d, thurgh^h fallynge in wrechidnesse & disesse hafe mynde of his godd^d. Reghte als þou 20 may see bi me, my dere soñ Alexander, þat was raysede vp so hye in pride & vayne glorye, thurgh^h reches & prosperitee þat felle vn-to me, þat I trowed noȝte þat I was goddes creature bot goddes Felawe. And þan^d, thurgh^h blyndeness of pride, 24 I couthe noȝte see that, þat now, thurgh^h scharpenesse of mekenes and mescheffe, I see clerely & knawes. Bot if it happen^d þat any mañ be vmbilappede wit grete infilicitee, so þat he, despairand^d of þe grace of godd^d, supposse na remedy, ne nane lukes eftere; 28 * þan^d oure lorde godd^d rayse^s hym vp to þe heghte of prosperitee, so þat þan^d he, þat bi-cause of wrechidnes & infilicitee, myȝte noȝte see godd^d ne knawe hym, thurgh^h felicite & prosperitee knawes þat he, þat may bryng a mañ to lawe state, may rayse 32 a mañ till heghe degree. And he þat may rayse a mañ till heghe degree, may putt hym to lawnesse agayne, wheñ hym lyst, and þare-fore, soñ, late noȝte thy hert ryse to hye in pride, for þe victoryes þat godd^d hase sent the, if all þou may do now whate þe 36 list riȝt as [¹ þou] were a godd^d. Bot alway thynke on thy laste ende. For þou ert a dedly mañ, and ilk a day if þou be-halde graythely þou may see thy dedd^d bi-fore thyñ eghne. Consedirs

with par-ticular application to him-self.

On the pre-sumption of those who have

* Leaf 21
bk.

great wealth.

On the power of God to put down the mighty from their seats, and to lift up them of low degree.

¹ þou may have been left out by the scribe beginning a new line.

þou noȝte how oure lyffe may be lykkened to þe werke of Eranes,
 þat so sotelly makes þaire webbes? Bot alsoñ als a little blaste
 of wynde puffes apoñ þam, þay breke, & falles to grownde. Be-
 halde & see how gloriū I was ȝisterday & how wretchede I am 4
 to-day, & how law I am broghte. I was lorde nerehande of
 all þe werlde, & now I hafe na power of myñ awenð selfe.
 Now I be-seke the, soñ, þat þou wilst bery me wit thy
 benyng handes. And suffre for to come to myñ exequise bathe 8
 þe Macedoynes and þe persyenes. And fra this tyme forwardeȝ,
 þe empire of Macedoyne & þe empire of perse be bathe ane.
 Haffe recomend vn-to the my Moder Rodogoñ, & trete hir
 wirchipfully as thyñ awenð Moder. And I be-seke þe also, 12
 þat þou be Mercyalbe to my wyfe. And if ¹ it be lykyng to þe,
 take Rosañ my dogheter to thi wyfe. For semely it es, þat ȝe
 be ioynede to-geder þat er comeñ of so wirchipfull progenitours,
 For þou of kyng Philippe, and scho of kyng Darius. And of 16
 ȝow twa may a wirchipfull & a noble fruyte sprynge.² And
 riȝte as he had saide thir wordes he swelt in Alexander armes.
 Kyng Alexander, þan, after þe custom was for to bery
 emperours, gert araye Darius body als ryally as he couthe. 20
 And wit all þe solempnyte and wirchipe þat myghte be done,
 he helped hym selfe for to bere þe bere, sare wepande, and
 gert þe Macedoynes & þe Persyenes gaa bi-fore þe bere. The
 persyenes also weped wonder faste, noȝte allanly for þe dede 24
 of Darius, bot for petee of þaire hertis, þat þay saw Alexander
 wepe so enterely. And when Darius was beried Alexander
 went agayne to þe palace.

² And one þe morne Alexander went and sett hym in a trone 28
 all of golde & precyous stanes, the whilke Cyrus sumtyme gert
 * make þat was kynge of Perse. And the Macedoynes and þe
 Persyenes sett apoñ his hede a coroune þat was Darius, þe
 whilke was so precious, þat men knewe nane like it in na lande. 32
 For all þe palace schane thurgh brygtness of þe precyous
 stanes, þat were sett þare-in. And þe trone was all of golde,
 & of precious stanes, & of þe sege þare-offe was vii seuen³ cubeteȝ
 heghe fra þe grounde, and a grece of seuen³ greeȝ was made 36

¹ it written in above by the scribe.

² Two lines space with miniature A.

³ 'vii' occurs at the end of one line, and 'seven' at the beginning of the next.

Darius asks
 burial of
 Alexander,
 and that
 both
 peoples
 should
 comethereto. And
 wills there-
 to that both
 empires be
 one. He
 bids him be
 merciful to
 his widow,
 and take
 his daughter
 Roxana
 to wife. He
 dies.

Alexander
 buries
 Darius in
 royal state.
 He bears
 the bier
 himself.
 The Macedo-
 nians and
 the Persians go
 before it.
 Alexander
 seats him-
 self on the

* Leaf 22.

throne of
 Cyrus, and
 is crowned
 with the
 crown of
 Darius.

The throne
 of seven
 steps with
 its mystic
 meanings
 inwrought.

þare-to, whare-by kynges ascended þare-to. And thir gree³ were made wonder craftyly & curiously. The firste gree was of ane amatist. The seconde gree was of a Smaragd. The thredd⁴ gree was of a Topaz. The ferthe gree was of a granat. The fifte was of ane adamand. The sexte was of fynd golde. And the seuennt was of clay. And thay ware noȝt ¹[wit-o]wtten grete cause; ordeyned oue þis wyse.

8 For þe first gree w[as a]ne² amatist, for amange all oþer stanes it hase this vertu, that it represses & haldeþ donne þe fumositee of wyne & þe myghte þare-offe, & suffers noȝte a manþ þat bere it ³ on hym be troubled in his witt ne in his mynde 12 thurgh drownkenness. And, on þe same wise, solde ilke a kyng be of perfite witt & mynde, & thurgh nane occasioñ do na mysse. The secund^l gree was of a Smaragd, þe whilke clarifyez & kepeþ þe sighte of hym þat beres [it] apoñ hym, and so schulde 16 a kyng hafe clere sighte of his hert, wysely for to see & discerne that þat es spedfull & profitable bathe for hym selfe & for þe comod^l profit. The third^d gree was of a Topaz, þe whilke es so clere, þat & a manþ bi-halde hym selfe þare-in, it salt seme 20 till hym, as his hede ware tournede downwardeþ, and his fete vpwardeþ; And it be-takenes þat a kyng schulde alway take hede till his laste ende. The ferthe gree was of a Granat whilk passeþ all manere of precious stanes in reedness: & betakens 24 þat a kyng suld be schamfull for till consent till any thyng þat es vnlefull. The fifte was of ane Adamande. Þe Adamande es so harde þat it may noȝte be brokeñ nowþer with yreñ ne wit stane, bot if it firste be enoynted wit gayte blode. On þe same 28 wyse a kyng suld be of so grete constance & sadnessse þat, for na prayere, ne for na worldely gude, he solde noȝte bewgñ fra þe way of ryght-wisnesse. The sexte gree was of fyne gold: for riȝte as gold^l passeþ all maner of metalle in bewtee, & in pre- 32 ciouste; riȝte so a kyng awe to be ⁴ preferred before oþer meñ & gouernours of þam. * Þe seuent was of Clay, till þat entent þat a manþ þat es raysed vp to þe dingnyte of a kyng sulde alway vmbrythynk hym þat he was made of erthe, & at þe laste

The first step of amethyst, that a king be not drunken but walk soberly and steadfastly. The second of emerald, that a king see well those things which belong to his rank.

The third of topaz, which reminds him of his latter end, showing him upside down.

The fourth of garnet, which makes him shame to do unlawfully.

The fifth of diamond, which means that a king should be righteous. The sixth of gold, to show the greatness of kings.

* Leaf 22 bk.

The seventh of clay, to

¹ Piece gone in MS. Reads —*witten*. The beginning of a *w* occurs before the hole, and the latter half of an *o* after it—so it must clearly be read ‘*witowtten*’.

² MS. *w* and a gap follows as ‘above;

read, of course, ‘*was a-*’.

³ *it* written in above line.

⁴ MS. has in another hand in bottom of margin ‘*preferred before*’ written over again.

show him
above all
he is but
dust and
deathly.

Alex-
ander's
letter to all
lands—an-
nouncing
that he sits
on the
throne of
Darius.
He orders
that all
things
should be
as they
were
before.

He com-
mands
security of
tenure to
all, and free
trade be-
tween
Hellas and
all Persia.
Alexander
promises a
fitting re-
ward to
them that
slew
Darius.

They de-
clare them-
selves.

* Leaf 23.
Alexander
bids them
be taken

to þe erthe he sañ agayne. Wheñ Alexander was sett apñ
this trone, coronnde wit his diademē, & þe Macedoynes & þe
persenes standyng abowte hym: be-fore þam alle he geit write
a lettre till all cuntriez, þat was of this tenour. 4

¹ Alexander the son of godf Amon & qwene Olympias kyng
of kynges & lorde of lordes, till alle Dukes, Pryncez, Erles,
Baronns, maisters, & till all þe folkez of Perse: ioy & grace. Señ
it es plesyng to godf, þat I sitt one þe trone of Darius, & be 8
lorde of þe persyenes, grete cause I hafe for to be reiowitz gretely
þare-offe, ne were it for þe gret multitude of folke þat ere
slayne. Bot señ it so es þat godf hase ordeynede me to be ȝour
lorde,² and ȝour gouernour, þare-fore we commande ȝow þat in 12
ilke a citee, thurghowte þe lordchipe of Perse, ȝe ordeyne
pryncez and gouernours as þare was in Darius tyme, to þe
whilke we commande ȝow þat ȝe be obeyande as ȝe before-tymes
hafe bene, and that þay do riȝte till ilke a man at þaire powere. 16
Also it es oure will and oure commandement, þat ilke a man
welde & reioyse paysabily his landes and his possessiouns. We
commande alsoo, þat fra this lande of perse vn-till Ellada, & fra
thethyñ to Macedoyn, be redy way & opeñ so þat ilke a man 20
þat will may passe bathe in and owte, wit merchandyse or any
oper erandes þat þay hafe at do, and Joy & pese be vn-to ȝowe.'

³ þan gert Alexander all men be stift, and said one this wyse:
'Whilke of ȝow so slew myñ enemy Darius; comeȝ forthe be-for 24
me, and I shall giffe ȝow worthy mede, & conable wirchipe do
þam, I swere bi oure goddeȝ þat ere Almyȝty, & bi my moste
biloved moder Olympias, þat I sañ gyffe þam worthy mede.'

Wheñ Alexander had saide thir wordes þe persyenes wepede 28
wonderly sare. And thañ þe twa man-morthireres Bisso and
Aryobarȝantes come bi-fore Alexander, and sayde vn-till hym:
'Wirchipfull emperour,' quoþ þay, 'we ere thase þat slew
Darius thyne enemy wit oure Awenñ hende.' And wheñ 32
Alexander saw þam, he bade his knyghtes belyfe ga & take
þam, & bynde* þam, & lede þam to Darius grafe, & þare
smyte of þaire heuedes. And thañ þay ansuerd, & saide
vn-till Alexander: 'A, A, wirchipfull emperour,' quoþ þay, 36

¹ Ten lines blank space for a miniature.

² In MS. between 'be ȝour lorde' and
and 'ȝour gouernour' is written '& lorde'

of þe persyenes', but it has been erased by
the scribe.

³ Three lines space with red capital p.

'swore þou noȝte till vs, bi oure goddeȝ þat ere Almyȝty,
& bi þe hele of thi moder Olympias, þat þou solde gerre do vs
na harme, bot þat þou solde giff vs a worthi reward.' And
4 Alexander saide agayne vn-to þam: 'So aughte me wele for to
swere, for to gette knawyng of þe slaers of Darius. For I solde
neuer hafe getyȝþ knawyng þare-offe had I noȝte sworne so. And
8 entent, þat if I myȝte wete what þay ware, þay solde hafe
swilke a rewarde. For þay þat slaes þaire awenȝ lorde it es
a takeñ þat þay wiff hafe na conscience to sla anoþer man.' And
when þe perseyanes herde this þay by-gaȝ to prayse Alexander
12 & to commende hym and blysse hym as he had bene a godð.
þan kyng Alexander gert hede tha twa homycydes. And all
þe rewme he sett in gouernance of certayne lordes. Amanges
oþer þare was ane alde lorde was cme to Darius, þe whilke
16 highte Climitus, þat was gretly luffede wit þe perseyanes; And
Alexander at þe request of all the perseyanes ordeyned hym for to
be chefe gouernour vnder hym of all perse. And one þe morne
Alexander sett hym in his trone, wit his corouȝ on his hede,
20 and after þe biddynng of Darius he commande to brynge bi-fore
hym Rosaȝ, Darius doghther, wit a corouȝ on hir hede, sett full
of precious stanes. And þare, as þe maner was of þe perseyanes,
he tuke hir to his wyfe, and made hir to sitt wit hym in his
24 trone & command all meid to wirchipe hir als quene. And
þan þe perseyanes were wonderly glade, & onane þay broȝte
þaire goddeȝ bi-fore Alexander, and bi-gaȝ to wirchipe hym, &
loue hym riȝte als he hade bene a godð, and said'vn-till hym,
28 halleyt wit a voyce, 'þou thi selfe es a godð, For that þat es
plesande till oure goddes alway þou dose.' And wheñ Alexander
saw this, he was gretly troubled & riȝte ferde & said'
vn-to þam: 'Wirchipful sirs,' quoþ he, 'I pray ȝow þat ȝe
32 wirchipe me noȝte as a godð, for sothely I am as ȝe are, a
coruptible & a dedly man, and in me þare es na parcell of the
godhede. And þarefore, I beseke ȝow, cesseȝ of this wirchipe
þat ȝe do me.'

36 ¹ þan gert Alexander write a lettre till Olympias his moder &
till Aristotle his maister, makand mencyoȝ of all þe batayñs &
þe dissesȝ þat he hadð suffred in Perse, and of þe grete reches

and be-
headed.
They plead
his own
words.
But it
availsthem
nought.

They are
slain.
Alexander
makes
Darius'
uncle
governor
of the
Persians.

Alexander
weds
Roxana,
Darius'
daughter.

The Per-
sians wor-
ship Alex-
ander as
a god.

He chides
them for it.

Alexander
writes to
his mother
and to
Aristotle.

¹ Five lines with large capital þ.

He com-

*Leaf 23
bk.

mands an
eight days'
feast for
the mar-
riage.

Alexander
marches
against
Porus of
India,
through
waste
country,
with great
rivers and
caverns.
The Mace-
donians
murmur at
the con-
tinued
wars and
marches,
and against
Alex-
ander's
ambition.
They fain
would
leave him.

King Alex-
ander
divides the
Mace-
donians
and the
Persians.

Alexander
rebukes the
Greeks
that they
would
leave him
alone with
rebellious
Persians.
He reminds
them of
what he
has done

þat he fande þare, of þe whilke he & all his meñ ware made
riche. And also he wrate vn-to þam,* þat þay scholde make
grete solemnytee lastyng aghte dayes be-cause of þe weddynge
of Alexander & Rosañ Darius doghter. And so did Alexander, 4
in Perse, wit þe maceydoynes & þe persyenes, many a daye.

¹ Afster this kyng Alexander sembled a grete Oste, bathe of
macedoyns & of persyenes, and went towarde Inde for to werre
apoñ Porus, kyng of Inde, þe whilke ordeynede hym for to 8
come & helpe kyng Darius. And, when Alexander was entered
in-tiff Inde, he went thurgh wildernes & waste cuntree, whare
in ware grete reuers and many grete caues & cauernes. And
þan Alexander & his meñ wex wery, & irkede riȝte sare. And 12
þe prynces of macedoyne & of grece murmourde amangez þam
gretly, & saide ilkañ tiff oþer: ‘It myȝte hafe sufficed tiff vs,
þat we hafe ouer-sett kyng Darius, & conquered þe kyngdom
of Perse. Where-be seke we forthire in-tiff Inde, þe whilke es 16
full of wilde bestez, and leues oure awenñ landez. Ne þis
Alexander nane oþer thyngez desyrez, bot for to wende abowte
and thurgh werre to brynge all þe worlde vndere his subieccion.
For werre & debate unreschez his body so fer furth þat, and he 20
ristede any lange tyme witowteñ werre, riȝte als it were for
defaute of mete he schulde faile & dye. Leue we hym þarefore,
and turne we agayne vn-tiff oure awenñ cuntrie, and late
hym wende furthe wit the persyenes, if he will.’ When 24
Alexander herde þis, he garte all þe Oste habide, and he
went and stodde in ane heghe place amangez þam, & sayde
one this wise: ‘Departis ȝow in twaa, so þat þe persyenes be
by þam-selfe and þe Macedoynes and þe grekes bi þam-selfe.’ 28
And wheñ þay hadd' so done, Alexander saide to þe Macedoynes
and þe grekes: ‘A A, myne owenñ dere knyghtis,’ quop he,
‘wele [ȝe] knawe þat thir persyenes, vn-to þis day, hase bene con-
trary & rebelles vn-to ȝow & to me, and ȝe will now lefe me 32
here wit þam, and tourne agayne to ȝour awenñ cuntrie. Wele
ȝe wate, þat when ȝour hertes were troubblede, & fered, for þe
wordes þat ware contened in Darius lettres, I thrugh my speche
& my conseil comforted ȝour hertis. And afterwarde, when we 36
come in-to þe felde agaynes oure enemys, I went bi-fore ȝow all.

¹ Four lines with miniature A with a springing from it. Small a written in the barrel drawn within on its side, and a tree margin beside it.

And I by myn aunc was þe firste man þat entrede þe batayle.
 And ȝitt more-ouer, as ȝe wele wate, I tuke apoñ me for to be
 ȝoure allere messangere vn-to kynge Darius. And þare, for
 + ȝow, I putt my selfe in many grete * perills. And þarefore,
 witteȝ wele for certayne, þat, riȝte as hedirtowardeȝ, we hafe
 ouercomeñ oure enemys and hade þe better of þam, riȝte so fro
 heþein-forwardeȝ, thurgh þe helpe of oure goddeȝ we salþ ouer-
 8 come oure enemys, & hafe þe victorye of þam. And þare-fore I
 say ȝow forsothe, þat, all if ȝe will tourne agayne to grece &
 macedoyne, I salþ noȝte tourne agayne oñ na wyse, þat ȝe may
 knawe þat, wit-owttenð gouernance of a kynge, name Oste may
 12 wynne na wirchipe.' Wherñ Alexander had said þus, all þe
 prynceȝ of Macedoyne and of þe grekes schamede gretely, and
 askede mercy & forgifnesse, sayande one this wyse: 'Moste
 wirchipfull emperor, oure lyfe lyes hallely in ȝour hande.
 16 Whedir so euer ȝe will goo we will gladly felowe ȝour hye
 maiestee; þose we schulde all dye for ȝow oñ a daye, we salþ
 folow ȝow & neuer lefe ȝow.' And þam þay remowed fra þeinne¹
 and come in-till a cuntree of Inde þat es called Phisiaceñ, in þe
 20 laste ende of July. And þare mette hym þe embassatours of
 Porus kyng of Inde, and broghte hym lettres fra Porus, þat said
 oñ this wyse.

² 'Porus kyng of Inde: vn-to þe theeffe Alexander, þat thurgh
 24 thifte & robbery many citeeȝ wynneȝ, bidding we send. Sen
 þou ert dedely: wharto weneȝ þou þat þou ert of powere to
 agaynstande godfþat es vn-dedely. A grete fole, me thynke,
 þou ert þat hase eghne, and cane nott see. Trowes þou we be lyke
 28 vn-to þe percyenes þat þou hase made subiecteȝ vn-to the? þou
 hase foughten hedir-towarde wit softe men & cowardeȝ, & for
 þou hase ouercomeñ þam, þou weneȝ, þat thi littillness salþ
 brynge oure hye maiestee vnder thi subieccion; þe whilke es
 32 vnpossyble for to bee, bot if goddeȝ submytt þam vn-to men,
 and þe erthe be euen lyke to þe heuen. I late the wiete, þat I
 may noȝte be ouercomen for noȝte allanly men bot also goddeȝ
 doeeȝ seruyce to my name. Wate þou noȝte wele, þat ane
 36 Dynise, þe fader of Bachus, come in-till Inde, wit a grete Oste
 for to feghte, bot onane he tournede þe bakke & feld, for he

for them,
and what
they will
do to-
gether.

* Leaf 24.
But what-
ever they
do, he will
go on-
wards.

They be-
come
ashamed of
themselves
and beg for
forgive-
ness.

They con-
tinue their
march and
meet the
ambas-
sadors of
Porus.

Porus'
letter to
Alexander.

He tells
him of the
superiority
of the
Indians to
the Per-
sians.

The gods
also fight
for India.
The
Indians
overcame
Dionysius.

¹ MS. reads *þeiñe*.

² Four lines space for miniature P. P written in the page beside it.

He advises him to go back again to Macedonia. Before Xerxes' time the Macedonians gave tribute to India, but the Indians recked

* Leaf 24
bk.

naught of Macedonia, for it was a barren and little land.

Alexander's knights are troubled at the letter.

He tells them Eastern folks are like wild beasts trusting but in their strength.

Alexander's letter to Porus. Porus' words have stirred on the Greeks to win so great and fruitful a land as India, as well as to crush Porus' pride. For Porus is but a

was noȝte of powere to agaynstande þe vertu of men of Inde. And þarefore, or any schame or mischeffe comd to þe; we conseil the & commandez the, þat in all þe haste þat þou may, þou tourne hame agayne to thyne awen lande. Fore wele þou 4 knawes, þat, bi-fore ȝeres was kynge of Perse, þe macedoynes gaffe tribute till Inde. Bot, by-cause þat þaire lande es barayne & vnprofitable, & na thyngeþ þer-in plesande till a kynge: þe men of Inde sett noȝte þare-by. For ilke a man, 8 desyres mare a large lande & a plenteuous: þan *a strayte lande & a barayne. And þarefore, zitt the thirde tourne, I comaunde the that þou tourne hame to thyne awen lande. And neuer, in thi lyfe, couette to hafe Lordschipe þare þou may nane gete.' 12

¹ Wheid þis lettre was comeid till Alexander, he gerte rede it be-fore all men. And wheid his knyghtis hadd herde þe tenour of þis lettre, þay were trublede. And Alexander sayde vn-to þam: 'My wirchippfull knyghtis,' quoþ he, 'late noȝte ȝour 16 hertis be trublede ne fered for Porus lettre. Hafe ȝe noȝte in mynde, wit how grete pride Darius wrate vn-till vs dyuerse tymes? I say ȝow sotheley þat all þe folke of thyse Este parties hase þaire hertis & þaire wittis lyke vn-to þe bestes þat þay 20 dueffle wit-all, þat es at say, Tygres, Pardes, & oþer wilde bestis, whilke full selenid ere slaenid of men, and þare-fore þay triste all in þaire strengthe.' And wheid Alexander hadde said thir wordes, he garte writte a lettre vn-to Porus kynge of Inde 24 whare-of this was the tenour.

² Kyng of kynges and lorde of lordes, Alexander þe son of godf Amor & þe quene Olympias, vn-to Porus we sende. þou hase scharpede oure wittes, & gyffed vs hardynesse for to fechte 28 agaynes þe, whare þou says þat macedoyne es bot a littiff lande & barayne of all thyng þat gude es. And Inde, þou says, es large, & plenteuous of all gudeȝ & reches. And þare-fore we sall enforce vs to fechte wit the at all oure myghte, for to con- 32 quere thi landeȝ þat, þou sais, es so full of reches. And, for þou haldeȝ vs pouer, & of na reputacion, þare-fore we desire for to ascende to þe heghte of thi majestie. And also þare þou says, þat noȝte allanly vn-to men, bot also vn-to goddeȝ þou erte 36 emperour, I sall come to the, for to fecht wit þe, as wit an

¹ Three lines with miniature W and small w written alongside in the margin.

² Eleven lines blank space without either miniature or small letter at side.

haytheñ man full of Pompe & pride and vayne glory, & noȝte
as wit a godð. For all þe werlde may noȝte ¹ agaynstand þe
wrethe of a godð. Per-fore, señ þe elementis of this aere, þat
4 es at say Thunners, leuenynges and water, may noȝte bere þe
indygnacion of goddes, how schulde þan dedely meñ mowe
agaynstande þaire wrethe? And þare-fore I late the * wele
witte þat þi founde proudde speche trubbleȝ me noȝte ne moueȝ
8 me neuuer a dele.'

heathen
man full of
pride.
He
threatens
him with
the wrath
of the gods.

* Leaf 25.

² Wheñ Porus hadd' this lettre, he was wondere wraþe &
assembled a grete Oste of meñ, and a grete multitude of
Olyphanntes wit þe whilke þe meñ of Inde ere wount for to
12 feghte, and went agaynes Alexander. This Oste of Porus was
riȝte grete & strange, for þare ware þer in xiiij. cartes of were
and viijc Oliphanteȝ, and ilk an Olyphante hadd' a toure of tree
apoñ his bakke, & in ilke a toure xxx meñ. Þare ware also
16 oþer feghting meñ on horse and on fote wit-owten nowmer.

And wheñ þe Macedoynes and þe persyenes sawe þe grete
multitude bathe of meñ & of Olyphaunteȝ, þay were fered, &
gretely stonayde. Neuer þe lesse, bathe þe partyes ordayneð
20 þam to batell, and arayed þaire batells, Alexander on his syde,
and Porus on his syde. And Alexander lepe vp-oñ his horse
Buktiphalas & prikkede bi-fore all his meñ, and comandeð,
þat þe Medoynes & þe persyenes sulde firste begynñ to feghte.

24 And so þay did; & hym selfe wit þe grekes, and þe macedoynes
stode on þe toþer syde, redy to succour þam wheñ myster ware.

And for þe Olyphaunteȝ also, Alexander gert make suylke aȝ
ordynance. He gert make xxiiij ymages of brasse, and gert fill

28 þam full of dry wodde. And he gerte make also cartes of yren,
for to bere thir ymages before þe Olyphaunteȝ and wheñ þe
Osteȝ came nere to gedir he gert sett fyre in þe wodd þat was in
þe ymages. And wheñ þe Olyphaunteȝ saw þir ymages, þay

32 wende þat þay hadd' bene meñ and schott owte þaire groynes,
as þay were wount for to do for tilf hafe weryed þam. And
alsone thurgh þe grete hete, þay were brynned and thañ thay
gaffe bakke, & flegged for drede to brygne þayre groynes. And
36 þare-fore þe meñ þat were abowñ in þe toures myghte noȝte
wyn to for to feghte. And wheñ Porus saw that he was reghte

Porus is
angered at
the letter
and
gathers a
great army
with
elephants.
Its
numbers
and array.

Alex-
ander's
allies are
startled by
the appear-
ance of the
elephants
and the
Indian
army.

Alex-
ander's
device for
over-
coming the
elephants.

¹ agaynstand written in the margin, with a mark of insertion over against it in the text. ² Four lines space with red capital *W*. Small *w* in margin next it.

The allies
begin the
battle and
fight for
thirty
days.
When ex-
hausted
they are re-

* Leaf 25
bk.
placed by
the Greeks
and Macedo-
nians.

Utter de-
feat of the
Indians
and flight
of Porus.

Siege and
capture of
Porus' city.
The riches
of Porus'
palace.

The walls
were plated
with gold
an inch
thick.

The palace
gates were
of ivory
and ebony.

The won-
ders of the
hall. The
golden
birds that
sang as
though
alive.

sary. þān þe Medoynes & þe persyenes, wit arowes and speres & oþer dyuerse wapynes of werre, slewe thykfalde of þe men of Inde. And thus þay faghte contenuelly xxx^{ti} days, & mekill pople of bathe þe parties ware dede. And at þe laste þe 4 Medoynes, & þe persyenes, begaþ faste for to fayle. And wheñ Alexander saw that, he was wondere wrathe, and entrede in-to þe batelle, sittand on his horse Buctiphalas, *and faghte manfully, & þe grekes & þe macedoynes wit hym. And his horse 8 also helped hym gretely. And thañ belyfe þe Indyenes begaþ gretely for to fayle. And wheñ Porus saw that he turned þe bakke & fledd. And þañ þe Indyenes þat ware lefte on lyfe fledd also. And Alexander luged hym thare wit his Oste and 12 made Sacrafice till his goddeȝ and commaunded for to bery þe dedd̄ bodys, bathe of Indyenes & of þe persyenes & þe Makedoynes.

¹ Sone after, apoñ a day, Alexander ensegedd Porus citee & 16 wanñ it, and went in-till Porus Palace, whare-In he fande² mare reches þañ any man will trowe. For he fande þare-in x^r pelers of Massy golde, ilkañ of a grete thikness & a grete lenthe, wit þaire chapytralles. And bitwene þe pelers of golde, 20 ware hyngande venetteȝ of golde & syluere, wit leues of golde. And þe brawncheȝ of this venett ware sum of cristalle, sum of Margariteȝ, sum of Smaragdes, & sum of Onyches, and þay semed as þay hade bene verray vynes. þe walles also of þe 24 palace ware couerde all ouer wit plates of golde, þe whilke wheñ þe Makedoynes cutte in soundre & brakke, þay fande þat þay ware a gret ynche thikke. And þir walles ware sett full of diuerse precious stanes, þat es at say, of charebuncles, Smaragdes, 28 Margarites & Amatistes. And þe þates of þe Palace ware of Euour wonder whitt, & þe bandeȝ of þam, & þe legges of Ebene. þe chambirs, also, of þis Palace, were all of Cipresse, and þe beddeȝ in þam ware sett full of Margariteȝ, Smaragdeȝ, & 32 charebuncles. þe haull, also, of þis Palace, was sett full of ymages of golde, & bi-twix þam stode perlataunes of golde, in þe branches of whilke þare were many manners of fewles & ilke a fewle was colourede, & paynted after his kynde asked, þe 36 bekes of þam, & þe clowes ware all of fyne golde. And ay,

¹ Four lines with red capital ornate *S*, and small *s* in margin beside.

² MS. repeats *he fande* twice.

when Porus liste, thir fewles thurgh crafte of music walde
synge after paire kynde askede & was. He faude also in þat
Palace veselles wit-owten nowmer, sum of golde, sum of Cristalne,
4 Sun of oþer maneres of precyouse stanes, sum of Suluere, and
þat all maner of vesel þat mei sulde be serued offe. Bot þare
were bot fewe of þam of Siluere.

The riches
of the
treasury.
There is
but little
silver.

¹ Fra thethynd, Alexander remowede his Oste & come to þe
8 zates of Caspee, and þare he luded hym. It was a noble lande
& a gude. Bot þare ware þare-In many maners * of nedders * Leaf 26.
and of wilde bestez. Fra þeine Alexander sent a lettre till
Talifride quene of Amazon, of þis tenour.

12 ² Kyng of kynges, and lord of lordes, Alexander, þe son of
godd Amor, & þe quene Olympias, vn-to Talifride þe quene
of Amazon, ioy. The grete Batayfles þat we hafe hadd wit
kyng Darius, & how we hafe conquered aft his rewme, and his
16 lordchipes, we trowe be noghte unknawen vn-to ȝow. And also
how we hafe foghten with Porus þe kyng of Inde & his cheeffe
citere wonnen. And also wit many oþer folkes, & þay ware
20 neuer of powere to agaynestande vs, þe whilke we suppose
24 to be noȝte vnkawen vn-to ȝowe. Whare-fore we sende ȝow
wordes, & commandez ȝow, þat ȝe sende vs tribute, if ȝe will þat
wee com noȝte to ȝow to do ȝow disesse.'

Alex-
ander's
letter to
the Queen
of the
Amazons
mentioning
his
victories
and de-
manding
tribute.

And vn-to this lettre Talifride made ansuere by lettre one this
24 wyse.

³ Talyfride quene of Amazon wit oþer grete ladys of oure
rewme, vn-till Alexander, kynge of Macedoyne, joy. We hafe
wele herde telle of þe hye witt þat es in the, thurgh whilke þou
28 hase in mynde thynges þat ere passede, and disposez thynges
þat ere present, and knawez thynges þat ere to come. Avyse
the wele þarefore are þou come till vs, what trebulacionez
& disesse may falte the in thi commynge. For þare was neuer
32 nane ȝit þat werreyed agaynez vs þat ne he had schame þare-
offe at þe ende. And þare-fore take heide to thi last ende. For
grete schame it es till a wyse man thurgh indiscrecioþ to falte
in mescheffe. Bot if it be lykyng to þe, to knawe our con-
36 uersacyon, and oure habitacion, we declare it vn-to þe be oure

The answer
of the
Queen of
the Amazons.
She has heard
of his
victory.
She warns
him of the
danger of
attacking
the
Amazons.

She de-
scribes
their land

¹ Three lines with miniature capital *F* and small *f* beside in the margin.

² Four lines with ornate capital *K* and small *k* in margin beside.

³ Twelve lines space for miniature which is lacking. Written in the margin is
'Regina Talibus cum duabus astantibus'.

and their manners. They are in an island girdled round by a river. The men dwell on the other side of the river. How they breed their kind.

* Leaf 26
bk.

How they ride to war.

Their husbands honour them at their return. They will fight Alexander, who will get no honour through victory over women, but rather if he be overthrown, to the women shall it be great honour, to him great shame.

Alexander laughs and sends them another letter, telling them that he has conquered three parts of the world and never been withstood.

present lettres, þat oure habitacion̄ es in ane Ile, þat es closede abowte wit a grete reuer þat noþer hase bygynnyngē nor endynnge. Bot on a syde we hafe a strayte entree. And the nowmer of womeñ þat duelleȝ þer-in es cxiim þat ere noȝte 4 filed wit meñ. For oure husbandeȝ duelleȝ noȝte amangeȝ vs ne no noþer man̄, Bot on þe toþer syde of þe reuer. And ilke a ȝere we make a solempne feste in the wirchipe of Iubiter xxx days. And þan we go till oure husbandes, and duelleȝ 8 wit þam oþer xxx dayes & hase oure luste and oure disporte * to-gedir as kynde askes. And if any of vs consayfe & bere a childe if it be a male þe modere kepis it seueñ ȝere and thañ sendeȝ it to þe fadere. And if scho bere a mayden 12 childe þe moder haldeȝ it wit hir & techeȝ it oure maners. Wheñ we goo to werre agayne ȝoure enemys we ere cm rydand one horse wele armede. And sun̄ of vs hase bowes & arowes, and sun̄ speres, and oþer diuerse wapyne. And þe remanent 16 kepeȝ oure Ile. And wheñ we come wit the victory oure husbandeȝ does vs grete wirchipe. And þare-fore if þou come agaynes vs we late the witt þat we will feghte wit the at all oure myȝte. And if it happen̄ þat þou hafe þe victory of vs, 20 wirchipe sañt it name be to the bi-cause þou hase discomfit womeñ. And if we discomfit the, it sañt be an heghe wirchippe till vs, þat we may discomfit so wirchipfull an emperor; and to the it sañt be a hye reprove. Where-fore we sygnifie vn-to 24 þe by oure lettres þat þou come noȝte agaynes vs for sekerly þare may grete dysese come þare-offe, þat perauenture þou knaweȝ noȝte now offe at þis tymme.'

When Alexander hadd̄ redd̄ þis lettred, he began̄ to lawghe. 28 And onane he garte writte anoþer lettred, and sent it to Talyfride, whare-offe þe tenour was this.

¹ 'Alexander kyng of kynges and of lordeȝ, the son̄ of godd̄ Amor̄ & þe qwene Olympias, to Talyfride quene of Amazon̄ 32 and þe oþer ladys of þe same rewme: ioy. We late ȝow weite þat thre parties of þe werlde, þat es to say, Asye, Affric, & Europe we hafe conquered and made subiects vn-till vs, & þare was neuer name of þam þat myȝte agaynstande oure powere. 36 And if we now suld noȝte be of powere, to feghte with ȝowe it ware ane heghe schame till us. Neuer-þe-lesse for als mekill

¹ Thirteen lines blank space for a miniature.

als we luse *zour conuersacion* we conseill þat *þe come*¹ forthe of *zour Ile & zour husbonde*ȝ wit *zow*, and appere in oure presence. For we swere *zow* bi god^l Amoī oure Fader, & by *4 all oure godde*ȝ þat *þe saff hafe na* disesse of vs. Bot gyffez vs sumwhat in name of tribute and we schall fynd *zow* and *zoure Amazonns* þat come * wit *zow* horse ynowe. And wheñ *zou* listees for to wende hame agayne, *þe schall hafe gude leue.*²

8 And wheñ þe Amazonns hadd red̄ þis lett̄re, þay went to conseill, and thoghte it was beste for to ascent vn-till hym. And þan þay sent hym x stedes þe beste þat myȝte be funden in any cuntrie, and x oþer horse þe beste þat myȝte be geten,
12 and a grete sun̄ of golde. And Talifride hir selfe and oþer ladys wit hir went un-till hym, and accorded wit hym, and went hame agayne, wonder glade and blythe.

*2 In þe mene tyme it was talde Alexander, þat Porus, þe kyng
 16 of Inde, was in Bactriceñ, and assembled a grete Oste for to feghte eftsonns wit hym. And wheñ Alexander herde this, he remowede his Oste, and chese owte c.l of duyercs þat knewe þe cuntrie, for to hafe þe gouernance of his Oste, and to lede þam seurly thurgh þat strange cuntrie. In þe Monethe of Auguste,
 20 wheñ þe soñ es maste hate, þay bigañ for to take paire iournee. And thay went thurgh a dry cuntrie, sandye, & wit-owtew water. And nedlyngeȝ þam byhoued wende armede, þare was
 24 so grete plentee of neddirs, and cruell³ wylde bestes. For thies forsaid gydeȝ ware mare fauorable to Porus, þan till Alexander & his Oste, and þarefore þay ledde þam thurgh swilke barrayne and perilous cuntrieȝ. And wheñ Alexander
 28 saw it schope thus, and that his conseill byfore had sayd þe sothe, þat es at say, bathe his awn̄ frendeȝ and meñ of Caspy, þat conseld hym þat he suld noȝte hye hym ouerfaste, ne triste to mekill to strangers; þan he commanded þat all meñ schulde
 32 wende armed: & so þay did. And þan all þe Oste schane riȝte as it had bene sternes, for sum of þaire armours ware of golde,
 36 sum of siluer, and sum of precious stanes. And wheñ Alexander saw þe araye of his Oste, and þaire baners bi-fore þam Schynande so faire, he was riȝte gladde. Neuer-þe-less grete disese he hadde, þat nowþer he, ne his meñ, myȝte fynde na water.*

He summons them before him and advises them to give tribute.

* Leaf 27.

The Amazonns assent to the terms of the letter.

Alexander moves his army against Porus through the desert in the month of August.

The desert is waterless and full of snakes and wild beasts, for the guides were favourable to Porus. Alexander then remembers the wise words of his council. They all go armed, so that the whole army gleams like the stars, with banners and a shining mail.

¹ MS. *cōne*.

² Six lines with miniature *I*, covering with

its foliage three-quarters of the margin.

³ *wh* turned into *wy*.

A Macedonian knight finds water in a hollow and brings it to Alexander in his helmet. Alexander refuses it lest he alone of all go refreshed. He
 *Leaf 27 bk. casts it down upon the rocks and goes without, so that all his followers are comforted as though they had drunken water. On the morrow they come to a river with reeds on its banks as high as pine trees. They drink of the water; it slew many of them with a flux. Alexander is greatly distressed, not only for his knights but also for the many beasts of burden that bear their things, and the flocks and herds that go with them.

So it felle þat a knyghte of Macedoyne þat hyȝte ȝep hilus fand' water standynge in an holle stane, þat was gadird þare of þe dewe of þe heueñ, the whilke þis forsaide knyghte putt in his Bacenett, & broȝthe it till Alexander for to drynke. And 4 Alexander saide un-till hym, 'I suppose,' quoþ he, 'þat I drynke þis water, salt þe Macedoynes & þe persyenes be any thyng refreschede þareby, or I salt hafe all þe refreschynge be my selfe.' And he ansuerd, & saide, 'þou art ane lorde,' quoþ he, 'salt art perische trowes þou þat it solde be lykand to mee, for to lyfe in sorowe & diseise seyngre þe dedd of þe Macedoynes & þe persyenes?' And be-lyne he garte helle downm þe water on þe 12 erthe be-fore all his men. And wheñ his knyghtis saw that, þay were hugely comforthede þare-by riȝte als Ilkan of þam hadd' dronken a grete draughte of water, and þan went furthe þaire waye. And on þe morne, þay come till a reuere whase 16 bankes was growand full of grete redys & þay ware als hye as pyne-tree; ȝa, for þe maste partie of xl fote lange. Than badd' [he] that þay drawe of þe water and brynge to þe Oste. Bot all þat dranke þare-offe it keste þam in-till a flux, and slewe 20 a grete hepe of þam. For þat water was wonder scharpe, and als bittire als any mekiff gyrse. Bot þan was Alexander gretly disessedd & all his Oste noȝte allanly of þam-selfe, bot also for paire horseȝ & paire besteeȝ þat þay ledd' wit þam þe whilke bi-gañ 24 for to faile for thryste. Alexander hadd' wit hym a thowsande Olyphanteeȝ þat bare his golde, And foure hundredth cartes of werre and jm & cc wayneȝ. He hadd' also in lis Oste cccm horse men and muyles & camelles witowteñ nowmer, þat bare paire 28 vetailes, and oþer thynges þat was necessarye to þe Oste; also oxen and kye, schepe and swyne, wit-owteñ nowmer, þe whilke perischt for defaute of drynke. Sun of Alexander knyghtes lykked Iren, Sun dranke oyle, & sum ware at so grete meschefe 32 þat þay dranke paire awen stalyng. And thare was so grete habundance of nedders & oþer venomous besteeȝ, þat þam byhoued nedez trauelle armed, and þat was a grete nuy to þam & an heghe diseise. þan was Alexander wonder² sorye & namely 36 for þe diseise þat his Oste suffrede.

¹ On first side of leaf 27 *ȝe salt* is written, but on the second side *ȝe schal*.

² MS. undoubtedly reads *worder*, but one must substitute *wonder*.

1 And as þay went endlande þis reuere, abowte þe viii houre
 of þe day, þay come till a castell þat stode in a littill Ile in þis
 forsaide ryuere; And this castell was made of þe forsaide rede³.
 4 Þe brede of this ryuer was foure furlange lenth. And in þat
 castell þay sawe a few men. And þan Alexander bad his men
 spirre þam þat ware in þe castell in þe langage of Inde whare
 þay myghte fynde any swete watir able for to drynke. And
 8 also soñ als þay spake to þam þay with-drewe þam & hidd.
 And Alexander gerte schotte arowes in-to þe castell and þan
 þay hidd þam wele þe mare. And when Alexander saw *that
 þay walde one na wyse speke wit hym, he hadd a certane of his
 12 knyghtes nakne þam & swyme ouer þe water to þe castell. And
 þan xxxvii balde knyghtis & hardy of Macedoyne nakned þam,
 and tuke ilkam of þam a swerde in his hande & went in-to þe
 water & swame it to þay were passede þe ferthe parte þare-offe.
 16 And sodeynly thare rase oute of þe water a grete multitude
 of bestez, þat ere called ypotaynes, gretttere of body than a
 olyphant, and deuored thir knyghtis euer-ilkanne. And þan
 was Alexander riȝte sare greuede, and be-lyfe garte take þe
 20 forsaide guydez cl & caste þam in-to þe water. And onane
 þe ypotaynes deuored þam.
 And Alexander thoghte it was noȝte spedfull langare to stryffre
 wit thase monstres, and garte tromppe vp and remowed his
 24 Oste fra þeine, and went so aff þat day wondere wery for thriste.
 And also þay hadd grete disese & nuye of wilde ² Beste þat come
 apon þam, þat es to say, of lyones, beres, vnycornes, tygres,
 and pardez, wit þe whilke þay faughte & grete traueill hade.
 28 ³ And as þay went on þis wyse wit grete angere & disese
 aboute þe ellenel houre þay saw a littill bate in þe riuere made
 of rede and men rowande þare-in. And Alexander gert spirre
 þam in þe langage of Inde, whare þay myȝte fynde any fresche
 32 water. And þay talde whare & schewed þam a place a littill
 þeine whare-in þay saide þay scholde fylle a grete staunke of
 swete water and gude. And þan Alexander & hys Oste went
 aff aboute þat ryuere, & come till þis forsaide stanke and luged
 36 þam aboute it. And Alexander comanded þat þay sulde felle

In what
fearful
ways his
knights try
to quench
their
thirst.
Going
along the
banks they
come to a
little isle
with a
castle,

* Leaf 28.
wherein are
men who
will give
them no
answer.
Alexander
bids
certain of
his knights
swim the
stream.
They swim
the river,
but are de-
voured by
hippopo-
tami.
Alexander
throws the
guides into
the river
and they
are de-
voured
also.
They travel
onwards
greatly
worried by
wild beasts.
At the
eleventh
hour they
meet a
small boat
whose crew
direct them
to a great
pond of
freshwater.
They camp
round the

¹ Four lines with miniature *A* and small *a* written in MS. margin beside.

² of deleted by the scribe before *Beste*.

³ Four lines with red capital *A* and small *a* in the MS. margin beside.

pond. Alexander bids that they fell a great wood of huge reeds that grow around it.

When the moon rises a great crowd of scorpions come down to drink. And there come snakes also and many-hued dragons.

These have crested heads with

* Leaf 28
bk.
golden
breasts and
open
mouths.
Their
breath slew
any quick
thing it
smote upon
and out of
their eyes
came fiery
flames.

Alexander comforts his frightened knights.

Alexander shows how to fight them with nets, and slays many of them.

How many men of Alexander fell thereby.

The wondrous crabs that then attack them.

Then come white Lions

a wodd þat growed faste þare-by three myle on lenthe, & aſſ mekiſſ on brede. þat wodde was aſſ of þe redez þat I spak of bi-fore, and þe stanke was a myle ond lenth. þan Alexander comandeſ þat þay sulde make many fires in þe Oſte, and gerte 4 trompe to þe mete. And alsoñ þe mone be-gañ to schynne þare come a grete multitude of scorpyons to-warde þe stanke for to take þam a drynke. And þan þare come oþer manere of nedders, and dragones wonder grete of dyuerse colours. 8 And aſſ þat cuntree resounned of þe noyse & þe hisſzingeſ þat þay made. þir dragones come dounne fra þe hye mountaynes for to drynke of þe stanke, and þay hadde crestis one þaire heddeſ & þaire bresteſ ware bryghte lyk golde, & þaire 12 mowthes open. þaire aande slewe any qwikk thynge þat it smate apoñ, and oute of þaire eghne þare come flammes of fyre. And wheñ Alexander & his Oſte saw þan þay ware riȝt *fered for þam. For þay wende þay schulde hafe weried þan 16 ilkañ. And þan Alexander comforted þam and saide vn-to þam: ‘Mi wirchipfull knyghtes,’ quoþ he, ‘bees noȝte agaste of þam, bot does ilkane as þe see me do.’ And þan he tuk a nett & sett it bi-twixe hym & þam and tuke his schelde & his spere 20 & faughte wit þam manfully. And wheñ his knyghtes saw þat þay ware gretly comforted & be-lyfe tuke þaire wapynneſ & didd als þay sawe Alexander doo, and slewe of þam a grete multitude, whatt thurgh dyuerse wapynneſ, what in þaire fyres. 24 And of Alexander knyghtes þe dragones slewe xxii & xxxii foteſemeñ. After þam, þare come owte of þe forſaide wodde of redez, Crabbes of a wonderfull greteness; and þaire bakkes ware harder þan cocadrilleſ. And wheñ þe knyghtis smate þam one 28 þe bakkes wit þaire speres, þay myȝte noȝte perche þam, ne na harme do þam. Neuer-þe-lesse þay slewe many of þam in þaire Fires and þe remenant of þam gatt in-to þe staunke. And aboute þe ſexte houre of þe nyghte þare come apoñ þam whytt 32 lyones grettere þan Bulles, and þay schoke þaire heuedeſ at þam & grete manace made in þaire manere. þan þe knyghtes keped þam in þaire nettis and slew þam. After this þare com apoñ þam þan a grete multitude of swynne þat ware aſſ of a 36 wonderfull mekiſſ, wit tuskes of a cubett lenthe. And wit þam þare come wilde meñ & womeñ of þe whilke ilkañ hadde sex hende. Bot Alexander & his knyghtes keped þam in þaire

nettis & slewe many of þan. And on þis wyse Alexander & his
Oste was gretly disesed. Þan comandeſ Alexander þat þay
schuld make many fyres wit-owtēn þe Oste aboue þe stanke.
 4 After this þare come apon þan a wondere grete beste, grettere
& strangere þan an Olyphaunt, and he hadde in his frunte
three lange hornes. And he was schapeñ lyke a horse & he
was all blakke. And þis beste was calleſ in þe langage of Inde
 8 'Anddontrucion'. And or he went to þe water at drynke, he
assailed þe Oste. Bot Alexander went here & þare amangez þe
oste & comforted þan. This ilke beste slewe of his knyghtes
xxvij and bare donne lij and at þe laste it felle in þe nettis and
 12 was slayne. After þis þare come oute of þe redez a grete multi-
tude of mysz als grete als foxes, and ete up þe dede bodys. Pare
was na qwike thyngez, þat þay bate þat ne also soñ it dyed.
Bot harme did þay nane *to þe oste. Þan come þare flyande
 16 amangez þan bakkes, grettere þan wilde dowfes, and þaire
tethe ware lyke men-tethe. And þay didd' men mekiliſ diseſe
and hurte many men. Of sunn þay bate offe þe nese; of sunn
þe eres. In þe mornenyng arely þare come many fewlis als
 20 grete as wlturs, reed of colour, and þaire fete & þaire bekes
all blakke. Bot þay didd' na diseſe to þe oste, bot went to
þe stanke-syde & drewe fisches & elez oute of þe water, &
ete þan.

24 ¹ Þan lefte Alexander þir perilous placez, and come wit his
Oste, in-to þe cuntree of Bactriſ, þe whilke was full of
golde & oþer reches. And þe men of þe cuntree resayfed hym
benyngly & wirchipfully and gaffe hym and his Oste grete giftes.
 28 And þare he habade xxii dayes. In þat cuntree þay sawe
trees þat, in-stedde of leues, bare wolle; þe whilke folkez of
þe cuntree gaderd & made clathe þare-offe. þe knyghtes of
Alexander wex wonder balde & strange of hert because of
 32 þe victoryes þay hadd wonnen of þe wilde bestez before
neuenned.

² Fra thethyn, Alexander remowed his Oste and come to þe
place whare Porus lay wit þe folke þat he hadd assembled.
 36 And one þe morne bathe Alexander and Porus tuke þaire
grounde & arayed þaire batellis for to feghte. And thañ

greater
than bulls.
Then
follow huge
swine with
great tusks.
And with
them six-
handed
men and
women.
They make
great fires
around the
pond. Then
comes a
horselike
beast
greater
than an
elephant.
Alexander
again

* Leaf 29.
rallies
his men.
It slays
many, but
is at last
slain.

Mice as
big as foxes
eat up the
dead
bodies.

Whatso-
ever they
bit at once
died.
Then come
bats
greater
than wild
doves.

They
march into
Bactria
where they
are well re-
ceived.
The wool-
bearing
trees.

The
knights
take
courage be-
cause of the
strange
beasts they

¹ Four lines with red ornate capital *P*, but small *t* scribbled in the margin beside. ² Four lines space with red capital *S* and small *s* written in the margin beside.

have con-
quered.
The armies
of Porus
and Alex-
ander are
arrayed
against
each other.
The In-
dians fall
heavily.
Porus
challenges
Alexander
to single
combat.
The king-
ship of the
nations to
abide by
the out-
come.
For Porus
being a
great man
scorned
Alexander.

* Leaf 29
bk.
Porus hits
Alexander
on the
head.

Alexander
slays Porus
by a trick.
The In-
dians fight
on for their
dead king.
Alexander
chides
them for
fighting
when their
leader is
dead.

Alexander
bespeaks
them peace
and surely.

They are
right glad
and wor-

Alexander lepped apoñ his horse Buktiphalas and went bifore his Oste & þañ þay trumpede up & þe batell̄s joyned̄ sameñ, & faghte to-gedir riȝte sare. Bot þe Indienes feñ thikfalde in þe batell as corne dose in þe felde be-fore þe sythe. ⁴
¹ And wheñ Porus saw that, he went and stode bi-fore all his meñ, and cryed̄ vn-till Alexander, & saide on this wyse: ‘It sitteȝ noȝte till an emperour,’ quoþ he, ‘to lose his meñ þus in vayne. Bot it sitteȝ till hym for to determyne his cause with his awenñ handeȝ. And þarefore late thi folke stand still on þe ta syde, & myñ on þe toþer & late the & me feghte to gedir hand for hand. And if it happenð þat þou ouer-come me, my folke & I salñ be subiecteȝ vn-to þe. And ¹² if I ouer come the, than thou & thi folkeȝ be subiecteȝ vn-to me.’ Thir wordeȝ said Porus dispysand̄ Alexander, bi-cause þat he was a man of littill stature. For he was bot three cubites hye, & Porus was fyfe cubetes hye & mare. And þare- ¹⁶ fore he traysted̄ hym all in strenghe of his body, noȝte knawande þe vertu & þe hardnes þat was hidd̄ in Alexander.

*And than bathe þe ostes stode still ant lete þe twa kyngeȝ feghte sameñ, Porus gaffe Alexander a grete str[a]ke oñ þe hede, & was in poynte to hafe felled̄ hym. And theñ Porus knylites sett vp a grete Schowte. And Porus tourned̄ hym to þam-warde for to repproue þam for þaire schowtting. And Alexander went till hym manfully & tuke his swerd̄ in ²⁴ bathe his handeȝ & lete flye at hym & hitt hym fullbott one þe heued̄ & slew hym. And wheñ þe Indienes saw that þay bi-gan scharply for to fighete wit Alexander & his oste. Vn-to whayme Alexander spake & sayde: ‘Wrechis,’ quoþ he, ²⁸ ‘wharto feghte þe señ ȝour kynge es dede. Wate þe noȝte wele that thare na gouernour es þe folke are sparpled̄ be-lyfe als schepe þat ere wit-owttein ane hirde.’ þe Indienes ansuerd̄ & saide: ‘Vs es leuer,’ quoþ þay, ‘fighete manfully, and dye in the ³² felde, þañ for to see þe dissolacioñ of oure folke, and oure lande be destroyed& wasted.’ ‘Leues ȝour feghtyng,’ quoþ Alexander, ‘& wendeȝ hame to ȝour howseȝ pesaybly & seurely. For I swere ȝow bi oure goddeȝ, if ȝee will do so, ȝe salñ hafe no harme, ne ³⁶ ȝour lande salñ noȝte be destroyed ne spoyled̄ bicause þat ȝe hafe foughten so manfully for ȝour kynge.’ And wheñ þe Indienes

¹ Robert Louson is scribbled here in the right-hand margin.

herde thir wordes þay keste fra þanþ þaire wapyneȝ & thanked Alexander and wirchiped him riȝte als he hadd bene a godð. Than kyng Alexander luded hym þare & his Oste wit hym, & he command to bery þe dede corseȝ þat ware slayne in þe Bateff, and offred sacrifice tiff his goddeȝ. Also he garte Entere Porus þe kynge of Inde wirchipfully.

¹Fra thethyn Alexander removed his Oste & come tiff a cuntree þat was called Oxidracæs. The folkes of þat cuntree are wonder Symple men, and noȝte proude, & þay are called Gymnosophiste. Þay feghte neuer mare ne stryfes. Þay ga alway naked, & citez ne townnez hafe þay nane, Bot duellez in lugeȝ & in caues. Wheñ þe kyng of þis folke herd tell of þe commyng of Alexander he wrote a lettore, & sent vn-tiff hym whare-offe this was the tenour.

^{2*}*The corruptible Gymnosophist vn-tiff Alexander a manȝ wee 16 wryte. We here tell þat þou comeȝ to werre apoñ vs, whare of we merueylle vs gretly. For wit vs salt þou fynd nathyng þat þou may spoyle vs offe. For we hafe na thyng elles amangeȝ vs, bot allanly whare with we may sustene oure wafull 20 bodys. What may þou þanȝ take fra vs. Bot if þou come for to fecht wit vs, feghte oñ. For I late the wele witt, þat oure symplenes wil we on na wyse lefe.' Wheñ Alexander had redd this lettore he sent ane ansuere agayne oñ this wyse. 'Paisably,' 24 quoþ he, 'wil we com to ȝow and no violence do ȝow.' And þanȝ he wente in-to þe cuntree whare þay duelled. And he saw þanȝ ga naked & duelle in luges & in caues, & þaire wyes & þaire childre away fra þanȝ, walkand wit wilde bestez. 28 And he hadd grete marueylle, & asked þanȝ if þay hadd any oper howsez. And þay ansuerde & said, 'Nay. Bot in thir holetteȝ duefle we alwaye & in þir caues.' And Alexander commendid gretely þaire symplenesse, and bad þanȝ aske hym 32 whate-so þay walde. And þay ansuerd & sayde, 'Gyffe vs,' quoþ þay, 'vndedlynnesse, so þat we mow noȝte dye; for oper reches couet we nane.' Quoþ Alexander, 'I am dedely my selfe, how þanȝ may I gyffe ȝou vndedlynness?' And wheñ þay 36 herd hym say soo þanȝ þay ansuerd & sayde oñ this wyse. 'A, A, wretched man,' quoþ þay, 'whare to wendeȝ þou þus

ship Alexander as a god.

King Alexander offers sacrifice and buries

Porus worshipfully.

King Alexander comes to the Gymnosophists, a strange people.

* Leaf 30.
The letter of their king to Alexander, telling him he has naught to win of them.

Alexander commands them and comes peaceably to them. He sees them leading the life of nature.

He admires their ways greatly and offers them a boon. They ask for deathlessness. They chide him for his ambition when they

¹ Five lines with red capital F and small f written in the margin beside.

² Four lines with red capital T.

hear he
also must
die.

He says he
is driven
on to con-
quer by the
might of
God, which
will not
allow him
to rest. He
goes
thence.

He comes
to the
pillars of
Hercules,
which are
statues,

*Leaf 30
bk.

one of gold
and one of
silver.
He finds
them
hollow and
puts money
therein.

He
marches
thence into
a cold and
mirky wil-
derness.
They come
to a great
river, on the
other side
of which
are fair
women
fouly clad,

who bear
weapons of
silver since
other metal
have they
none.
There were
no men
amongst
them.

about, & quellez so many meil, & soo many ilke dediz dooes sen þou wate wele þat þou saff dye.' 'For sothe,' quoþ he, 'þe cause whi I do it es of þe prouydence of godd. For hys mynystre I am, doand' þe commandement of hym. 3ee wate 4 wele þat þe see es noȝte trubbled' of hym selfe. Bot wheñ þe wynde entres in-till hym, þan it stirreȝ hym & trubleȝ hym. I walde hafe ristedȝ and lefte all werre. Bot þare es anoþer spryyte & suffres it noȝte be in reste.' And wheñ Alexander 8 hadde said' thir wordeȝ he lefte þam & went till anoþer cuntree.

¹ Anoþer day, he come wit his Oste till a place wharee twa ymageȝ ware, þe whilke Ercules gart make & sett in þat place. ¹² And þe tane of þam was of fyne golde and þe toþer of fyne Siluere, & the lenthe of aythir of þam was twa cubettis. Wheñ Alexander saw þir ymageȝ, * he gert perche² þam for to witt, wheþer þay ware holle or massy. And he fand¹⁶ þat þay were a party holle. And he garte stoppe þe hole agayne and putt in þam a thowsande nobles, & fyve hundred. And fra þeine he removed his Oste, and entred in-till a wildirnesse calde & myrk, so þat þay myghte vnnethes and knawe anoþer or see anoþer. And fra thythind þay went seuen daye iournee and entred in-till a wildirnesse, and come till a grete reuere. And bi-ȝonde þat riuere þay saw wonder faire & wele vesaged' womeñ cledd' in foule clethyng & horrible; and ²⁴ þay hadd' in þaire handeȝ wapne made all of siluere, because þay hadd' noþer Ireñ ne stele. And þay rade one horse. And men saw þay nane amangeȝ þam. And wheñ þe Oste walde hafe passede ouer this ryuere, þay myȝte noȝte be cause it was ²⁸ riȝte brade and full of dragones and oþer monstres.

³ Fra thethin þay went aboute towardeȝ þe lefte party of⁴ Inde and come till a dry Marras full of gret redeȝ. And as þay passed thurgh þat Marras, be-lyue þare come owte of þe ³² redeȝ a beste lyke ane ypotayne, whase breste was lyke to þe cocadriffe, and his bakke lyk a sawe, and his tethe wonder grete, & als scharpe as a cuerde; bot in his gangyng he was

¹ Three lines with red capital *A* and small *a* in the margin beside.

² Bottom of leaf 30 right-hand side reads as above *gert perche*; top of leaf 30 turning over to the left-hand side reads *garte*

perche.

³ Four lines with red capital *F* and small *f* written in the margin beside.

⁴ MS. of twice.

als slaw als a snyle. And, in his oute-come, he slew twa knyghtis of Alexander. This ilke beste myȝte þay on na wyse perche wit þaire speres. Bot wit mellis of yreid þay slew it.

⁴ ¹ And fra þeine þay trauelde thritty day iourneȝ and come to þe vttermaste iles of Inde, & þare þay luged̄ þam besideȝ ryuere þat es callede in þat langage of Inde Hemmahurer. And aboute þe Eleuend̄ houre þar come owte of þe woddeȝ a grete multitude of Olyphanteȝ & come apoñ þam wit a gret birre & þaire groynes opyn. And onane Alexander lepe apoñ his horse Buktiphalas and busked̄ hym agaynes þam and hadd̄ þe mace-doynes þat þay solde tak þaire horse and ilk a man a swyne in 12 a bande, & wende agaynes þe olyphantis. And wheñ þe olyphantes saw þam, þay come gapande wit þaire groyneȝ redy te tak þam. And wheñ þe Macedoynes saw þat þay ware fered and durste noȝte go to þam. And Alexander saide vn-to þam, ¹⁶ ‘My wirchipfull knyghtes,’ quoþ he, ‘bese of gud conforthe and dredeȝ ȝow na-thynge. For, and ȝe will gare ȝoure swyne crye faste *ȝe schall see all þir Olyphantes flee anoñ.’ And alsone als þe Olyphantes herde þe crye of þe swyne, and þe 20 noyse of þaire trompes, þay fledd̄ and durste noȝte habyd̄. And Alexander & his men pursued tham, and what wit nettis, whatt wit swerdeȝ & spereȝ, þay slewe of þam a grete multitude, and come agayne to thaire tentis.

²⁴ ²Anoþer day þay removed̄ þeine, and trauelde thurgh the same woddeȝ of ³Inde. And þay fande þare womeñ with berdis rechande downð to þaire pappes, & þaire heuedeȝ playne abownne, and þay ware cledd̄ all in skynnes. Þay chasede thir 28 womeñ and sum of þam þay tuke & broghte þam till Alexander. And he gart spirre þam in the langage of Inde, how þay liffed in thase woddes, whare na duellyng was of men. And þay ansuered̄ & said, ‘We lyffe all,’ quoþ þay, ‘wit venyson þat we 32 take in thir woddes thurgh huntynge.’

*Wheñ þay ware passed̄ oute of thir woddeȝ þay come in-till a faire felde vn-till a place whare this forsaid̄ riuere ran. And þare þay fande bath men & womeñ all naked. And þay ware

They come to a dry morass and meet a terrible beast. They come to the uttermost isles of India. There come a great multitude of elephants against them. But Alexander overcomes them by a trick.

He bids his men take swine against Leaf 31.

them and makes the swine squeal.

They march thence through the forests of India and come upon wild women with long beards.

And they find also other tribes of wild men

¹ Four lines with red capital *A* and small *a* beside it in margin.

² Four lines with capital *A* in red, and small *a* beside.

³ *Inde* altered into Inde.

⁴ Four lines with red capital *W* and small *w* written in the margin beside.

and
women.

They go
thence fif-
teen days
till they
meet the
Cyno-
cephali
whom they
overcome.

They
march
forty days
to a barren
land with
no hills,
and a
terrible
east
wind blows
over it and
causes fires
and disease
throughout
the camp.
They fear
it is be-
cause of
Alex-

* Leaf 31
bk.
ander's
ambition.
He tells
them it is
because
of the
Equinox.
Then they
go thence
twenty-five
days to a
green
valley
where is
fearful
cold. They
light fires
against the
snow-
storms.
Rain comes
and the
snow stops,
but five

als rughe of hare as þay hade bene bestes. Whase kynde & custom̄ it was als wele to be in þe water, als on̄ þe lande. And als sone als þay saw Alexander Oste onane þay fledd̄ to þe water, and dowked in-till it. Fra þeine þay traueld̄ xv day iournee, 4 and entred̄ in-till woddes þat ware full of cynocephals, þe whilke als soñ als þay saw Alexander & his oste onane þay assaillede þam. Bot Alexander & his meñ, what wit arowes whate wit speres & nettes slew a grete multitude of þam, and 8 þe remenaunt of þam fledd̄ here and thare in þe woddes.

¹ Fra thethyñ þay went fourty dayes & come in-till a champa-
payne cuntree, þat was all Barayne, and na hye place ne na
hilles myghte be sene on na syde. And as it ware aboue þe xij 12
houre of þe day, þare bigan̄ so grete a wynde to blawe oue of
þe Este þat it blew doune to þe eithe all thaire tentis & þaire
luges. And þare was grete disese ymang þe oste. For þe
wynde tuk fire-brandes oue of fyres þat þay hadd̄ made, and 16
smate dyuerse meñ & brynte þam. And þan̄ Alexander
knygthes mournurede gretly & said amangez þam, ‘þe wrethe
& þe wreke of oure goddes,’ quoþ þay, ‘fallez apoñ vs, Because
we seke to ferre towarde þe soñ rysynge.’ ‘My wirchipfull 20
knygthez,’ quoþ Alexander, ‘bese * of gud comforthe and no
thyng ferde for this tempeste es noȝtee falleñ thurgh wrethe of
oure goddes bot be-cause of equinox of heruest.’ When þe
wynde was cessed̄ þay gadirde to-gedir þat þe wynd hadd̄ 24
sparpled.

² Fra þeine þay went xxv days and come in-till a grene
valay, and þare þay luged̄ þam. Than commanded Alexander
þat þay schuld make many fyres. For it begañ for to be vn- 28
sufferable calde. And thare be-gan for to falle grete flawghtis of
snawe, as þay had bene grete lokkes of wolle. Wheñ Alexander
saw that, he was ferde þat it schuld̄ noȝte hafe cessed̄
sone, and bad his meñ þat þay suld tred doun̄ þe snawe & full 32
it wit þaire fete. And þaire fyres also helpe þam gretly. Neuer-
þe-lesse þare ware fyve hundrethe of þe Oste dedd̄ thurgh þat
snawe, þe whilk Alexander gart bery. Þan̄ þare felle a pass-
and grete rayne, and þe snaw cessed. Wit þe rayne, also, þare 36
come so thikke a myste, þat contenually three days to gedir þay

¹ Four lines with red capital F and small f in margin beside.

² Four lines with red capital F and small f in the margin beside.

saw na sonð. And oute of þe clude þat hange abowin þam þer fell as it hadd^t bene grete fyrebrandez þe whilk brynt many of thaire tentis and of þaire luges. And onane Alexander offred⁴ sacrifice till his goddeþ and bad his knyghtis put alde ryuel clatheþ wate bi-fore þe fire, and he made his prayere. And also soñ the whedir wexe clere & faire.

¹ Fra thethin, þay remowed^t and come till a grete ryuere þat 8 es called^t Ganges & þare þay luged þam. And as þay loked^t ouer on the toþer syde, þay saw twa or thre meñ walke up & downin þare. And Alexander badd^t his meñ spirre þan in þe langage of Inde what þey ware. And þay answered^t & said.

¹² 'We are Bragmayns,' quoþ þay. Alexander hadd^t grete desyre to speke wit þe Bragmayns. Bot he myȝte noȝte wynin ouer þe water; it was so depe & so brade Bot if it had bene in þe monethe of July and Auguste. And also it was full of ypotaynes

¹⁶ & scorpyones and cocadrilles, out takeñ in þe forsaid monethes.

And wheñ he saw þat he myghte on na wyse wynin ouer he was reȝte heuy. And belyfe he garte make a lyttill bate of redis, & couerde it wit nowtne hydis & gerte pykk it wele bathe wit-in & 20 wit-owtten. And wheñ þe bate was made, he gert a knyght of his gang in-to it, and gaffe hym a lettrel wit hym for to bere * to Dindimus, þat was kyng of þe Bragmayns, of whilk lettrel þis was þe tenour.

²⁴ ² 'Kyng of kynges and lorde of lordes, Alexander þe soñ of godd^t Amoñ & of þe quene Olympias, vn-to Dindimus kyng of Bragmayns, ioy. Euer señ we were comeñ to þat age þat we couthe discerne by-twix gud & iſt we hafe desyred soueraynly 28 for to hafe wysdomme & konnyng, & for to putt away fra vs ignorance & vneconnynge. For as þe wise techynge of oure philosophires declares opynly, Eloquence wit owtten witt & wisdom dose ofte-sythes mare skathe þan gude. Parefore we hafe 32 wele vnderstanden by relacioñ of dyuerse meñ, þat ȝour lyfe & ȝour maners are diuisid and diuerse fra all oþer meñ; so þat noþer on þe See ne on þe lande ȝe seke na helpe and þat ȝe ȝeme anoþer manere of doctryne þan we hafe lerende of oure 36 doctours. Whare-fore we pray ȝow þat ȝe will certyfye vs bi ȝour lettres of ȝour lyffe and ȝour maners and ȝour doctryne. For

hundred have died.
Then comes a great mist with the rain, out of which fall firebrands. Alexander offers sacrifice to his gods and the weather becomes clear. They come to the Ganges, on the other side of which are the Brahmins. They cannot cross because of the dangerous beasts. He sends a knight over in a boat with a

*Leaf 32.
letter to
Dindimus,
king of the
Brahmins.
Alexander's
letter to
Dindimus,
asking the
Brahmins
the reason
for their
strange
manners,
since he
fain would
learn wis-
dom of
them.

¹ Four lines with capital *F* and small *f*, written in the margin beside.

² Four lines with capital *K* in red, and small *k* in the margin beside.

Since by giving another man goodness one loses no goodness oneself. He makes a comparison.

Dindimus' letter to Alexander.

Wisdom may be bought with no price.

* Leaf 32
bk.

He commends wisdom in Alexander as an Emperor. Their ways are other than those of the Greeks. The Greeks shall have no profit because of their war-likeness.

The Brahmins lead a simple life and eschew the worship of many gods. They do not till nor fish. They trust

perauenture we may take þare of sum gud Ensample, and ȝour wysdome & ȝour gudnesse neuer be þe lesse. For it es na harme till a mað thurgh his gudnes to make anoþer mað gude as he es. The whilk I may proue bi this simylitud—I supposse a mað hadd 4 in his hand a lyght candil, many oþer candills may be lyghted þare at, & it lose na-thynge of his lyghte. And riȝte so it es of þe gudnesse of a mað. For many men may take gude ensample of hym & his gudnesse be na thynge enmenuste þareby. Where- 8 fore ȝitt eft-sons we pray ȝow þat wit-owtten any taryinge or delay, ȝe schowe vs þe maners of ȝour lyffyng.' Than kyng Dindimus resaffed þis lettre wirchipfully and wrate anoþer agayne of this tenour.

12

¹ ' Dyndimus maister of þe Bragmayns vn-to kyng Alexander ioy & gretynge. We hafe wele vndirstanden by þe tenour of thi lettres, þat þou desyres gretly for to hafe verray connyng and perfitt wysdom; þe whilke are mekill better þan any 16 kyngdom; for þay may neuer be boghte wit na pryce, wharefore I comend þe gretly, knawyng þat þou arte a wyse mað. For ane Emperour wit-owtten * wisdom, es noghte lorde of his subiectis, Bot his sugettis ere lordes of hym. ȝe wrate 20 vntill vs, praying vs for to schewe ȝowe oure maners of lyffyng, ilke a poynte efter oþer, þe whilke we halde impossible for to doo. For oure maner of lyffyng es full ferre dyuerse fra ȝours. For noþer we wirchipe þe goddes þat ȝe wirchipe, 24 ne ledis þe lyfe þat ȝe lede. And if I writte ȝowe oughte of oure maner of lyffyng, ȝe may hafe na sauoure þare in, be-cause ȝe are besily occupied wit dedis of armes. Neuer-þe-lesse þat ȝe say noȝte þat I layne oure lyfe fra ȝow for envy, Als 28 mekill as comeȝ to my mynde at þis tyme I sañt writt vnto ȝow of oure maners.

² ' We Bragmayns ledeȝ a symple lyfe & a clene and þe wirchipyng of many goddes we eschu. We do na synnes ne 32 we will hafe na mare þan resoun of kynde asches. All thyngeȝ we suffer & þat, say we, es necessary & ynoghē, þat es noȝte ouermekill. We tilte na lande, ne eryes, ne sawes, ne ȝokes noþer ox ne horse in plughe ne in carte. Ne nett caste we nane in þe 36 see, for to take fysche; Ne huntnyng ne fewlynge vse we

¹ Four lines with capital *D* in red, and small *d* in margin beside.

² Three lines with red capital *W*, and small *w* in margin.

nanne. Mete & drynke hafe we ynoghe, and oper mete seke we
 nane, bot þat þe erthe oure allere moder wit-owtten̄ mannes
 labour brynges furthe. Wit swilke metis we fill oure wambes,
 4 whilke nuȝes vs noȝte, ne na harme dose. And ȝit of swilke
 metis we fill noȝte oure bodis to full. For amangeȝ vs it es an
 vn-semely thynge & an vn-leefull to see a grete-belyed man. And
 8 þare-for ere we aff oure lyfe tyn̄ wit-owtten̄ sckenesse
 & lyffeȝ lang & alwaye are in gude hele till oure lyffes ende.

We vse neuer-mare na medcyns ne sekес na helpe for þe hele of
 oure bodys. At a terme of deede endes oure lyfes, for ane of vs
 leues na langere þan an-þoper, Bot efter þe order of þe birthe of
 12 man, þe terme of deede comes till ilke a man. Thare comeȝ
 nane of vs at na fire for na calde, ne clathes comeȝ þare nane
 apoñ vs, Bot alway we ga naked. We fulfull neuer þe desyres
 of oure bodys. Thurgh pacyence we suffree aff thyngeȝ. Aff
 16 oure inwarde enemys we slaa, So þat we drede nane enemys
 wit-owtten̄. For lightlyer es a citee or a castelle takeñ þat es
 ensegged bathe wit inwarde enemys & wit-owtten̄, þan þat þat
 es ensegged allanly wit owtwarde enemys. Bot þou, emperour,
 20 feghtes agaynes owtwardeȝ enemys for [to] foster & nuresche thyn̄
 inwardeȝ enemys, þe whilke ere fendes of heſte. We Bragmayns
 has slayne aff oure inwardeȝ enemys and þarefore we drede nane
 owtwarde enemys ne nane helpe sekes for to hafe agayneȝ þan*

24 noþer be see ne be land. Bot we ere always sewre ynoghe,
 and lyffeȝ wit-owtten̄ any drede. Oure bodys we hiſt wit
 þe leues of trees and þe fruyte of þam we ete. We ete mylke
 also and drynkes water of a gude ryuere or of swete welles.

28 We wirchippe a god, and till hym alwaye we ȝelde lonyngeȝ.
 We desire þe life of þe werlde þat es to come, and vs liste noȝte
 here þe þyng þat turneȝ to na profett. We spekke noȝte
 mekiſt, Bot when we ere artede for to speke we say noȝte bot

32 þe sothe, and onane we halde vs stiſt. Reches luffe we noȝte.
 Couetise es a thynge þat may noȝte be filled, þe whilke ofte-
 sytheȝ brynges a man till a mescheuous ende. Wrethe ne
 envie es þare nane amangeȝ vs, ne nane of vs es strangere þan
 36 anoþer. Of the pouert þat we hafe we ere riche, for we hafe it
 in comon̄. We strife neuer mare, ne beres neuer wapen̄. We
 bere peesse ilkan till oper of custom̄, noȝte thurgh vertu.
 Domes hafe we nane amanges vs, for we do nane ill, whare-fore

to mother earth.
 They use such meats as do them no harm, nor do they eat too much, and there are no great-bellied men amongst them. They have no sickness nor medicines. They live the fixed term of life. They have no fire for cold. They conquer themselves. Alexander conquers others and is conquered by his inner enemies. Therefore do the Brahmins * Leaf 33. dread no foes. They are clad in leaves and drink water. They worship one god and desire eternal life. They love not long speech nor covetousness. They are all of equal might and riches, and bear no weapons. Neither have they dooms, for they do no ill.

Neither need
they mercy.
They have no
avarice, adul-
terry, or
lechery, and
have therefore
no penance or
sudden death.

They are ar-
rayed in no
bright clothes.

They always
keep to the
same trades.
They use no
baths.

They will
make no other
man serve
them.

They have no
houses nor
vessels, but
live in caves
and crags.
They sleep on
the earth.

* Leaf 33 bk.
Their houses
become their
graves.

They sail not
the seas for
trade.

They seek no
eloquence but
rather sim-
plicity of
speech. They
have no philo-
sophers, for
such are liars
and of un-
steadfast
speech.

But in their
schools they
learn wisdom
and righteous-
ness.
They love not
plays.

we schulde be called vn-to dome. A law þare es þat es contrary
til oure kynde. For we do na mercy, bi-cause we do no thynge
whare-fore we sulde aske mercy. We do na labour þat perteneþ
to couetise or auarice. We giff noȝte oure bodyse to lechorye, 4
we do nane advowtrye, ne we do na synð whare-fore vs sulde
nede to do penance. We fynde na fawte in na thynge, For we
all does that þat righte es. We dye na sodeyne dede, For
thurgh foulē dedis we corupte noȝte þe ayere. We vse na g
clathes þat are littede of dyuerse coloures. Oure wiffes ne are
noȝte gayly arayed for to plesse vs. Ne wit þam we comon noȝte
bi-cause of luste of lechorye, bot bi-cause of childre getynge. 12
Our wiffes sekes na noþer clethynge, þan þe forlukē of godd
hase granted þam. And whaa dare take apoñ hym for to
chaunge his wirkynge, an heghe syð vs thynke it ware tiff any
mañ for to presume to do it. Baththis vse we nane, ne warme
water to wasche oure bodys wit all. Þe Son mynistres vs hete, 16
and þe dewe of þe ayer ministreþ vs moyster & wete. We hafe
na thoghte of na thynge, ne we schewe na lordeckipe abownð
oþer meñ þat ere lyke vn-tiff us. For a grete crueltee we
halde it to constreyne a mañ to serue vs, whayme kynde & 20
þe forlukē of godd hase made oure broþer als fre als we are.
We bryinne na stanes for to make lyme off and þare-wit to make
vs howses at dueſte in, and curiouſe palaseþ: ne vessell make
we nane. In caues or creuyceþ of cragges we dueſte, whare thare 24
comeþ na noyse of wyndes * ne whare vs thare drede na rayne.
On þe erthe we slepe wit-owttein any besynesse. Swilk
howſes we hafe; in þe whilke, whils we lyffe, we dueſte,
and when we dye, þay ere oure graues. We sayle noȝte in 28
þe see aboute na merchandyse, in þe whilke þay suffre many
perills þat sayles þarein & many meruaylles can tell offe.
The crafte of Eloquence & faire speche, lere we noȝte for to
polishe oure wordes; Bot thurgh þe sympilnesse þat we hafe 32
þat suffres vs noȝte to lye, all oure speche we speke. Scoles
of philosophres haunt wee noȝte, whase techechynges es
alway discordand & na thynge certayne, ne stabill diffines,
bot for þe mare partye lyes. Bot þa scoles we haunte in þe 36
whilke we lere to lyffe vertuosly and also thynges þat teches
vs for to do no wrange to no mañ. Bot after verray right-
wisnesse to helpe ilk mañ at oure powere. Plays lufe we nane.

Bot if vs liste hafe any disporte we take & redeȝ þe lyses & þe dedis of oure Auncestres, and oure predecessours. And if we fynde any thynge in þam þat es cause of laughtre 4 þar-at we wepe & makes dole. Neuer-þe-lesse we behalde oþer thynges of þe whilke oure hertis ere gladdide and grete lykyng has, þat es at say, heuen-schyme wit sternes wit-owt nowmier; þe soñ faire & bryghte, of whase bryghtnesse all 8 þe werlde takes lyghte and hete. The see we se alwaye of purpour coloure, and when tempestes ryseȝ þare-in it dis-truyes noȝte þe land þat es nere it, as it does in ȝoure partes. Bot he embraceȝ it as his sister and gase aboute it.

12 And in þe se we see many dyuerse kyndez of Fischies, Delphines & porpasseȝ layke þam. We hafe lykyng also for to bihalde faire feldes alouer floresched wit flores of þe whilke a swete reflaire enters in-till oure noseȝ, in þe whilke 16 a sensible saule hase maste delite. Also we delit vs in faire placeȝ of woddeȝ & of swete welles whare we here swete sangeȝ of fewles. This customs hafe we al-way, þe whilke, & þou walde halde noȝte bot a while, we trowe þou suld thynke 20 þam riȝte hard. Blame noȝte me, for all þat þou requererde me be þi lettres I send þe wretyn. Neuer-þe-less, and it sulde noȝt dispiese the, I walde tell þe a littif of oure doctryne þe whilke makes oure lyfe to seme harde vn-to þe.

24 ȝee hafe wit-in a schorte while conquered & made sugete vn-to ȝour empire all Asy, Europe, & Affryke. As ȝour selfe hase¹ sayde * ȝe make þe lighte of þe soñ to faile, when ȝe seke þe termes of his course thurgh werre. ȝe ete all manere 28 of thynges² þat comeȝ till hande, And ȝour vesages semeȝ as ȝe ware fastande & hungry. ȝe slaa ȝour childe makande sacrifice of þam to Mawmetes. ȝe sawe discorde bi-twix kynges and thase þat schulde be meke ȝe stirre for to be 32 prowde. ȝe make men to thynke þat grete space of landes suficeȝ þam noȝte And so þay seke duellynge placeȝ of heuen. 36 ȝe wirchipe as a goddesse. For Iubiter defouled many mens

But they rather read of the lives and deeds of their forefathers and weep if there be any cause for laughter. They are glad in the brightness of nature and its delights. He will tell Alexander a little of their doctrine. Alexander has conquered the world, and made the sun pale. The visages of his men grow thin and hungry. They offer their children to Maumets. Alexander sows

* Leaf 34. discord between kings and ever desires more ground. The gods of the Greeks do ill deeds and they are fools that serve such. The Greeks fain con-

¹ Scribblings at the bottom of leaf 33 bk. :—‘P.’, ‘G.’ below the P., then ‘H. Amen. Do For’.

² Scribe originally wrote *thynkes*, but changed the *k* into a *g*, thus *thynges*.

quer other
men

They change
their laws,
and do but
hold with
fine speech,
loving gold
and silver and
rich things.
The Greeks
live in glut-
tony and fall
sick.

The wisdom of
the Brahmins
surpasses all
that of the
Greeks.
They burn the
bodies of the
dead and do
not give back
to earth what
earth has
given forth.
The Bra-
hmins slay no
beasts in the
worship of
God, neither
do they have
gold nor
silver nor
precious
things in His
service, since
for none of
these things
does God hear
man, but only
for his good
works.
Prayer is the
word and the
word is God.
Therefore are
the Greeks
fools, holding
themselves
* Leaf 34 bk.
heavenly and
thinking they
communicate
with God
whilst they
defile

wyfes, and Proserpyna made many men to do advowtry wit hir. Full wretched & full hye fules þay ere, þat swilke goddes wirchipes. ȝee will noȝte suffer men lyfe in þaire awenȝ libertee bot makes þam ȝour thralles & ȝour sugetes. ȝe deme 4 noȝte riȝtwisly, ȝe gerre ȝour iugeȝ change ȝour lawes as ȝow liste. ȝe say many thyngeȝ þat sulde be donne, bot ȝe do þam noȝte. ȝe halde na man wysse bot hym þat hase Eloquence of speche. ȝe hafe all ȝour witt in ȝour tunges, and all ȝour 8 wysdome es in ȝour mouthe. ȝe lufe golde & siluer & gaders þam to-gedir and desyreȝ to hafe grete howseȝ & hye, and grete multitude of seruandez. ȝe ete & drynk to mekiȝ, so þat oftymes ȝour stomake thurgh grete replecion es greued & many 12 sekenesse þare-thurgh ȝe fall in, & so ofte sythes dyes before ȝour tyme. ȝe wolde euer-mare halde ȝour reches and all thyngeȝ þat ȝe may gete. Bot all thyngeȝ at þe laste leues ȝow. þe wysdom allanly of þe Bragmayns pasceȝ all ȝour witt & 16 ȝour wysdom. For, & we wele consedere, þe same moder þat broghte for the stanes & trees, of þe same was bathe oure bygynyng & ȝours. ȝe honowre ȝour Sepultours curiouslye wit golde & syluer, and in vesselle made of precyouse stanes ȝe putt 20 þe asse of ȝour bodys, wher ȝay ere brynned. And what may be werre þam for till take þe banes, þat þe erthe sulde hafe, for to ga brynþ þam, and noȝte suffere þe erthe resayffe his element þe whilke he broghte forth. 24

'We sla na besteȝ in þe wirchipe of goddeȝ. Nee temples make we name, for to sett in ymageȝ of golde or of siluere in þe name of false goddeȝ, as ȝe do; ne awters of golde and of precious stanes. ȝe hafe swilke a lawe for to honoure ȝour 28 goddeȝ wit ȝour gudes for þat þay saȝt here ȝour prayers. Bot we vndirstande & wate wele þat noȝer for golde ne siluer; ne for þe blode of calues nor gayte ne schepe Godd̄ heres any man. Bot for gude werkes þe whilke Godd̄ lufes, and thurgh 32 þe wordes of deuote prayere. Godd̄ wiȝt here a man for þe worde. For thurgh worde we ere lyke to Godd̄. For Godd̄'es worde,* and þat worde made all þe werlde aud thurgh þat worde all thyngeȝ hase beyng, Mouyng & lyfe. That worde wirchipe 36 wee and luffes & honowres. Godd̄ es a spirite. And he lufes na-thyng bot þat that es clene. Whare-fore we halde ȝow full grete foles, that weneȝ ȝour kynde be heuenly, and þat ȝe hafe

communicacion with Godd, And neuer-pe-less files ȝour kynde
wit advowtries & fornicacions & seruyce of Mawmettis & false
goddis, and many oper wikkede dedis: ilke a day þis ȝe do.
4 ȝis ȝe luffe, and þarefore wher ȝe ere dede ye salt suffere tour-
mentis wit-owtterd nowmer. ȝe wene þat Godd will be mercyalbe
vn-to ȝow bi-cause þat ȝe offre hym blode & flesse of dyuerse
besteȝ. Bot we on þe contrarye wyse luffeȝ clennesse bathe of
8 Body & of saule, so þat we mowe hafe after þis lyfe ioy þat
neuer salt hafe ende.

their own kind with foul sins and idolatry. When they die they shall suffer endless pain and their slain beasts avail them nought.

' ȝee serue noȝte a Godd þat regneȝ in heueid, Bot ȝe do seruyce
to many false goddis. For als so many membris, als ȝe hafe on
12 ȝour bodys, als many goddis ȝe wirchipe & serues. For ȝe calle
a mani þe lesse werlde, and riȝte as a mani here hase many
lymmes, so ȝe say þare are many goddes in heueid. ȝe say Iuno
es godd of þe hert, bi-cause he was wonder angry ; and Mars ȝe
16 say es godd of þe breste, bi-cause he was prynce of Batetis.
Mercury ȝe calle godd of þe tung, bi-cause he was wonder
eloquent in spekyng. Hercules ȝe trowe be godd of þe armes,
Bi-cause he did twelfe passande dedes of armes. ȝee trowe
20 Bacus be godd of þe throtte, for he fande firste drounkynnesse.
Couetise, ȝe say, es godd of þe lyuer, for he was þe firste lechoure
þat euer was. And ȝe say þat he hase in his hande a byrnand
fyrebrande whare-wit he styrres þe luste of lechery. Cereris
24 ȝe calle godd of þe wambe, bi-cause scho was þe firste Fynder
of wheete. And Venus, be-cause scho was moder of lechery, ȝe
say scho es godd of þe preuee membres of mani & womani.
Mynerua, bi-cause scho was fynder of many werkes, ȝe say
28 wisdome risteȝ in her, and þare-fore ȝe call hir godd of þe heued.
And oni þis wyse all þe body of mani ȝe deuyde in goddes,
& na party þareoffe ȝe lefe in ȝour awenid powere. Ne ȝe trowe
noȝte that a godd þat es in heueid made ȝour bodys of noghte.
32 False goddes ȝe wirchipe þat salt brynge ȝow to thralledome
& schame & schenchipe, and to thaynid ȝe make sacrafice &
tribute payes. Vn-to Mars ȝe offere a Bare. To Bacus ȝe
offere a gayte; To Iune a pacoke; To Iubiter a Bulle; To
36 Appollo * a swane¹; To Venus a doufe; To Mynerua ane
owle; To Cereris floure; To Mercury hony. And Hercules ȝe
onowrend wit floures & grene braunches of treesseȝ. þe temple

The Greeks serve not one God but many. They have for every human member a god.

The account of all the Greek gods and their evil doings.

Thus they give all their body over to numberless gods, not worshiping the one Creator, but rather false gods that bring them into thraldom. The sacrifices

¹ Bottom of leaf 34 swanne, top of leaf 35 swane.

which they offer to their gods. The gods become not their helpers but their tormentors, egging them on to all evils. Yet they must hearken to them.

Righteous punishment for the ill deeds of the Greeks.

The prayers of the Greeks are evil, so that they are harmed whether such be heard or not.

All the torments of hell are in the Greeks through their own vices.

And the bodies of the Greeks are a living hell.

of Couetyse þe enourne wit roseȝ. Alle ȝour myghte & ȝoure triste þe putt in þam þat may ȝow na-thyng helpe at nede. Now sothely þe pray þam noȝte to be ȝour helpers, Bot ȝoure tourmentours. For it byhoues nedis be þat, als many goddes als þe wirchipe & gyffes þam powere of ȝour lymmes, als many tourmenteȝ ȝe suffere. Ane of ȝour goddes stirres ȝow to fornycacion. Ane oþer to ete & drynke to mekif, and anoþer to feghte & stryffe. All ere þay ȝour lordes, and to ȝam ȝe obey & serues and wirchippes. So þat wonder it es þat ȝour wrechid bodys fayles noȝte for þe many seruyceȝ þat ȝe do to so many goddes. And gud riȝte it es þat ȝe serue swilke goddes bi-cause of þe many wikkede dedis þat ȝe do.
 And for ȝe will noȝte cesse of ȝour iff dedis, þarefore ȝe serue swilke goddes till ȝour awenid harme, For euernare þay desyre þat ȝe do iff. If ȝour goddes here ȝow wherid ȝe pray to þam, þay do ȝow harme in ȝour conscience. For þat that ȝe pray fore es iff. And if þay here ȝow noghte, þan ere þay contrarye to ȝour desyres. Whare-fore whethir þay here ȝow, or þay here ȝow noghte, euer-mare þay do ȝow disesse. Þise ere þa¹ tourmenteȝ þat oure doctours talde vs offe, þat here in this werlde tourmenteȝ ȝow as ȝe ware dede. For, and ȝe consyder wele, þare may no man suffere wers tourment þan ȝe doo. For all þe takens þat oure doctours telleȝ vs ere in helle, and we see þam in ȝowe.² þare are many paynes in helle,
 24 ȝe suffre paynes when ȝe wake for to do advowntres, fornycacions, & thiftes, maȝ-slawghters. And namely, þat ȝe bee filled of werldly reches; ȝa, & of worldly rechesse. For oure doctours says, þare es in helle so mekif thriste, þat it may 28 neuer be slokend; and ȝe haue so grete Couetyse of worldly reches þat ȝe may neuer be full. þay say also þat in helle þare es a hunde þat es callede Cerberus þe whilke hase thre heuedes; And if ȝee consider ryȝte, ȝour wambes are lyke Cerberus.
 32 For mekif etyng & drynkynge, þay say also, þare es³ in helle a maner of nedder þat es called Idra. And ȝe for þe many viceȝ, þat ȝe hafe bicause of ȝour full wambeȝ may be callede Idra. Whare-fore & we bi-helde wele all þe illes þat ȝe

¹ MS. reads þa.

² in ȝowe inserted in the right-hand margin by the same scribe.

³ MS. twice over, þare es.

are in helle, þay dueſte in ȝow. * Waa es ȝow, wretchedes, þat swilke a mysbileue haldes; whare-fore after þis lyfe, ȝe moñ suffere paynes wit-owtten nowmer.' When Alexander hadd' redd' his ⁴ letter, he was wonder wrathe, be-cause of iniury of his goddeȝ. Neuer-þe-less, be-lyfe he gart write anoþer agayne of this tenour.

¹ Kyng of kynges, and lorde of lordes, Alexander þe soñ of godd' Amoñ and of þe quene Olympias, to Dindimus, kyng of þe Bragmayns, gretynge. If aſt be ſuñ trew amanges ȝow þou hase ſent wretyñ in thy lettres, þañ allanly ȝe are gode meñ in þis werlde; for as þou says ȝe do nañ ill. ¹² Bot wit þou wele² for certayne, þat þis maner of lyffyng commeȝ noȝte of vertu bot of custom. All thyngeȝ þat we do, ȝe saye es synñ. And aſt þe crafteȝ, þat ere amangeȝ vs on þe same wyse, ȝe say, þay ere synnes. ȝe will diſtroye aſt þe customs þat mañ-kynde hedir-towarde hase hadd' & vſed. Owther ȝe ſchew bi ȝour wordeȝ, þat ȝe are goddeȝ, or eſſis till goddes ȝe hafe envy. And þare-fore ȝe say, as ȝe say, I may noȝt write to ȝow aſt þe order of ȝour lyffyng. Bot als mekill þare-offe ²⁰ als I may vnderſtande at this tyme, I ſall write vn-to ȝow. ȝee say ȝe vſe noȝte for to till þe erthe, ne ſawе na corne, ne plante na vynes, ne ſett na trees, na to make na faire howſeȝ. And þe cauſe here-of as it wele ſemes es for ȝe hafe na Ireñ, ²⁴ whare-of ȝe myghte make ȝow tuyles for to wirke with-aſſe. And þare-fore ȝow by-houes nedes ett herbes & lede an harde lyfe, ryȝte as beſteȝ. For ȝe may nowþer gette brede ne flesche ne fyſche. Does noȝt wolfes oñ þe ſame wyſe, þe whilke, wheñ ²⁸ þay may noȝte geþ paires ſill of flesche, þay ſill þaire belys of þe erthe? And it ware lefull or lykande to ȝow to come till oure cuntree, we ſulde lere na wiſdom of ȝoure nede. And þare-fore late ȝour hunger habyd̄e at hame in ȝour awen̄i cuntree. ³² þat mañ es noȝte mekill at command' þat alwayes lyfſeſ in diſſeſe. Bot he es gretyl to command', þat in reches lyffeȝ attemperally. Bot and meñ ſchulde be commandid' þat are oppreſſed wiſ diſſeſe, þañ ſulde blynd meñ, leprouſe meñ, ³⁶ & oþer ſwilke ouer aſt oþer be commandid'; þe blynde, for he ſees noȝt at desyrc; þe pouer, for he hafe noȝte at do. And we walde make oure duellynge in ȝour cuntree we ſulde ſuffere

* Leaf 35
bk.
Woe to the
Greeks.
Alexander
is angry at
this letter,
and
replies to
Dindimus.

If it be as
Dindimus
says, then
truly the
Brahmins
only are
good.

Yet the
Brahmins
do this
through
custom,
eschewing
all civiliza-
tion, and
envy of
the gods.

Their spar-
ingness and
virtues
come from
their
poverty
and the
poorness of
their
country.

They are
even as
wolves.

If they
come to
Greece the
Greeks
should
learn
naught of
them, so let
them abide
at home.

Poverty is
not to be
praised, but
temperance
in riches,
nor are the
maimed to
be praised
that they

¹ Five lines ſpaced red capital K with small k in the margin beside.

² Bot wit þou wele repeated in MS.

do no ill,
since their
defect

* Leaf 36.
hinders
them.
Their chas-
tity is due
to want of
food.
But the
Brahmins
live as mere
beasts.

The Brahm-
mins seek
no learn-
ing, having
beastlike
no feeling
or delight
in good.
But men
can rejoice
through
free will.
The
changes of
the world
and of the
ages of
man are
even as the
day
brightens
and
darkens,
even as a
child is
simple,
youth pre-
sumptuous,
and old age
stable.
Who will
look for the
opposite?
The de-
lights of the
senses and
of those
things
given us by
earth, sea,
and sky.
Abstinence
from this is

pouert & wrechidnes riȝte as ȝe do. ȝe say also þat ȝour wyfes vseȝ na prowde aray for to plete þaire husbandeȝ, and þe cause es for þay hafe na noþer * thyng for till araye þam wit.¹ Also ȝe say ȝe do nane advowtries ne fornycacions. And þat es na 4 meruaile! For-whi, how sulde þay hafe luste to lechery þat etes noȝte. Luste of lechery es noȝte comonly, bot yf it come of hete of þe leuer or ells of habudance of mete & drynke. Bot ȝe ete na-thynge bot herbes & roteȝ, as ȝe ware swyne, 8 & drynkes water & vnnethes may ȝe sloken ȝour hunger and þarefore ȝe hafe nañ appitite to women.

'ȝe hafe na liste to studie aboute lerynge, ne ȝe seke na mercy ne dees nane till oper. And all this ȝe hafe in comon 12 wit besteȝ. For riȝte as besteȝ hase nowþer resoñ ne discrecioñ, ne hase na felynge of gude, riȝte so þay hafe na delite in gode. Bot till vs resonable meñ þat has free will of kynde ere many lykynges & blandeschyngeȝ granted. For it es im-possible þat 16 þis werlde wyde & brade sulde noȝte hafe sunð chaungyng of gouernance; So þat ne after heuyness & sorowe, Ioy & myrthe sulde noȝte folowe.² For-why manes will es variable & chaungeable þat chaungeȝ wit þe heuen ȝabownȝ. On þe same wyse 20 manes hert es dyuerse. For wheñ þe day es clere, manes hert es gladde & blythe. And wheñ þe day es derke, manes wittis are derke & dufle & heuy. Also meñ chaungeȝ thurgh dyuerse ages. For barnehed reioyse it in sympilnesse, ȝouthede in 24 presump туosnes, And grete elde in stabilnes. For wha will luke efter wysdome in a childe, In a ȝunge mañ stabillnes, or in an alde mañ wildenes? Many delitable thynges comeȝ till oure mynde. For sunð we See wit oure eghne; Sunð we hafe thurgh herynge; Sunð we sele thurgh smellyng; Sunð thurgh tastynge; and Sunð thurgh towchynge. Sumtyme we hafe delite in salutacions & swete sangeȝ & melodys of dyuerse Instrumenteȝ. Of þe erthe we hafe al maner of gud fruyteȝ; 32 of þe see we hafe habundance of fysche, and of þe ayere delyte of fewles of dyuerse kyndis. If þou abstene þe fra all thies oþthir it es for pride or for envy. For pride, þat þou dispiseȝ swilke precyouse gifteȝ. For envy bi-cause þay ere noȝte gyffed 36 ȝow, as þat þay ere to vs. Bot efter myñ opynyñ I deme þat

¹ Leaf 35 þam wit; leaf 36 þam wit.

² The second vowel in folowe is difficult to read. It looks like folewe.

þour lyffyng and þour maners commes mare of foundnesse þan
of wysdom. For seid ȝe are meid ȝe schulde hafe þe vertuȝ of
a resonable creature, and þat hafe ȝe noȝhte.' When Dindimus
had red ȝis lettre, onane he wrate awoþer to kyng Alexander
of ȝis tenour.

¹ 'Dyndimus, þe mayster of þe Bragmayns, vn-tiff Alexander,
gretynge. We hafe vndirstand þe tenour of þi lettres & þus we
ansuere. We er noȝte * lordeȝ of this werlde, as we sulde euermare
lyffe þare in. But we ere pilgrymes in þis werlde, and wher
dede comeȝ we wende tiff oþer habytacions. Oure Synneȝ
greueȝ vs noȝte, ne we duelle noȝte in þe tabernacles of
synners.² We do na thyfte. And for þe conseynce þat we
haue, we gaa noȝte furthe in oþei. We say noȝte þat we ere
goddes, ne nane envy hase vn-to þam. Godd þat made all þat
es in þis werlde, he ordeyned many diuerse thynges. For
warne dyuersitees ware of thynges þe werld myȝte noghte
stande. Godd gaffe maid fre will, for to discerne of all thynges
þat ere in þe werld, and chese whilke hym lyste. Whare-fore
he þat leues þe iñ & cheseȝ þe gode, noȝte godd, but goddes
frende he may be called. Be-cause þat we lyffe contenenly,
and in quiete & reste, ȝe say þat we ere goddeȝ, or elles
þat we hafe envy to goddeȝ. But this suspeccioñ þat ȝe
hafe of vs, perteneȝ to ȝow. For ȝe þat ere blawen full of
þe wynde of pride ȝe aray ȝour bodys wit gloryous cleþyng,
and on ȝour fyngers, ȝe putt iowells of golde & precuous
stanes.

'Bot I pray ȝow, what profit does þis ȝow: Golde and siluer
saues noȝte a manes saule, ne susteneȝ noȝte mens bodys. Bot
we þat knawes þe verray profit of golde, and þe kynd þare-
offe, when vs thristeȝ, & gase to þe ryuere for to take vs a
drynke, if we fynde golde in þe way, we trede apoñ it wit oure
fete. For golde noþer filleȝ vs wher we hunger, ne slokens
oure thriste, ne it heleȝ noȝte a maid þat es seke. If a maid
thriste & drynke water, it putteȝ away his thriste. Also if a
maid hunger & ete mete, it does away his hunger. Bot and
golde ware of þe same kynde, als soñ als a maid haddeit, þe vice
of Couetyse suld be slokynde in hym. Be þis cause es golde iñ.

due either to
pride or
peevishness.

He deems the
Brahmins live
so through
folly.

Dindimus to
Alexander.

* Leaf 36 bk.

Man is not
lord of this
world, but a
pilgrim in it.
The virtue of
the Brahmins.

God made
things di-
verse so that
the world
might endure.

He gave man
free will to
choose of all
that which
him list. Not
they, but the
Greeks, seem
envious of
the gods.

Gold and
silver save
none. They
despise it as
useless,
quenching
neither
hunger nor
thirst.

Neither does
it slack the
vice of
covetousness.

¹ Two lines with small red capital *D* and
small cursive *d* in the margin beside.

² MS. *synners* with a contraction mark
over the *y*.

The more one has the more one desires. The Greeks worship wicked men, being themselves wicked, offering up beasts to their idols. Thus do they, who shall die, honour themselves.

* Leaf 37.
Alexander to Dindimus.
The Brahmins live as they do because they do not mingle with other men, but are shut off from them. They suffer even as those who lie in prison. He holds them as wretched fools, and could he but do it would march towards them with an army to make them leave their miserable life and become warriors.

For ay þe mare þat a man hase þare-offe, þe mare he couetes. Wikkede meñ are wyrchippede amangez ȝow. For comonly a man luffes hym þat es lyke till hym selfen. ȝe say þat godd takes nane hede till dedly thynges. And neuer-þe-lesse ȝe bygge 4 temples, and makes autres in þam, and settis vp mawmettes abownn þam, and grete delyte hase when bestes ere offerde, & in þam, and at ȝour name es noysede, þis was done to þi fader, to thynd Eldfader, & till all thi progenyours. And þe same also es highte on-to þe. Wit swilke wirchipes þay ere rewarded, þat knawes noȝte þam selfe dedly.' When Alexander hadd red ȝis lettre onane he sente anoþer agayne and that was of this tenour þe whilk þat folowes.¹

12

2 * ' Alexander, þe son of godd Amon & of þe quene Olympias, kyng of kynges & lorde of lordes, vn-to Dyndymus kynge of þe Bragmayns we sende. For als mekiñ als ȝour duellynge es in þat partye of þe werlde fra þe begynyng, whare na strangers 16 may com to ȝow, bot if it be riȝte fewe, ne ȝe may noȝte passe forthe of ȝour cuntree, but als swa say ȝe, are parred in, and na ferrere may passe; þarefore ȝe magnyfye ȝour manere of lyffynge and supposez þat ȝe are blyssed be-cause þat ȝe er so spered in, 20 þat if ȝe walde neuer so gladly passe furthe for to lere þe customes þat oþer meñ vse, ȝe may noȝte; and nyñ-ȝe wiñ-ȝe, ȝow by-houez nedis suffere þat caytefftee þat ȝe lyffe in. Wharefore it semez bi ȝour techynge, that þay þat liggez in preson, 24 are als mekiñ at comend als ȝe, þe whilke vn-to þaire lyues ende suffres sorowe and nede. And as me thynke, þe gudnesse þat ȝe ruse ȝow offe, may wele be lykkened to þe paynes of þaim þat ere in preson. And so þat that oure lawe demes to be done t[i]ll wikked 28 meñ, ȝe suffere kyndely. And þare-fore hym þat we halde wyse, ȝe halde an Ebbere fule². Sothely me thynk ȝour lyffynge es noȝte blyssed bot wrechid and as it ware a chastying to ȝowe. I swere ȝow by oure goddes of myghte, þat, & I myghte come 32 to ȝow with an oste, I sulde gare ȝow leue ȝour wrechid lyfe, and by-come meñ of armes, als many of ȝow als ware able.' When Alexander had sent this lettre till Dyndimus he gart

¹ The second vowel of *folowes* is often written so small as to render it uncertain whether it is an *o* or *e*.

² Four lines with red capital *A*.

³ *fou* written in MS. before *fule* and scratched out. This word *fou* or *fou* was complete and not a half-written word, as the MS. shows.

rayse vp a pelare of Marble a wonder grete, & an heghe, and
gart writh þare-apon this title wit lettres of grewe, of latyne,
and of þe langage of Inde. 'I Alexander, PhilippP son of
4 Macedoyne, after þe discomfytour & þe dedd of Darius & Porus
come on werre vn-to this place.'

¹ Fra þeine kyng Alexander & his Oste remowed & come in-
till a felde, þat was called Actea & þare þay luded. Abowte
8 þat felde was a thikke wodd of treesse berand fruyte; of þe
whilke wilde meid þat duelt in þe Same wodd vsede for till hafe
þaire fude, whase bodyes ware grete as geauntez, and þaire
cleyhinge ware made of skynnes of dyuerse bestez. And wheid
12 þay saw Alexander Oste luge þare, onane þare come oute of þe
wodd, a grete multitude of þam wit lange roddes in þaire handz &
bi-gand for to feghte wit þe oste. And þan Alexander commanded
þat all [þe] oste schulde sette vp a schowte at anes. And also
16 sone als þe wylde* meid herde þat² noyse, þay were wondere fered
be-cause þay had neuer be-fore herde swilke a noyse. And thaid
þay be-gand to flee hedir & thedir in þe wodd. And Alexander &
his meid persued þam and slew of þam vi^c xxx iiiij. And þay slew
20 of Alexander knyghtes xxvij. In þat felde Alexander & his
oste leuged iij dayes and vetailed þam of þat fruyte þat growed
in þe wodd.

³ Fra þeine pay remowed and come till a grete ryuer, & luded
24 þam þare. And as it ware abowte none, þare come apoið þam
a wilde maid, als mekilt als a geaunte. And he was rughe of
hare aft ouer, and his heide was lyke till a swyne, And his voyce
also. And wheid Alexander saw hym, he bad his knyghtis tak
28 hym & bryng hym bi-for hym. And wheid þay come abowte
hym, he was na thynge fered, ne fledd noȝte, bot stodd baldly bi-
fore þam. And when Alexander saw that, he comanded þat þay
sulde take a young dameself & nakken hir & sett hir bi-before hym.
32 And þay did so. And onane, he ranne apoið hir romyandd as
he hadde bene wodd. Bot þe knyghtes wit grete deficcultee refete
hyr fra hym. And ay he romyed & made grete mane. And
efte þay broghte hym till Alexander and sett hym bi-before hym.
36 And Alexander wonderd gretly of his figure. And þan he

Alexander raised up a pillar and wrote his victories on it in Greek, Latin, and in the language of India.

They come to a forest full of wild men eating fruit and clothed in the skins of beasts. They fight Alexander with rods in their hands.

* Leaf 37 bk.
The Greeks put them to flight by shouting, and slay many of them.

They come to a great river and stay there. There they meet a wondrous wild man with a swine's head and voice.

They tempt him with a naked damsel and

¹ Four lines with red capital F.

² þat at the bottom of leaf 37 and þe at the top of leaf 37 bk.

³ Five lines with large red F, small f

beside.

then burn him alive. They come to a wondrous woodland with trees that spring up in the daytime and at sunset sink back into the earth, with fruit of sweet smell but of bitter taste.

A knight takes of this, but is smitten dead by an evil spirit, and a voice proclaims the same to any that come nigh. In that

* Leaf 38.
place are tame birds, and who touches them is scorched by fire. They come to a mountain, climb for 8 days, and at the top they fight dragons, etc. Going down they come into a dark valley with wondrous trees and streams, and a mountain with thick air.

gerte bynd hym till a tree & make a fyre abowte hym & brynde hym. And so þay didd¹. Fra þeine þay remowed^d & come till anoþer felde in þe whilke þare ware growand^dtreesse, of a wonderfull heghte, and þay bigað for to sprynge vp at þe soñ rysyng^e; 4 And bi þe soñ settynge þay wyted^a-away in-to þe erthe agayne. At þe firste houre of þe day þay bi-gað to sprynge ous^e of þe erthe, & so þay wex ay to myddaye, and það þay bi-gað to decresse. And by þe soñ settynge þay ware in þe erthe agayne, 8 And was na thyngh of þam sene bi-fore on þe morne. Þir treesse bare a fruyte wonder swete of reflare bot þay [ware] bitter of taste. When Alexander saw þat fruyte he bade a knyghte bryng hym þareoffe. And he went & tuk þare-offe, and onane 12 a wikked spirit smate hym, and be-lyfe he was dede. And það þay herd^b a voyce in þe ayer þat said^c on þis wyse: ‘What man so neghes þir treesse he saff dye onane.’ Þare was also in þat felde fewles wonder meke & tame. Bot what man so layde 16 hande on any of þam, onane þare come fire ous^e of þam, & brynt hym riȝte greuously.

* 2 Than þay remowed fra þeine, And come till a Mountayne, þat was so lyte, þat þay ware viij dayes in gangyng ar þay 20 myȝte wyne to þe heglite þare-offe. And wheñ þay come to þe heghte of it, þare come agaynes þam a grete multitude of dragones, Serpentes, and lyones þe whilke turmentid Alexander & his meñ reghte gretely. And at þe laste, þay askaped^d þaire 24 daungere, and went doun of þe mountayne and come in-till a vaylay þat was so myrke þat vnnethes myghte ane of þam See anoþer. In þat depe valay ware treesse growand^d of whilke þe fruyte & þe lefes ware wonder sauory in þe tastynge, and reueells 28 of water faire & clere. Aglith dayes contenuelly þay saw na soñ. And at þe viij days end^e þay come to þe fote of a mountayne whare all þe Oste thurgh^f a wikked thikk ayer ware so gretley dissesed^g þat þay ware in poynte to hafe bene choked³² þare-offe. And wheñ þay come a-bowñ on þe mountayne, þay fande þe ayer mare sotell, and þe lighte of þe day mare clere. And þus þay ware wendand^h vpwarde, on þis Mountayne Elleuenⁱ, xj, days wit grete trauaile. And wheñ þay come to þe 36

¹ Four lines with red capital *F* and small *f* beside.

² Four lines with red capital *T* and

a dragon within, and the head of a dragon above with sting out.

hegheste of þis Mountayne, þay saw on þe toþer syde faire weder & bryghte. And það þay went downð of þis Mountayne, and come in till a grete playne of whilke þe erthe was wonder rede.
4 And in þis playne þare ware growande treesse wit-owtterð nowmer; and þay passed noȝte a cubit in heghtie, & þaire fruyte & þaire lefes ware passandly swete as þay had bene fyges. And þay fande þare reuefts riȝte many, of clere water as cristalfe.
8 And it was als nureschand to manes body, as it hadd bene mylke wit-outterð eny oþer mete. Thurgh þat ilk playne þay went fourty .xl. days and það þay com till wonder heghe Mountaynes; and it seemed as þe topes had towched þe firma-
12 ment. And þir Mountaynes ware als brant vp-riȝte as þay had bene walles. So þat þare was na clymbyng vpon þam. And at þe laste þay fande twa passageȝ be-twix þase Mountaynes, of whilke, þe tane streched to-warde þe west, and þe toþer towards
16 þe Este. Than Alexander demed þat that dyuyson be-twix þase Mountaynes was made thurgh Noye flode. And það þay went by þat passage þat streched to warde þe Este Seuen days.
And on þe heghteð .viiij. day þay fande a Basilisc þat men-
20 calleȝ a Cocatrys, a grete & ane horrible. And because of his grete elde he was foul stynkanȝ. * Þis ilke Basilisc was so venomous, þat noȝte aft anely thurgh his stynke, bot also thurgh his sighte allane, whayn so he luked on, he sulde dy-
24 onane; það þe Macedoynes and þe persyenes, as þay passede thurgh þe strayt way dyed thikk-falde thurgh þe sighte of þat Basilisc. And when Alexander knyghtis saw that perill, þay durste passe na farther bot said amangeȝ það: ‘þe vertue of
28 oure goddes,’ quoth þay, ‘es bifore vs, þat schewes vs þat we schulde ga na forthir.’ Bot Alexander went bi hym ane vpon an heghe cragge, where he myghte see on ferrome fra hym.
And það he saw this pestellencius beste þe Basilisc lygg-
32 slepande in myddes of þe passage. þe kynde of hym was þat, als so sone als he felid a maið or a beste comd nere hym, for to open his eghne & stare appon það, and als many als he luked on, solde sudaynly falle douð & dye. When
36 Alexander had sene hym, Be lyfe he went dounne of þe² cragge, and gart sett a merke þat na mai sulde passe. And

They climb this mountain for eleven days and then they come through clear weather into a land of red earth growing dwarf trees with wonderfully sweet fruit. And here they find crystal streams whose waters nourish as though they were milk. They march through that plain forty days, and then they come to mountains whose tops reach the skies and in which were two passages, one towards the west and the other towards

* Leaf 38 bk. the east, which Alexander thinks were made by the Flood. They go east seven days.

On the eighth day they find a Basilisk that slays through look alone. He kills many. Alexander surveys him from afar off.

¹ þat inserted above the line by scribe.

² g first turned into c, then finally erased between þe and cragge.

Alexander approaches him
shielded by a mirror,
so that the Basilisk slays himself with his own glances.

The Basilisk being slain they burn him, and praise Alexander.

At last they found their way barred, and must come back to the plain. Then they went westward fifteen days and then to the left. They come to a mountain of adamant hung

* Leaf 39.
around with chains of gold and with sapphire steps.

Alexander goes up the mountain with twelve princes, and finds a wondrous palace of precious

það he gart a payssse be made seuen cubites of lenghte & foure oñ brede; and on þe vtter syde þare-offe he gart sett a grete Mirroure, And a large. And at þe nethir ende of þe pavisse he gart nayle a burde þe lenthe of a cubit for to couere 4 wit his legges, and his fete, so þat na party of hym myȝte be sene. And þan Alexander tuk þis pavisse in his handis, and went towarde this Basilisc, and warned his men þat nað of þam sulde passe his termes. And wheñ he come nere þe basilisc, þe basilisc opynde his eghne. And wit a grete ire he bi-helde þe Mirroure and saw hym-selfe þare-in. And of þe refleccioñ of þe bemes of his sighte strykande appon hym-selfe Sudany he was dede. And wheñ Alexander knewe wele þat 12 he was dede, he called till his knyghtis; And bad þam come see hym þat slewe þaire felawes. And wheñ þay come till hym, þay saw þe Basilisc dede. And það þay comended & prayssed gretly his hardynesse and his hye witt, And went & 16 brynede þe Basilisc at þe commandement of Alexander.

¹ Fra þeine þay went till þey come to þe ferreste of þat waye; and ferrere myȝte þay noȝte wynð. For þare ware so hye Mountaynes agaynes þam and cragges like walles þat þay 20 myȝte passe no forþer. And það þay turned agayne, and come to þe forsaide playne; and went by þat way þat streched towarde þe weste fyftene .xv. days. And það þay lefte þat way, And turnede oñ þe lefte hande. And so þay went foure score 24 ^{xx} iiiij days, and at þe laste þay come till a Mountayne of adamande; and at þe fute þare-offe þare hange chynes of golde. Þis Mountayne hadde made * of saphyres twa thowsande 28 greeȝ & a halfe, by þe whilke men ascendiȝ to þe summit of þe Mountayne. And þare Alexander & his Oste lugged þam.

² And on þe morne Alexander Offerd sacrifice till his goddes, And það he tuk with hym xij twelue prynces of þe wyrchip- 32 fullesthe þat he hade, and went vp bi þe forsaide greeȝ till he come abouȝ oñ þe Mountayne. And þare he fande a palace wonder faire and curiously wroghte; and it hade twelve ȝates and thre score & teñ wyndows. And þe lyntaȝis bathe of þe 36 durs and of þe wyndows ware of fyȝ golde, wele burnescht, and þat Palace was called þe howse of þe son. Pare was also

¹ Four lines with red capital *F* and small *f* beside.

² Four lines with red capital *A*.

a temple all of golde & of precious stanes, And bi-fore þe metal and
dores þare-offe þare was a vyne of golde, berande grapes of
charbuncles, of Rubyes, Dyamandes, and many oþer maneres of
þe stones.
þan kyng Alexander & his princez went in-to
þe palace ; and fande þare a man liggand in a bedd of golde, and
couerd wit a riche clathe of golde. And he was riȝte a mekill
man and a faire, And his berde & his heued ware als whitt
8 als any wolle ; and hym semed lyke a Bisshoppe. Als soñ als
Alexander & his prynciez saw þis alde man þay knelidounne
on þaire kneesse and saluste hym. And he ansuerd & saide :
‘ Welcom Alexander,’ quoþ he, ‘ I telle the þou salt see, þat never
12 fleschly man bi-fore this tyme sawe ; And þou salt here þat never
erthy man herde are.’ And Alexander ansuerd & sayd: ‘ Maste
blyssed alde man,’ quoþ he, ‘ how hase þou knawynge of me ?’
‘ For sothe,’ quoþ he, ‘ bi-fore Noy flode couerde all þe erthe,
16 knewe I bathe the, & thi dedis. I wate wele þou desyres for
to See þe haly treez of þe Son And þe Mone þe whilke tellez
thynges þat ere to come.’ ‘ ȝaa for sothe,’ quoþ Alexander,
‘ þer es na-thyng þat I desyre mare, þan for to see þam.’
20 And he was riȝt gladd. þan saide þe alde man till hym:
‘ And ȝe be clene of fleschly dede wit womeñ, þan es it leefull
to ȝow to see þam and to entir in-to þat haly place þat es
a sette of godð. And if ȝe be noȝte clene, it es noȝte leefull
24 to ȝow.’ ‘ ȝis, sir, sothely,’ quoþ Alexander, ‘ we ere clene.’
þan raise þe alde man vp of þe bedd þat he lay in, and
said vn-to þam: ‘ Puttez offe ȝour rynges,’ quoþ he, ‘ and ȝoure
clathes, & ȝour schone, and folowes me.’ And þay dyd¹ so.
28 And þan Alexander tuk wit hym tholomeus and Antiochus,
& folowed þe alde man, and went thurgh þe wodd þat
was abouñ on þe Mountayne closed with mannes handez,
þe * treesse of þat wodd ware an hundreth .c. fote lange &
32 hye, and þay ware lyke lorers or Olyue treesse ; And out
of þam þare ran rykyles & fynne bawme. And as þay went
thurgh þat wodd þay saw a tree wonder hye, in þe whilke
þare satt a mekill fewle. þat tree hadde noþer þare-on lefes ne
36 fruyte. þe fewle þat satt þare-on hadde on his hedd a creste
lyk till a pacokke, & his beeke also crested. Abowte his nekke,
he hadde fethirs lyke golde. þe hynder of hym was lyk purpure ;

He goes
into the
palace.
He finds an
aged man
there of
Bishop-like
appear-
ance.

He kneels
and salutes
him.

The aged
man speaks
and tells
him he
shall see
and hear
what never
earthly
man did
before. He
shall have
his desire
and know
the future.

He can only
see the holy
trees of the
sun and the
moon if
clean of
fleshy
deeds.
He must
put off
every-
thing to see
them.

Alexander,
Ptolemy,
and Anti-
ochus fol-
low the

* Leaf 39
bk.

old man
through the
wood on the
mountain,
through
wondrous
trees that
shed in-
cense and
balm.

¹ The scribe first wrote *de* and then changed the *e* into a *y*, making it into *dyd*.

They
see the
Phoenix.
They come
to the holy
trees of the
sun and
the moon.
The old
man tells
him to look
up and
think and
the Spirit
of the Trees
shall an-
swer his
thought.
These trees
were high.
The leaves
of the sun
tree golden
red, of the
moon tree
shining
white.
Alexander
would sac-
rifice to
these trees
but may
not. The
sun tree
speaks in
Indian or
Greek, the
moon tree
begins in
Greek and
ends in the
language of
India. He
gets his
answer. He
shall win
the world
but never
see home
again.

* Leaf 40.

and þe tayle was ownnded ouerthwert, wit a colour reede as rose & wit blewe. And his fethers ware riȝte faire schynand. Wheñ Alexander saw þis fewle he was gretely meruailed of þe faired of hym; þan saide þe Alde man: 'Alexander,' quoþ 4 he, 'þis ilke fewle þat þou here seese es a fenix.' And þan þay went forþer thurgh þe forsaid wodd, And come to thiese haly treeȝ of þe soñ & þe mone þat growed in myddeȝ of þe wodde. And þan þe alde man saide till Alexander: 'Luke vp,' 8 quoþ he, 'to ȝone haly treeȝ, and thynke in thi hert what preuatee so þe liste, and þou salt hafe a trewe ansuere. Bot luke þat þou speke na worde in opyn. And þare-by salt þou witt þat it es a gude spiritt, þat knawes thi thoghte.' Thir 12 twa treeȝ were wonder hye. And þe tree of þe Son had leues lyk fyne golde, reed & faire schynande. And þe tree of þe mone had lefes whitt als syluer & faire schynande. And þan walde Alexander hafe Offrede Sacrafyce to þir treeȝ. Bot 16 þe alde man walde noȝte suffre hym, bot said: 'It es noȝte leuefull,' quoþ he, 'in þis haly place, nowþer to offre encense, ne to slaa na besteȝ, Bot to knele douȝ to þe boles of þir treeȝ & kysse þan & pray þe soñ & þe mone to giffe trew ansuers.' 20 And þan Alexander spirred þe alde man, in what langage þe treeȝ sulde giffe þaire answers. And þe alde man answered & said: 'The tree of þe Son,' quoþ he, 'answers oþer aff in þe langage of Inde or ellis of grewe. And þe tree of þe Mone 24 begynneȝ wit þe langage of grewe & endeȝ wit þe langage of Inde.'

And as þay stode þus spekande, Sudaynly þare come a bryghte beme fra þe weste þat schane ouer all þe wodde. And þan Alexander kneled douȝ, and kyssede þe treeȝ an 28 thoght þus in his hert: 'Sall I conquerre all þe werlde, and efterwardes wit þe victorye wende hame to Macedoyne till my moder Olympias, and my sisters? And * þan þe tree of þe soñ answered softly in þe langage of Inde, And said þir verseȝ:

32

'Tū dominātorum orbis dominus simul et pater extas,
Set patrum rignum¹ per tempora nulla videbis ;'

þat es at say, 'þou ert bathe lorde & fader of alle þe werlde, Bot þe Rewme of thy Fadyrs salt þou neuer see wit thyȝ eghne.' 36 þan bygai Alexander to thynke how lange he sulde lyffe,

Twenty
months

¹ Sic in MS.

and whate dedd̄ he sulde dye. And þe tree of þe Mone
ansuerd̄ by þir twa verse³:

‘Anno completo viues & mensibus octo,

De quo confidis tibi mortis pocula dabit.’

shall he
live and his
friend shall
poison him.

þat es at saye, ‘A twluemouthe & aughte monethes sall þou lyffe.
And þan he þat þou traistez oī, sall giffe þee a drynke of dcdd̄.
þan bi-gaī Alexander to thynke in his hert oī þis wyse,

8 ‘Tell me now, haly trēe,
Wha he es þat sall slāa mēe.’

And þan þe tree of þe soī ansuerd̄ by þir twa verse³:

‘Si tibi pandatur vir qui tua facta resoluet,

12 Illum confrynges & sic mea carmina fallent.’

þat es at say: ‘And I schew the þe manes name, þat sall vndo
thi dedis, þou wiſt slaa hym, and so sall my prophycye fayle.’

And þan þe forsaide ald man sayd̄ tīl̄ Alexander: ‘Disease
16 na mare þir trees,’ quoth he, ‘wɪt̄ thyne askynges. Bot tourne

we agayne, as we come hedir.’ And þan Alexander & his twa
prynece³ wit hym tourned̄ agayne wit þe alde man. And ay as

he went, he weped̄ bitterly, bi-cause of his schorte tyme; and
20 his prynece³ also weped̄ riȝte sare. Bot he commanded̄ þan þat

þay schulde noȝte tell to na man of his Oste þat that þay hadd̄
herde & sene. And when̄ þay ware comen̄ to þe forsaide Palace

þe alde [man] said̄ vn-tīl̄ Alexander: ‘Torne bakke agayne,’
24 quoth he, ‘for it es noȝte leefull to na man to passe forthire.

If þe liste wende toward̄ þe weste, þou sall noȝte traueſte full
lange are þou come to þe place, whare þe liste to bee.’ And

when̄ þe alde man had said̄ þir worde³, he went in-to þe palace
28 and Alexander and his twa prynece³ went douī by þe forsaide

greez & come to þe Oste.

¹Apon þe morne Alexander & his Oste remowed̄ þeine & went
agayneward̄ fyftene days, And come agayne to þe forsaide
32 playne & þare þay lugged þan. And þare at þe entree of þa
two forsaide ways, Alexander gart rayse vp two pelers of Marble,
and by-twixe þan he haude a table of golde, on þe whilke was
wretyn in þe langage of grewe, hebrew, of latyne, and of Inde,
36 one this wyse: ‘I, Alexander, Phillip̄ soī of Macedoyne,

Did he
but know
the man's
name, he
would try
to undo the
prophecies.
The old
man bids
him not
incommode
the trees.

He goes
away weep-
ing.

He com-
mands his
friends to
tell no
man.

The old
man bids
him turn
back and
travel to
the west.

Alexander
journeys
fifteen
days and
then raises
up two
marble
pillars,
between
them a
table of

¹ Four lines with red capital A.

gold with letters in Greek,
 * Leaf 40
 bk.
 Hebrew, Latin, and Indian, telling of his great deeds and guiding after-comers. Thence they go westwards towards Macedonia and come to the country of Prasiac. The men of the country bring him presents. There is in that country a city of precious stones ruled over by a widow queen and her sons. Alexander writes to Queen Candace sending presents, asking her to come that they may offer sacrifice together. Queen Candace writes to Alexander on his conquests, but proclaims that they may not

sett thir pelers here, after þe dedd of Darius kyng of Perse and of Porus kynge of Inde. What mað so wif passe forþer late hym¹ tourne one þe lefte hand. For wha so tournez one þe riȝte hande he salȝ fynde many obstacleȝ & greuanceȝ þat 4 salȝ perauenture lett his agayne-commynge.

¹ Fra þeine þay remowed thurgh þat playne and lefte þase strayte wayes, takand þe way westeward þe gayneste towarde Macedoyne. And at þe laste þay come till a cuntree þat highte s Prasiac, And þare þay luged þam. And wheñ meñ of þat cuntrie herd of þe commynge of Alexander, wit grete wirchipe þay broghte hym grete presanteȝ of swilk thynges as þay hadd in þaire lande, þat es at say, skynnes of fischez lyke vn-to þe ¹² skynnes of pardes, or of lyouns also, and lawmprey skynnes of sex cubites lange. In þat cuntrie was a noble citee all of precyous stanes made wit-owtten lyme or sande, sett apoñ an hilf. Of þe whilke citee, a wirchipfull lady and a faire hadd þe lordechipe. Þis lady was wedowe and scho hadd three sones. The firste of þam hight Candeolus, þe secand Marciipius, And þe thirde hight Carator. To þis lady Alexander sent a lettre of þis tenour:

² Alexander þe soñ of godd Amon & of þe quene Olympias, kyng of kynges & lorde of lordes vn-to quene Candace of Meroñ ioy & gretynge. We sende ȝow ane ymage of godd Amon all of fyne golde; And þarefore comeȝ till vs þat we may wende ²⁴ togeder to þe Mountayne for to make sacrafyce þare to godd Amon. Wheñ þe Qwene Candace hadd redð þis lettre, Scho sent hir embassatours till kyng Alexander wit grete presanteȝ and with a lettre of this tenour:

³ Candace, quene of Meroñ, vn-till Alexander, kyng of kynges, ioy. Wele we knawe þat ȝe hafe by reuelacion of godd Amon þat ȝe schulde conquere Perse, Inde and Egyp̄e, and subiecte vn-to ȝow all oþer nacions. And all þat ȝe hafe ³² done, noȝte allanly was graunted bot also of all oþer goddeȝ. Till vs þat hase faire saules & bryghte it nedeȝ noghte to make sacrafyce to godd Amon in þe Mountaynes. Neuer-þe-lesse bicause we wiff noȝte offende ȝowere maiestatee, we sende till ³⁶

¹ Four lines with red capital F and small f in margin beside.

² Four lines with red capital A and

a beside.

³ Four lines with red capital C and c in the margin.

Amōn ȝoure godd^a a Coron^d of golde and precyouse stanes, And sacrifice
teñ chynes¹ of golde sett full of precious stanes. And vn-to to Amon.
ȝow we sende a hundrethe Besauntez^b of golde; And twa Neverthe-
4 hundreth papeiayes closed^c in cagez^d of golde, c childer of less,
Ethipes, cc apes, cccc Olyphantis, xxxiiii vnycornes, iiij^{xx} panters * Leaf 41.
skynnez, of pardez & lyounes cccc, and we beseke ȝowre hye she
maieste þat ȝe will notfyfe vn-till vs bi ȝour wirchipfull lettres,
8 wheder ȝe haue conquered alle þe werlde and made it subiecte presents—
vn-to ȝow or noȝte.^e Amangez her embassatours þat scho sent a crown of
till Alexander þare was a wonder crafty & a sutell payntoure.
And hym scho charged^f þat he schulde besely by-halde Alexander
12 & purtray his fygure in a parchemyñ skynñ and bryngē it to hir. slave-
And so he did. Alexander ressayued^g þe forsaid gyftes reuerently children,
and sent hir noble gyftes agayne wit hir embassatours. And and vari-
whēñ þay come hame þe payntour tuke hir þe fegure of Alexander ous strange
16 purtrayed^h as I saide be-fore. And whēñ þe quene saw it, Scho beasts.
was riȝte gladde, for scho desyred grētly for to see his fygure. These gifts
she sends by a painter who is to
portray Alexander
on a parchment
skin. And so it
was done.

ⁱ After þis ane of þe quene sonnes þat hight Candeolus went Candeolus
furthe of þe Citee wit his wyfe and a fewe of his menȝee for to goes out of
20 take þe sporte. And onane þe kyng of þe Bebrikes, kuawyng the city
þe fairehed^j of Candeolus wyfe, come appoñ þam with a grete wife and a
multitude of meñ, and slew many of Candeolus menȝee and few for
reste hym his wyfe & went his way. And þam Candeolus and a
24 his meñ þat ware lefte on lyfe went till Alexander Oste for to sport. A
be-seke hym of helpe agaynes þe kynge of Bebrikes. And þe hostile
waches of þe oste tuke Candeolus & broghte hym bi-fore king know-
Tholomeus, þat was þe secund^k person^l after Alexander. And ing the
28 Tholomeus spirred^l hym what he was, & what he did^m þare. wife's
'I am,' quop he, 'quene Candace soñ and þis day als I went beauty
wit my wyfe & a preuee menȝee for to take þe sporte, þe kynge comes and
of þe Bebrikes come apoñ vs wit a grete multitude of meñ and reaves her
32 hase slayne many of my menȝee & reste me my wyfe. And away. Can-
þare-fore I am comenⁿ heder for to beseke my lord^o, þe Emperour,
of helpe & socoure.' When Tholomeus had herd^p þis onane Ptolemy
he garte take kepe of Candeolus & went till Alexander tentis
36 and wakkned^q Alexander & talde hym & talde ilk a dele þat sends to
Candeolus had talde hym. And whēñ Alexander hadd^r herde Alexander and
him.

¹ Chenes first written; but when the and joined it to the next letter,
scribe had written e he wrote y over it ² Four lines with red capital A.

Alexander
bids Pto-
* Leaf 41
bk.
lemyputon
a crown as
though he
were Alex-
ander and
let him
send for
Antiochus,
and Alex-
ander will
come as
Antiochus
and ask
counsel of
Alexander
as though
he were
Antiochus.
Ptolemy
does as
Alexander
bids him.
Alexander
then coun-
sels that
the king
should be
commun-
ded to de-
liver up
Candeolus'
wife that
night
or other-
wise de-
stroy his
city.
Candeolus
thanks
Alexander
as though
he were
Antiochus.
Alexander
does as he
counsels
and with a
great force
calls on
the king
to deliver
back Can-
deolus' wife
or else they
will burn

his tale he badd' hym gange agayne tiff his tent and do a corouñ on̄ his hede and putt apoñ hym þe kynge; clothyng, * and sett hym in the kynge; trone & say vn-to Candeolus þat he was kyng Alexander. 'And bidd an of thi meñ,' 4 quoþ he, 'feche vn-to þe Antyochus, And late hym bryng me to þe insteadd' of Antyochus, and wheñ I come bi-for thee telle me bi-fore Candeolus¹ aff þat he talde the. And aske me conseñ, als I ware Antyochus, what es beste to do in þat mater.' 8 Tholomeus went and didd' aff als Alexander badd' hym. And he asched Alexander in stedd' of Antyochus be-fore Candeolus what was beste to do. And Alexander ansuerd' & sayde on herand' Candeolus: 'Wrichipfull Emperour,' quoþ he, 'if it be 12 plesyng to ȝour maistee I wil go wit Candeolus þis same nyghte to þe kynge of þe Bebrikes, and comande hym one ȝour byhalue þat he ȝelde Candeolus his wyfe agayne. And if he wil noȝt do soo, I sañ late hym witt þat ȝe sañ sende a grete 16 powere to his Citee & bryne it vp stikke & stourre.' When Candeolus hadd' herde hym say þus, he knelyd' vn-tiff hym & said: 'A a, wrichipfull Antyochus,' quoþ he, 'wele walde it seme þe for to be a kyng for þe hye witt and þe manhede þat es 20 in the.' Thañ kyng Alexander tuke wit hym a grete powere and went apoñ þe same nyghte wit Candeolus vn-to þe Citee, whare þe kyng of þe Bebrikes lay. And whañ þay come to þe citee, þe waytes cryed' apoñ þam, and askede what þay ware. 24 And Alexander ansuerd' & sayd: 'Candeolus,' quoþ he, 'es here wit ane Oste of meñ, and þe cause of his commynge es to be restorede agayne of his wyfe þe whilke ȝour kynge raueste away fro hym þis same day. And my lord' kyng Alexander com- 28 mandeȝ ȝow þat ȝe delyuer hir anone, or sewrely we sañ brynnne this citee & ȝour selfe are we passe hethyñ.' And wheñ þe meñ of þe citee herde this, þay ware ferde ynoghe² and onane went to þe kynge; palace & brakke vp þe ȝates, & tuke Candeolus 32 wyfe & delyuerd' hir tiff hir lorde. Þam Candeolus kneled' douñ tiff Alexander & saide vn-tiff hym: 'A a, my dere frende,' quoþ he, 'wrichipfull Antyochus, Blyssed mot þou be for þis grete gudnes þat þou hase schewed mee. And I beseke the nowe þat 36

¹ The scribe has written *Antyochus* instead of *Candeolus*, then scratched it out, and written *Candeolus* again.

² The scribe has first written *ynghe* and inserted the *o* above.

þou wiff vouche-saffe for to wende with me vn-to my moder quene Candace, þat scho may rewarde þe for þis þat þou hase done for me.' And wheñ Alexander herde this he was riȝte gladde. For 4 he had gretely desyrede for to see quene Candace & hir citee also.

And þan he sayd: 'Goo we,' quoþ he, 'to þe emperour and asche hym leue.' And þay did soo; and wheñ he had leue, he went wit Candeolus. And as þay went to-gedir þay come tiff¹ heghe 8 mountaynes þat reched vp to þe clowdes and apoñ þan þare growed trees of a wonderfull heghte lyke * vn-to² cedres þat bare appilis of Inde riȝte grete, Of þe whilk Alexander wonnderde hym gretely. Þay saw also þare vynes growe wit wondere grete 12 bobbis of grapes; for a man̄ myȝte vnnetheȝ bere an̄ of þam. Þare ware also trees þat bare nutteȝ als grete als gourddzeȝ. And þare ware also many apes. Fra þeine þay went & come to þe citee of quene Candace.

16 And wheñ Candace herd tiff þat hir soñ Candeolus and his wyfe ware comande and ware safe & sounde, And at a messangere of kyng Alexander come wit þam, scho was wonder gladde; and onane scho arayed hir ryally as a 20 quene suld be, and sett apoñ hir hedde a croun̄ full ryche aff of golde sett full of precyouse stanes, and went furthe wit hir lordes to þe ȝates of hir palace, for to mete hir soñ Candeolus and Alexander messanger. This quene was a wonder dere faire lady & a semely; And wheñ Alexander saw hir, hym thoghte als he hade sene his moder Olympias. Hir palace was wonder ryalle & precyouse and aff þe ruffe þare-of schane wit golde & precyouse stanes. Thaid quene Candace tuke Alexander 28 bi þe hande, And ledð hym vp tiff hir chambir, whare þare ware beddes arayed wit þe fyneste clathes of golde þat myghte be getyn̄; And þat chambir was of golde & precyous stanes, þe whilke are called Onychyns & þe burdez & þe bynkes of 32 euour & Smaragdez & Amatistes. Þe Pelers of þe Palace ware all of Marble, And þar ware grauen in þam cartes of werre, þat seemed to mannes sighte as þay hadde bene rymand; And Olyphauntes tredand men̄ vnder þaire fete. Vndernethe þat 36 Palace rane a water wonder swete, & clere as any cristalſte.

the city.
The citizens revolt and return Candeolus' wife. Candeolus thanks Alexander again as Antiochus, and invites him to come to his mother's city. At this Alex-

* Leaf 42.
ander is glad, for he had greatly desired to see Queen Candace and her city. They ask leave of the Emperor as it were. He goes with Candeolus. They come to mountains that reach up to the sky, with wondrous tall trees and vines with great bunches of grapes and nut-like gourds, and many apes were there. They come to Candace, who comes arrayed to meet them as a queen. She is of great beauty; and her palace is rich. She takes him to her privy chamber with its wonderful works of art.

¹ The scribe first wrote 'an heghe', but then scratched out the *an*.

þe cedres. On leaf 42 it continues *lyke vn-to cedres.*

² On leaf 41 we have the words *lyke to*

þat day Alexander ete wit quene Candace & hir childire.

The next day she goes alone with Alexander to her withdrawing room, which lies beyond her bedroom. Her withdrawing room is moved on wheels by elephants. Alexander utters his wonder.

* Leaf 42
bk.

Queen Candace addresses him by name.
Alexander's fear.

She shows him his portrait. Alexander fears again.

She rails at him that he, the conqueror of the world, is fallen into a woman's hands.

Alexander is angered. She rails at him further.

¹ Apoñ þe morne quene Candace tuk Alexander by þe right hande & ledd^d hym in-tiff hir beald-chambir, and nane wit þam, Bot þay twa allañ. Þis chambir was couerde all ouer wit-in 4 wit golde & precious stanes. And it schane wit-in, as it had bene þe sonne. And oute of þis chambir scho ledd^d hym in-tiff a wit-drawyng chambir made of cypresse. Þis chambir was sett apoñ fourre wheles by crachte of clergy; And twenty xx^{ti} Oly- 8 phauntis drewe it whedir as scho wolde hafé it. And wheñ Alexander & þe quene ware entrede in-to þat chambir, onane it stirredd^d & by-gan for to remowe. And þañ Alexander was astonayde & meruaylled^d hym gretly & said vn-to þe 12 quene: 'For sothe,' quoþ he, '& þir meruaills ware in oure cuntree þay ware riȝte commendable & mekiȝt worthy * to be prayseð.' The quene answerde: 'þou saise sothe, Alexander,' quoþ scho, 'þay ware mare commendable amange^z þe Greke^z, 16 þañ amange^z vs.' And also sone als Alexander herde hys name be neuenede, he was gretly trubblede, and his vesage bi-gañ to waxe pale, and his chere to change. And than the quene said efte vn-to hym: 'Alexander,' quoþ she, 'for to schewe 20 þe mare verrayly þat þou ert Alexander, com with me.' And þañ scho tuk hym by þe hande & leedde hym in-tiff anoþer chambir, and schewed hym þare his awen^d Fygure purtrayed in a parchemyñ skyne. And wheñ Alexander saw þat, he wex 24 pale & wanne & biganne to tremblee. And þañ þe quene said vn-tiff hym: 'Alexander,' quoþ scho, 'where-fore ert þou ferde, & why chaunge^z þou chere. Thou þat hase distroyed all pe 28 werlde; conquerour of Perse, of Inde, of Mede, and many oþer rewmes & lande^z. Now arte þou witowtter^d scheddyng^e of blode falleñ in þe dawngere & in þe hande^z of quene Candace vnausyli. And þare-by may þou wele knawe þat a manes hert sulde on na wyse be enhanced^d in pride. For if all it bee þat ofte tymmes 32 grete prosperitee fall to man^d, Sodaynly falle^z adversitee till hym wheñ he leste wenes.' Wheñ Alexander herde þis he bigañ to grayste wit þe teethle and to tornie his hede hedit & thedir, And quene Candace saide vn-tiff hym: 'Whare to 36 angers þou þe,' quoþ scho, '& truble^z thi selfe? What may now thi grete Imperiall glory, thi witt & thi mighte serue

¹ Four lines with red capital A.

the offe?' Alexander ansuerde & said: 'Forsothe', quoþ Alexander, 'resonably I am angry at my selfe bi-cause I hafe na swerde here.' Quoþ þe quene: 'I suppose þou hadd a 4 swerde, nowe, what walde do þare-wit?' 'Sothely,' quoþ he, 'bi-cause I hafe wilfully betrayed my-selfe vn-to þe. First I solde sla þe and þan, I dowte it noȝt, I sulde be slayne for þe.' 'Now for sothe,' quoþ scho, 'þis was wisely & maȝtfully sayde. 8 Neuer-þe-less be nathyng heuy. For as þou delyuerde my soñ wyfe Candeolus oute of þe daungere of þe kyng of Bebrikes Swaa salt I delyuer the oute of þe daungere of thyȝ enemyss þat þou hase here. For I say þe in certayne, and it ware 12 knawen þat þou ware here vn-to my menȝee, onane þay walde slaa þe by-cause þou slewe Porus þe kynge of Inde. For my soñ wyfe Carator was his daughter.' And wheñ scho had said þis, Scho tuk Alexander bi þe hande & ledd hym forthe 16 in-till hir forchambire and said vntill hir sones: 'My dere sonnes,' quoþ scho, 'I pray ȝow late vs make þis knyghe of Alexander gude chere, and schew hym aft þe humanytee þat we cañ. For Alexander has schewed vs grete frenchipe and grete gudnesse.' And þan hir ȝongeste ansuerde & said: 'Moder,' * quoþ he, 'sothe it es þat he es a messangere of Alexander, & a knyghe of his, and þat he delyuerde my brother wyfe of þe handeȝ of þe kyng of þe Bebrikes and broghte hym 24 & hir hame vn-till vs bathe safe & sownde. Neuer-þe-lesse my wyfe constreyneȝ me for to do Antyochus to dede bi-cause of þe dede of hir Fadir Porus, whilke Alexander slewe, So þat Alexander may hafe sorow for his knyghe. Quoþ quene 28 Candace þan: 'Lefe soñ, what wirchiþ may we get þare-offe if we slaa this knyghe þus traytourously.' And þan Candeolus sayde wit a grete ȝre, 'Þis knyghe,' quoþ he, 'saued me & my wyfe & broghte vs hedit safe & sonde; And als saffe salt I hafe 32 hym, agayne till his lorde, or I salt be dede þarefore.' And Carator ansuerde & saide: 'Broþer,' quoþ he, 'what says þou? will þou þat aythere of vs here slaa oþer?' 'In god faythe broþer,' quoþ he, 'it es noȝt my will, ne my liste. Neuer-36 þe-lesse if it be thi liste, I am redy, rather þan þis knyghe be dedde.' And wheñ þe quene saw þat hir sonnes walde ayther of þan slaa oþer, scho was wonder sary, and tuk Alexander on syde, and saide vn-till hym preualy: 'A, a, kyng Alexander,'

Alexander
is angry at
himself.
Had he but
a sword he
would slay
her and die
for it.

She com-
mends
him, there-
fore she
bids him
not fear,
for since
he helped
her son she
will deliver
him from
another
son who is
Porus' son-
in-law.

She intro-
duces
Alexander
as one of
his own
knights,
Antiochus.

* Leaf 43
Her young-
er son
would slay
him for his
wife's sake,
to grieve
Alexander.

Candeolus
offers to de-
fend Alex-
ander with
his own
life.

Candace
appeals to
Alexander
to save her
sons from

combat by his wit, so that either slay not other.
Alexander promises to do so.
Alexander offers to betray Alexander to Carator.

Carator assents.

Queen Candace parts from Alexander with many gifts.

* Leaf 43
bk.

Alexander and Candeolus come to a cave.
Alexander, sacrificing, goes in.
He sees a great god sitting with eyes like stars.
The god greets him.

quoþ scho, 'whi will þou noȝte schewe thi witt, and helpe thurgh thi wisdom þat my sonnes slaa noȝt ayther of þam oþer?' And Alexander answerde and said: 'Late me goo speke wit þam,' quoþ he. And scho lete hym goo. And 4 he went to þam and sayde vn-to Carator: 'For sothe, Carator,' quoþ he, 'I late þe wite þat if þou slaa me, þou saff wynne bot lyttiff wirchipe þareoffe. For I say þe, kyng Alexander hase many worthyer knyghtis wit hym þan I am; And þare-fore he s will hafe littiff sorowe for my dede. Trowes þou þat and Alexander hadd lufed me wele þat he walde hafe sent me hyder to be killed amangeȝ ȝowe. Bot if þou will þat I beken the Alexander þe slaere of þi wyfe fader & bryng hym bi-for the, 12 Swere me þat what so I asche þe, þou saff graunte mee it, And I sure þe bi þe faythe of my body, I saff bryng Alexander in-to þis palace be-fore þe.' And wheñ Carator herde this, he was riȝte glade, and trowed þat that Alexander said. And so ware 16 þe twa breþer pesede, And highte Alexander þat his askynge sulde be fulfilled als ferforthe als þaire powere reched, if so ware þat he helde couenant. þan quene Candace leedd Alexander on syde & sayd vn-till hym in preuatee: 'Wele ware me,' quoþ scho, 20 'myghte I ilke day hafe þe present be-fore myn eghne as I hafe myn awenid childere. For thurgh the sulde I ouercome all myn Enemys.' And þan [scho] gaffe Alexander a corouȝ of golde sett full of precyous dyamandeȝ, and a mantill Imperiauȝ 24 of a clathe of golde * wit sternes wofen þare-in, and sett full of precyouse stanes. And þan scho kyssed hym & oþer preue thynges didd till hym, And badle hym goo in hir blyssyng.

¹ Than kyng Alexander and Candeolus went furthe aft that 28 daye, And come till a grete spelunc, and þare þay herberde þam. And Candeolus saide till Alexander: 'In this spelune,' quoþ hee, 'þat you here seeȝ aft goddeȝ ere wount for to ete and halde þaire consaift.' And þan onane Alexander made sacra- 32 fyceȝ till his goddeȝ and enterde in-to þe caue by hym ane. And þare he sawe a myrke elowde, & in þat myrknesse, he sawe as it ware bryghte sternes, and amangeȝ þase sternes he saw a grete godd sitt, And his eghne lyke twa lanternes. And wheñ 36 Alexander saw hym he was so fered þat he was as it hadd bene

¹ Red capital *T* in four lines space and small *t* in margin.

in a transyngē. And þān þe godd̄ said vn-to hym: ‘ Haile, Alexander,’ quoþ he. And Alexander ansuerde & said: ‘ Lorde,’ quoþ he, ‘ what art þou ? ’ ‘ I am,’ quoþ he, ‘ Sensoñchosis þat gouerne; þe kyngdom̄ of þe werlde and þat hase made meñ sugettes vn-to the. And þou hase bigged̄ þiselfe many ryalle eitecȝ. Bot temple walde þou nanc make in þe wirchippe of me.’ And Alexander ansuerd̄ & said: ‘ Lorde,’ quoþ he, ‘ & þou 8 wiff graunt me þat I sañ wit prosperitee come in-to Macedoyne I sañ ordeyne the a temple þare sañ noȝte be swilke anoþer in all þe werlde.’ And he ansuerd̄ agayne & saide: ‘ For soþe,’ quoþ hee, ‘ Macedoyne sañ þou neuer see wit thyñ 12 eghne. Neuer-þe-lesse walke Innermare & luke what þou seeȝ.’

Alexander þān went forthirmare & saw anoþer myrke clowde and saw a godd̄ sitt in a trone lyke a kynge, and Alexander said vn-till hym: ‘ Lorde,’ quoþ he, ‘ what art þou ? ’ ‘ I am,’ quoþ he, 16 ‘ þe begynnyngē of all goddeȝ and Serapis es my name. I sawe the in þe lande of liby & nowe I see þe here.’ ‘ Serapis,’ quoþ Alexander, ‘ I beseke þe telle me wha it es þat sañ sla me.’ Quod Serapis: ‘ I talde þe bi-fore, þat and þe cause 20 of a manes dede ware knawen̄ vn-till hym, he solde dy for sorowe. Þou hase bygged a gloricus eitee agaynes þe whilke many emperours sañ fighte. Þare-in sañ thi graue be made and þare-in sañ þou be beried̄.’ And þān Alexander come ouþe 24 of þe caue, and tuke his leue at Candeolus and went till his Oste.

¹ One þe morne he remowed̄ his Oste And come till a valay þat was full of grete ² serpentes þe whilk hade in þaire heuedis Grete smaragdeȝ. Thir serpenteȝ * lyffede all wit gyngere and 28 pepir þat growede in þe valaye. And ilke a ȝere þay feghte to gedir and many of þān slaeȝ oþer. Off þe forsaid Smaragdes tuk Alexander sun̄ wit hym of þe gretteste þat he couthe gett.

³ Fra þeine þay remowed̄ & come in-till a place in þe whilke þare ware besteȝ þat hade one ilke a fote twa clees as swyne hase, and þase clees ware three fote brade wit þe whilke þay smate Alexander knyghtes. Þay had also heuedes lyke swyne 36 & tayles lyke lyouns. Þare ware also amangeȝ þān grypes þe

Sensonchosis reproves Alex- ander's neglect of him.

Alexander swears to build him a temple in Macedonia. The god tells him he shall never see it again.

Alexander goes fur- ther into the cave and sees a god enthroned in the dark, Serapis, who fore- tells him where he shall be buried.

On the morrow he removes

* Leaf 44. his army and comes to a valley of strange serpents. They see other strange beasts and griffons who attack Alexander's knights. They could

¹ Three lines with red capital *O* and small *o* in the margin.

² MS. ‘serpe’ crossed out and ‘serpentes’

written.

³ Three lines with red capital *F* and small *f* in the margin beside.

carry off a knight and his horse.

Alexander's knights fight manfully against them.

They come to a great river and make boats to cross over. The people of the country send Alexander gifts.

They find women in that river who slay men.

Two of them they capture.

They come to Gog and * Leaf 44 bk.

Magog, who are the ten tribes of Israel led out of their own land by a Persian king. They ask Alexander leave to come forth.

whilke smate kynghetes in þe vesageȝ reglite felly. þay ware so strange þat ane of þam wolde bere away an armed knyghte & his horse also. þam kynge Alexander rade hendir & þedir amangeȝ his meñ and comforthed þam and badd̄ þam feghte 4 manly agaynes þam wit speres and wit arowes. And so þay did. Bot þare was slayne of Alexander knyghtes ccviii.

¹ And fra þeine þay remowed̄ and come till a grete ryuer þe whilke was twenty furlange on brede fra þe ta banke to 8 þe toþer. And on þase bankes þare growed̄ redis wonder grete and hye. Of þase redes garte Alexander mak bates & anoynte þam wit terre & talgh of besteȝ, And badd̄ his knyghtis row ouer þe water in þase bates. And þay did̄ soo. And when þe [pople]² of þe cunntree herde tell of þe commynge of Alexander & his Oste, þay sent hym gyftes of swylk thyngeȝ als was in þaire cuntree, þat es at say Grete spoungȝ bathe whitte & purpure & schelles of þe see so grete þat an of þam walde 16 halde twa pekkes or three. þay sent hym also wormes þat þay drew owte of þat ryuer grettere þam a manes thee, and þay ware swetter of taste þam any fysche. þay gaffe hym Cukstoles all rede þat ware of a wonderfull gretnesse. In þat ryuer ware 20 womans þat ware wonder faire & þay hade on þam mekiñ here þat rechedd̄ douñ to thaire fete. þir womeñ, when þay saw any straunge meñ swymme in þat riuer, owþer þay drownned̄ þam in þe water, or ell̄ þay walde lede þam to þe redeȝ þat 24 growed̄ on þe water bankes and garre þam lye by þam ay till any lyfe was in þam. þe Macedoynes persued þam & tuke twa of þam and broghte þam till Alexander,* and þay ware als white as any snewe, and þay ware ten fote lange and þaire 28 teethe ware lyke dogge teethe.

³ Efter this Alexander went and closed̄ in a maner of folkes þat are called Gog & Magog, with-in þe hilleȝ of Caspy. þis folkeȝ were of þe ten kyndeȝ of Israel, and þay ware leedd̄ owte 32 of þaire awenñ land̄ bi a kyng of Perse be-cause of þaire synneȝ, and halden in thralledom. And þay asched̄ Alexander leue for to wende furth of þat cuntree. And Alexander gert spirre þe cause of þaire thraldom, and he was encensed̄ þat be-cause þay 36

¹ Three lines with red capital A and small a in margin beside.

² M.S. reads, And when þe of þe cunntree

(? þe[i] of, &c.).

³ Three lines with red capital E and small e in the margin beside.

hadd^r forsakeⁿ þaire godde^z lawe, þat es at say, god^r of Isrl, and wirchipe^d Calues & oþer Mawmettes, þare-fore þay ware led^doute of þaire awenⁿ lande & haldeⁿ in thralldom^m, and þat 4 prophetes had prophiced be-fore þat þay sulde neuer come oute of thraldom^m bi-fore agayne þe day of dome. And þan^d Alexander ansuerde & said þat he sulde sperre þan^d In mare seurely. And þan^d he garte close all þe entree^z wit stane & lyme & sand^r; Bot 8 all þat he garte make on þe day was fordone oñ þe nyghte. And wheⁿ Alexander saw þat mannes laboure myghte noȝte stande in stede, he bi-soghte god^r of Isrl þat if it ware his liste þat þay habade þare, þat he walde close þan^d in. And þe nexte nyghte 12 aftir ilk a cragge felle till oþer, and so þare may nathyng^e passe in nor owte. And þare-by it semez þat it es noȝte godde^z will þat þay come oute. Neuer-þe-lesse abowte þe Ende of þe werlde þay salt breke oute and do mekiñ schathe & slaa many 16 meñ.

¹ Fra þeine þay remowed^r & come to þe grete See Occeane. In þat See þay sawe ane Ile a littiff fra þe lande. And in þat Ile þay herde meñ speke grewe. And þan^d Alexander commanded^r 20 þat sun^d of his knyghts sulde do off þaire clathes and swyme ouer to þe ile. And þay did^r soo. And als sone als þay come in þe See þare come gret crabbes vp oute of þe water & pullede þan^d downne to þe grounde & drownned^r þan^d.

² Thanne remowed^r þay fra thethyⁿ and went ay endlande þe See syde to-warde þe solstice of wynter trauellande xt days; and at þe laste þay come to a reede See, and þare þay lugede þan^d. Þare was faste by a Mountayne wonder hye, One 28 þe whilke Alexander went vp. And wheⁿ he was abow^d oñ þe heghte þare-offe, hym thoghte þat he was nerre þe Firmament þan^d þe erthe; þan^d he ymagned^r in his hert swilk a gyn^d how he myghte make * grippes bere hym vp in-to þe ayere. And 32 onane he come doune of þe Mountayne and garte come bi-fore hym his Maistre wrightes and comandid^r þan^d þat þay sulde make hym a chayer and trelesse it wit barre^z of Ireñ one ilk a syde so þat he myȝte sauely sitt þare-in. And þan^d he gart 36 brynge foure gripes and tye þan^d faste wit Ireñ cheynes vn-to þe chayere, and in þe ouermare party of þe chayere he gart putt

¹ Four lines with red capital *F* and small *f* in the margin beside.

² Three lines with red capital *T* and small capital *t* in margin.

a chair
whereby
he is borne
by griffons
up into the
air.

He comes
down about
ten days'
march
from his
army.

Then he
lusteth to
know the
depths of
the sea.
The master
glaziers
make him
a glazen
cage with
iron bars
and it is
lowered
down
into the
sea, and
there he
beholds
many won-
ders and
strange
beasts until
he is drawn
up again
by his
knights.

They
march on
and have
to fight
^{* Leaf 45}
bk.
strange
horned
beasts.
They come
to the wil-
derness of

mete for þe grippes. And þān he wente and sett hym in
þe chayere. And onane þe grippes bare hym vp in þe ayer so
hye þat Alexander thoghte alþ þe erthe na mare þān a flure
þare meid thresscheȝ corne, and þe See lyke a dragonȝ abowte 4
þe erthe. þān sodaynly a speyaff vertu of goddȝ vmbilapped
þe grippes þat gart þān discende doune to þe erthe in a felde :
ten .x. day iournee fra þe Oste, and he haddȝ na hurt ne na
schath in þe chayere. Bot wit grete disesse at þe laste he 8
come till his Oste.

¹ After þis Alexander ymagined in his hert þat he walde knew
þe preuates þat are in þe see. And onane he gart eome bifore
hym alþ þe Maister glasyers þat ware in þe Oste, And comandede 12
þān to make hym a grete tounne of passandly clere glasse þat
he myghte thurgh it elerely see alþ maner of thynges þat ware wit-
owttenit. And when it was made he gart trelesse it al abowte
witowttenit wit barres of yreñ and feste þare-to lang cheynes of 16
yreñ, and gart a certane of þe strangest & maste tristly knyghtes
þat langed vn-till hym halde þir cheynes. And þān he went in-to
þe tounne & gart pykke wele þe entree whare he went in, and
þān late it douñ into þe See. And þare he sawe dyuerse 20
schappes of fisches of dyuerse colours ; and sunñ he sawe hafe
þe schappe of dyuerse bestes here one þe lande, gangande on
fete as bestes dose here & etande fruyte of treesse þat groweȝ on
þe See grunde. þir bestes come till hym. Bot onane as þay 24
saw hym thorow þe glasse þay fledde fra hym. He sawe þare
also many oþer meruaylous thynges, þe whilke he walde tell na
maiñ bi-cause meid walde noghte hafe trowed þān if he had
talde þān, and at a certayne houre þase þat he haddȝ assyngned 28
be-fore, his knyghtes drewe hym vp oute of þe See.

² Fra þeine þay Remowed Folowande þe bankes of þe Rede
See, and luged þān in a place, whare þare ware wylde Bestes
that hade on þaire heuedis hornes lyke vn-to * sawes, and þay 32
ware als scharpe als swerdeȝ. And with thire hornes þay slewe
& hurte many knyghtis of Alexanders & cloue þaire cheldes in
sonder. Neuer-þe-lesse Alexander knyghtis slew of þān ceecli.

³ And fra þeine þay remowed and come in-till wilderness 36

¹ Four lines with red capital *A* and small *f* in margin besides.
small *a* in the margin beside.

² Three lines with red capital *F* and

³ Three lines with red capital *A* and small *a* in the margin beside.

bitwex þe reed See and Araby, whare grete multitude of Pepir
growed; And þare ware many grete nedders wit hornes on
þaire hedes lyke tuppe hornes, wit þe whilke þay smate Alex-
ander knyghtis riȝt felly. Off þase nedderes slew þe Macedoynes
a grete party.

pepper
trees and
horned
adders.

¹ Peine þay remowed and lugeð in a place whare many Rynosephales ware, þe whilke hade heuedes & manes lyke 8 horseȝ. And þay hade grete bodys, and wonder grete teeth and lange, and oun̄ of þaire mouthes þay schotte flawmeȝ of fyre. And wheñ þay saw þe Oste luge þare þay come & assaylled þam. And Alexander raīd hyder and thedir 12 amangeȝ þe oste and comforted his knyghtes and bad þam feghte manly wit þase monstres. And so þay didd. Neuer-pe-lesse þare ware a grete multitude of his knyghtis slayne of þase besteȝ. Bot of þe Rynocephales þare was slayne an hugge 16 multitude.

They meet
and have
to fight
Rhinoceri
that spit
forth fire.

² Þam þay remowed fra þeine and come in-till a champayne cuntree and lugeð þam þare, And lay þare a certane days, Bi-cause of his horse Buktyphalas þat fel seke þare; of þe 20 whilke sekenesse he dyed. And wheñ Alexander saw hym dedd he made grete dole for hym and weped for hym riȝt sare. For he hadd borne hym in many a Batelle, and broghte [hym] oun̄ of many pereſſes. And þare-fore wheñ he was dede Alexander 24 gart doo aboute hym grete exequyes and gart make hym a full riche toumbe & a hye and did hym þare-in and made a grete citem þare, þe whilke in mynde of his horse he gart call Buktyphalas.

Alex-
ander's
steed Buce-
phalus dies.
He makes
a rich tomb
and builds
a city
round him.

²⁸ ³ Fra þeine þay remowed and come till a ryuere ⁴ þat was ealled Cytan or Deciracy whare men of þe cuntree broghte hym v̄ Olyphantes and v̄ cartes of werre. And fra þeine þay remowed & come till kynge Xerxes palace. And in þat Palace 32 þay fande beddeȝ of clene golde many a thowsande. Þare ware also grete fewles white als doufes, þe whilke had knawyng be-fore of a seke man wheder he schulde lyfie or dye. For if þay by-helde þe seke man in þe vesage, he schulde mende & 36 fare wele. And if þay tourned þam awaywarde witowtēd

They come
to the
palace of
Xerxes.

The birds
that fore-
tell the life
or death of
a man.

¹ Three lines.

² Three lines.

³ MS. has a small *f* written in margin, but no space for the large capital to be put.

⁴ The scribe first wrote *rever*, then altered it to *ryver*, then scratched it all out and wrote *ryvere* after it.

* Leaf 46. doute he schulde dye,* and if þay tourned hym þe bakke wit owtteð dowte he sulde dye.

They come
to Babylon
and cap-
ture it.

Thence
Alexander
writes to
his mother
and to
Aristotle.

Aristotle
writes to
Alexander
again
praising
him greatly
for his
victories.

Alexander
has a won-
drous
throne
made.

The throne
of Alex-
ander with
its images,
its ruby,
and its in-
scriptions.

¹ F Ra þeine þay remowed and come to þe grete Citee of Babiloyne and wanne it oo werre and slew þe kynge þare-offe & þe Captayne also. And þare he duelled vn-till his lyfes end, and þat was Bot vij seuen Monethes. In þat mene tyme Alexander sent a lettre till Olympias his Moder and till his Mayster Arrestotle, latand þanm witte of þe Batells and þe dysseſe 8 þat þay suffred bathe wynters aud Somers in Inde and oþer cuntreeȝ, and also of þe Batells þat þay had hadd wit dyuerſe Monſtres. And þan Arrestotle wrate anoþer lettre till Alexander agayne þe whilke was of this tenour :

² ¹² Un-till Alexandere þe grete kynge of kyngeȝ Arrestotle sendeȝ ioy and seruyce. When I hade redde ȝour wyrchipfull lettres I was gretly astonayd. For whilke cause I desyre with all myn hert for to fynde lonynge þat I myghte ȝelde vn-to þe. ¹⁶ I take witnesse at oure goddeȝ þat for þe passande hardenesse of þi hert & þe grete auentours þat þou hase put þe in, þou erte wele worthy for to be loued & prayſede. For þou hase sene & assayed thynges þat neuer man or þis durſte assay. Whare-for ²⁰ thankyng & lonyng I ȝelde to þe makere of all þis wyde werlde þat swylke victoryes hase grantede vn-to þe. For þou hase ouercomen all & nane hase ouercomeñ þe. Fuſt blyſſede are all thy prynces þat hase bene obeyande vnto þe, and helped þe ²⁴ in all thi diſſesȝ.'

³ Aftir þis Alexander gart make in Babyloyn a wonder curious trone ⁴ of golde, þare was noȝte swilke anoþer in þe werlde. For þe grekeȝ broghte so mekiñ golde oute of perse & ²⁸ oute of Inde, þat it ware wonder for to telle. Þis ilke toure was twlue cubyteȝ hye and by twelue greceȝ ⁵ meid ascended þare-too, and þase grceȝ ware all of golde. Þis trone was wonderfully wroghte and sett apoñ twelue ymageȝ of golde, þe ³² whilke trone þe forſaid ymageȝ helde vp wit þaire hende. And on þase twelue ymageȝ ware wretyd þe names of þe twelue prynces of Macedoyne. þe seet of þe trone was of a Smaragde,

¹ Three lines with big capital *F* followed by small capital.

² Four lines with red capital *U* and small *u* in the margin.

³ Four lines with red capital *A* and

small *a* in the margin beside.

⁴ *toure* scratched out and *trone* written in.

⁵ The first part of this word reads *gr + blot + cej.*

& þe sydeȝ þare off ware of Topazes & in ilkān of þe greeȝ ware sett dyuerse maneres of precyouse stanes. In þe summyt of þis trone þare was sett a ruby þat schane on þe nyghte as it hade bene þe Mone. In þis trone also was þare sett oñ ilke a syde dyuerse ymageȝ on þe whilke ware wretyn bathe in latyne & in grew* verseȝ þat contened all þe nammes of þe rewmes & cuntreeȝ þat Alexandere had conquerēd and ware sugetes vn-till hym.

8 ¹ After þis ⁴ Alexander gert make a corōn of golde sett full of all maner of precyouse stanes, and gert wryte upon it a tylle in grew & in latyn: ‘Ortus & occasus, Aquilo michi seruit & Auster.’ þat es at saye: ‘Est & weste, Northe & southe dose

12 seruyce vn-to me.’ In the mene tyme whils Alexander was in babyloyne, a woman was delyuer of a knaue childe þe whilke fra þe heuede to þe nauy had schappe of man, & was borne dedd.

And fra þe nauy downwardez it had lyknesse of dyuerse

16 besteȝ and was qwykke. Þis Monstre was takeñ & broghte till Alexander; and als soñ als he saw it he meruaylled gretly þare-off, and gart come bi-fore hym a philosopher þat couthe of wiche-crafte, & aschede hym what it sygnyfyed. And wheñ þe

20 philosopher saw it, he syghede, & saye wepan sayde vn-to hym: ‘Sothely wirchipfull emperour,’ quod he, ‘þe tyme commez nere that þou salt passe oute of this werlde.’ ‘Telle me,’ quod Alexander, ‘whareby þou knawes þat.’ And þe philosophre

24 ansuerde & sayde: ‘My lorde,’ quod he, ‘þe halfe of þis Monstre þat hase þe schappe of man & es dedd, betakens þat þou salt

passe out of þis werlde in haste. And þe toþer party þat hase þe lyknes of dyuerse besteȝ & es on lyfe, betakynges þe kynges

28 þat salt come after þe. Bot þare salt name of þan be lyke vn-to þe, na mare þan a beste es lyke vn-till a man.’ Wheñ

Alexander herde þis he was wonder heuy, and sare wepan he sayde on þis wyse: ‘O Almyghty Iubiter,’ quod he, ‘what

32 meneȝ it þat my dayes salt be so schortte? Me thynke þat it had bene semely þat I had leffed langere for till haf endid thyngeȝ þat are in my thoghte. Bot for als mekill als it es noȝt plesande vn-to þe, I beseke the þat þou resayffe me wheñ

36 I salt passe hethen als thyñ aweñ seruante.’

² In this mene tyme þare was in Macedoyne a lorde þat highte

* Leaf 46
bk.

The crown
of Alex-
ander and
the inscrip-
tions there-
on.

The strange
child born
in Babylon
half alive
and
half dead,
half man
and half
animal, and
the mean-
ing it has.
The death
of Alex-
ander and
the coming
of his suc-
cessor.
In what
they shall
not be like
him.

The sorrow
of Alex-
ander.

Antipator
wishes for

¹ Three lines with red capital *A* and small *a* in the margin beside.

² Four lines with red capital *I* and small *i* in margin beside.

the death
of Alex-
ander, who
is warned
of him by
Olympias.

Antipater, þe whilke of langetyme be-fore hadd^r casten for þe dedde of Alexander; And wit many oper þat he hadd^r confedred^r vn-till hym^m he conspyred^r for to brynge it tyll ende, bot he myghte neuer come aboute þer-with. For Olympias, Alex- 4 under moder, wrate vn-till hym^m ofte-sythes and warned^r hym^m þat he scholde be warre wit Antipater & his childre, and here- fore was Antypater wonder sary. So apoñ a tyme he vmbythoghte hym^m þat he myghte neuer come aboute wit his purpose 8 for to slaa Alexander, bot if it ware thurgh^r enpuysonynge. *And so apoñ a daye he went till a Soteñ leche, and boghte of hym^m a maner of drynke made of puyson^m that was so felle & so ranke þat þare myghte no vesselle halde it Bot a vessell made of Iren^m; 12 and þare-in he putt it. And þan he gaffe it his son^m Cassandre, and bad^r hym^m bere it till his broþer Iobas and byd^r hym^m, quoþ he, gyffe it to kyng Alexander in his drynke, wheñ he seeȝ his tyme. This ilk Iobas was a faire ȝong mañ & was duellyng with 16 Alexander, and gretly by-luffede & cheriste of hym^m. Bot so it be-felle apoñ a tyme þat Alexander smate Iobas on þe heued wit a warderere for na trespass. Whare-fore Iobas was gretly angred^r and greued^r at Alexander and consented^r till his dede, and 20 tuke þe puyson^m of his broþer þat was ordeyned^r for Alexander dede þat luffed^r hym^m so mekiñ.

¹ And apoñ a daye Alexander gart ordeyne a grete reuelle in Babyloyne and called^r þare too all his prynces^m oñ ilke a syde. 24 And as he satt at þe mete Imange his prynces^m he was wonder mery & gladde & iocund^r, and reheted^r his lordes^m & prayed^r þan^m þat þay schulde be mery. Þan^m Iobas þat serued^r þe kyng of his coupe tuke of þe puyson^m a porcyon^m, and putt it vnder þe nayle 28 of his thowme, and broghte þe coppe to þe kynge full of wyne. And as he gaffe it to þe kynge, he lete þe puyson^m falle in þe wyne prialy. And als sone als þe kyng hadd^r dronkeñ þe puyson^m, Sudaynly he gaffe a grete scryke, and lened^r hym^m downñ 32 towarde þe riȝte syde. For hym^m thoghte reghte als a mañ hadd^r smyteñ hym in-to þe lyuere wit a cuerde. Neuer-þe-lesse he feyned^r & forbare a while & suffred^r a grete penance, and wheñ he myȝte na langere habyde, he rase vp fra þe burde and 36 saide till his lordes^m & his knyghtes: ‘Lordyngis,’ quoþ he,

His protégé gives the king a drop of poison in his cup from his thumb. Alexander cries out with pain, but forbears awhile to leave the feast.

¹ Three lines with red capital *A* and small *a* in the margin beside.

'I pray þow sitt ȝe stiȝ & eteȝ & drynkeȝ & beeȝ mery.' Bot þay ware gretly troubbled¹ and rase vp fra þe burdeȝ and stode witowttein for to see þe ende. And Alexander went in-till his chambir gretly tourmentid¹, and soghte a fethir for to putt in his throtte for to garre hym hafe a vomet of þe puyson þat he hadd¹ resayffed. And Iobas, þat was cheffe of all this hye treson, gatt a fethir & enoynt it wit þe same puyson & broghte it till Alexander; and he tuk it & putt it in his throtte, and belyfe * þe puyson vexed¹ hym ay mare & mare. And þaȝ Alexander bade ane gange & open þe palace ȝates þat ware on Eufrates banke. And afe þat nyȝte he woke 12 in grete payneȝ & torment. And aboute mydnyȝt he rase oute of þe bedde þat he lay in and putt oute þe lyghte þat brynt by-fore hym, and for he myghte noghte ga vprighteȝ, he creped one hende & one fete doun to-warde Eufrateȝ for till hafe 16 drownned¹ hym selfe, þat þe strenth of þe water myȝth hafe borne hym away whare neuer maȝ solde hafe fuȝt hym.

And Rosaȝ his wyfe folowed¹ as faste as scho myghte. And wheñ scho come to hym scho fele vpon hym & embracedit hym 20 in hir armes & said vn-till hym: 'Allas, my lorde Alexander,' quoþ scho, 'wilt þou now leue me & gaa slaa thi-selfe.' And scho wepe þat it was dole to see; and Alexander ansuerde & sayde: 'I beseke þe Rosaȝ,' quoþ he, 'þat ert so dere to me 24 & so swete, late nane wit of myn Endynge, if all it be þat we may na langare hafe ioy togedir.' And þaȝ Rosaȝ ledd Alexander agayne to his bedd, and layde her armes aboute his nekke and kyssede hym many a tyme, and sare wepan¹ said 28 vn-till hym: 'A, A, my swete lorde,' quoþ scho, 'if þine ende be nowe commen, ordayne firste for vs or ȝe passe heþine.' And onane he callede vn-till hym Iobas & bade hym feche vn-till hym Semyon his notary. And wheñ he was comen he garte 32 bere hym down in-to þe haulle, and he garte come by-fore hym all his prynceȝ & bade his notary wryte his testament bi-fore þam all oñ þis wyse.

¹ 'ARestotle oure dere Maister, we comande the & prayse the, þat of oure aweȝ tresour þou sende to þe prestes of Egypþ þat ministres in þe temple, whare-in oure body saȝt be beryed

He uses a feather to spew it forth, but again the feather is poisoned.

* Leaf 47 bk.

In his agony he goes to the Euphrates to drown himself.

But his wife Roxana follows and prevents him and tries to console him.

She asks him first to provide for her.

He calls his notary.

He commands Aristotle to give to

¹ Three lines with red capital *A*, and small *a* in the margin beside, small capital *R* following.

the Egyptian priest of his mausoleum.
Ptolemy is the governor.
If Roxana bear a man child he shall be Emperor;
* Leaf 48. if a girl they shall choose their own. He appor-tions his domains.

The earth-quake.

The Macedonians come armed and demand to see their Emperor.

He prays his knights bear him before them.

He praises them. They speak with him and pray

& entered, þ besandez of golde. Also I will that Tholomeus þat es kepare of oure body be ȝour Gouernour, And forgetis noghte my laste will, Bot lateȝ my testament be alway bi-fore ȝour eghne so þat it be fulfilled & noghte forgetyn. My will es 4 also þat if Rosañ my wyfe be delyuer of a knafe childe þat he be ȝour Emperour and gyffez hym what name so ȝow liste, and if scho be delyuer of a mayden childe, þan es it my will þat the Macedoynes chese þam a kynge, and þat my wyfe be lady of * all 8 my mobles. Also I will þat Tholomeus be kyng of Egipt, and þat he tak tiff his wyfe Cleopatra, þat my Fader wedded sumtyme here bi-fore, and þat he be lorde & prynce ouer all þe lordes of þe Este eueñ vn-to Bactriañ. Also I will þat my 12 broþer Arrideus be kyng of þe Pelopones, also þat Cleopater be kyng of Perse, Mellagere kyng of Ethopy, And Anthiochus be kyng vn-to þe landes of Gog & magoge, Aresteȝ kynge of Inde, Lissymacus lorde of Selunce, Lythamoñ kyng of hungary, Caulus 16 kyng of Ermony, Illicus kyng of Dalmace. Symeon my Notary, will I, be Kyng of Capadoce & Pamphili, Cassander & Iobas be lordes vn-to þe Ryuer þat es called Soft, Antipater þaire Fader be kyng of Cicile.' Wheñ this testament was in wrytyng bi-fore Alexander Sodeynly þare come a thonnere & a leuennynge & ane erthedouñ riȝte a hedous, so þat all babyloyne qwoke þare-wit. And than thorowte all Babyloyne þe noyse rase þat Alexander was dede. And þan all þe Macedoynes rasse hallely 24 and come armed to þe Palace, and cryed on þe prynceȝ & said vn-to þam: ' Sothely,' quoþ þay, ' but if þe onaue schewe vs oure Emperour we salt slaa ȝow ilk ane.' And wheñ kyng Alexander herde swilke noyse he askede whate it ment, and þe prynceȝ 28 ansuerde & sayde: ' þe Macedoynes,' quoþ þay, ' are comeñ armede heder before þe ȝates, & says sekerly bot if þay see ȝow þay salt slaa vs alle are þay passe heþine.' And wheñ Alexander herde þis, he badð his knyghtis þat þay scholde take hym vp, and bère 32 hym in-to þe consistorye. And þay did soo. And þan he garte open þe Palace ȝates þat þe Macedoynes myȝte come by-fore hym. And þan kyng Alexander be-gañ to comend þam of þaire strenth & þaire grete doghtynes, and charged þan þat 36 þay scholde be in pesse & reste ilkane wit oþer. Þan þe Macedoynes, sare wepande, sayde vn-tiff Alexander: ' A, A, wirchipfull,' quoþ þay, ' ordayne & tellie vs are ȝe passe

heyne wham̄ ȝe wiff þat be oure emperour efter ȝow.¹ And Alexander ansuerd & sayde, ‘A, A, my dere knyghtis,’ quoþ he, ‘when̄ I am dede whaym̄ so ȝe wiff chese, be ȝour emperour 4 efter mee.’ And þay ansuerde, ‘Lord,’ quoþ þay, ‘we besike ȝowe þat ȝe wiff graunt vs Perdic to be oure Emperour.’ ‘I vouche wele saffe,’ quoþ Alexander, ‘þat Perdie be ȝour Emperour. Gers hym come be-fore mee.’ ¹ And when̄ he was 8 comein̄ by-fore hym he gaffe hym þe kyngdome* of Maeccoyne wit þe Emperourechipe. And he gaffe hym also Rosain̄ for to be his wyfpe, and prayed̄ hym þat he walde be gude & gentil till hir. And þan he kyssede aff þe lordez & þe knyghtis of 12 Maeccoyne ilkane after oþer, and sighed and weped̄ wonder sare. þare was þaið so grete dole & wepynge, þat it was lyke a thonere. For meid Supposez þat noȝte allanly meid made Sorow for þe dede of so worthy ane Emperour, Bot also þe soid 16 and aff þe oþer planetis and elementes ware troubled.

² A prynce of Maeccoyne stode nere Alexander bedd̄ þat highte Seleucus, & wit grete dole & wepynge he sayd̄: ‘A, A, þou wirchipfull emperour,’ quoþ he, ‘what saff we do when̄ þou 20 ert dede. Philippe þi fader gouerned̄ vs wele & affe oure rewme, Bot þe gentilnes & þe largesse of the na tunge may tell.’ And þaið Alexander sett hym vp in his bedd̄ and gaffe hym selfe a grete flappe on þe cheke and by-gað for to wepe riȝte 24 bitterly, and in þe langage of Maeccoyne, he sayde on þis wyse:

‘Full waa es me vnhappy wreehe,’ quoþ he, ‘þat euer I was borne to maið. For now Alexander dyes and Maeccoyne saff waxe ay lesse & lesse and emenische day bi day.’ Thað aff þe Maeccoynes wit an hye voyee and bitter wepynge sayd vn-till hym: ‘Better it ware till vs,’ quoþ þay, ‘for to dy wit þe þaið for to se þe dy in oure presence. For wele we wate þat, efter þe dede of the, þe kyngdom̄ of Maeccoyne es vndone for euere. 32 Allas oure wirchipfull Alexander, why lefes þou vs here and wendeȝ away be thyñ ane, withowteñ thi Maeccoynes?’ Thað kyng Alexander alway sighand̄ & wepan̄ said vn-to þam: ‘A, A, my dere Maeccoynes,’ quoþ he, ‘fra this tym̄ forwarde 36 saff neuer ȝour name hafe lordchipe ouer þe Barbarenes.’ And þaið þe Maeccoynes cryed̄ and sayde: ‘O wirchipfull lorde,’ quoþ

him for
Perdic
for their
king.

He gives
* Leaf 48
bk.

Perdic
Macedonia
and the
Emperor-
ship,
and also
Roxana as
wife.

He kisses
all the
Mace-
donian
Lords.

Selucus
grieves by
Alex-
ander's
bedside
that they
shall have
no good
leader.

Alexander
bewails his
fate that
Macedonia
shall
dwindle
with his
death.
All the
Mace-
donians
say it were
better to
die with
him.

The grief
of the
Mace-
donians.

¹ Three lines with red capital *A*, and smaller *a* in the margin beside.

² Four lines with red capital *A*, and small *a* in the margin beside.

þay, ‘þou ledd̄ vs in-to Perse, Aſſaby, and Inde, and vn-to the werldeȝ ende, and in-to what cuntrē þat þe liste wende; why, lorde, fleeȝ þou now fra vs? Lede vs wit the whedir so þou gase.’

Alexander
sends rich
gifts to the
Temple of
Apollo in
Athens and
makes
order for
the em-
balming of
his body.

* Leaf 49.
His death.

The
funeral of
Alexander.

His burial
and
wonderful
tomb.

The de-
scription of
Alexander.

The years
of his life
and his
warlike
deeds.

Þan̄ kyng Alexander sent to þe templee of Appollo in 4 Athenes many riche iowels, and on þe same wyse till aff oper temples. And þan̄ he commanded̄ þat when̄ he ware dede, þay schulde enoynte his body and embawme it wit riche oynementes, þe whilke kepis menes bodys in graues wit-owtten̄ corupcion̄. 8 Þan̄ he badde Tholomeus þat he scholde [take] a ē besantes of golde, & þare-off gere make hym a tombe in Alexander. And onane * as he had̄ commanded̄ hym þus, one-seeand̄ þan̄ aff, he swelt. And þan̄ his prynceȝ lifte vp his body, and did̄ apoñ his 12 clethyng of astate and putt a riche coroñ on̄ his heued̄, and sett hym in þe emperours chayer, þe whilke twelue prynceȝ drewe wit þaire bresteȝ fra Babiloyne till Alexander. Tholomeus went alway bi-fore þe chayere wepande & sayande one þis 16 wyse: ‘Full waa es me, My lord̄ Alexander, waa es me. For in aff thi lyfe slew þou neuer so many men̄ as þou dose nowe after þi dede.’ All Alexanders knyghtis also weped̄ & made grete dole & sayde on̄ þis wyse: ‘Waa es vs wreches! whatt schall wee 20 now do after þe dede of oure lorde Alexander? Whedir saſt we now gaa or whate partye may we now chese? Whare schall we now get any helpe till oure lyfelade?’ One þis wyse þay went wepand̄ after Alexander, till þay come till þe citee of 24 Alexander. And þare þay beryed̄ hym in a toumbe þat was riȝte hye and wonder curyouslye wroghte. Þis tombe was aff of fyne golde sett full of precyous stanes, and on̄ þat toumbe þer was sett xxx ymages of golde wonder craftily made. 28

¹ Alexander was a man̄ bot of a comon̄ stature, wit a lange nekke, Faire eghne & glad̄, his chekes ruddy, and aff þe remenant of his lymmes ware faire & semely & lyke vn-till a lorde. He ouercome aff men̄ & neuer was ouercomen̄. The lenthe 32 of his lyffe was xxxij ȝere, twa & thritty ȝere & seuen̄ monethes. Fra þe twentyd̄ ȝere of his birthe he gaſſe hym to werre, and in twelue ȝere he conquered̄ aff þe werlde, and made subiect un-till hym alkyd̄ nacyonns. Seuen̄ monethes he ristede hym. He was 36 borne on þe viij kt of January, and dyed̄ on̄ þe viij kt of August.

¹ Large red capital A.

He byggid also in his lyfe xij grete citees þat hider-to-wardeſ bene enhabyt, and þis are þaire names. Firſte Alexander þat es called yprysilicas, þe ſecund Alexander es called Bepyorum,
4 þe thrid Alexander es callede Sithia, þe ferthe Alexander es called Bicontristi, þe fiſte Alexander es called Peraucton, þe ſext Alexander es called Buetiphalo, þe ſeuent es callede vnder þe ryuer of Tygre, þe aughtend New Babiloyne, þe nyend Aptreadan,
8 þe tend Messagetes, þe elleuend Ypsyaeo, þe twelfed es called Egipſt.

The twelve
great cities
that he
built.

Explicit vita Alexandry magni conquerorū.

Here endeſ þe lyf of gret Alexander conquerour of all þe
12 worlde.

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THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY was started by the late DR. FURNIVALL in 1864 for the purpose of bringing the mass of Old English Literature within the reach of the ordinary student, and of wiping away the reproach under which England had long rested, of having felt little interest in the monuments of her early language and life.

On the starting of the Society, so many Texts of importance were at once taken in hand by its Editors, that it became necessary in 1867 to open, besides the *Original Series* with which the Society began, an *Extra Series* which should be mainly devoted to fresh editions of all that is most valuable in printed MSS. and Caxton's and other black-letter books, though first editions of MSS. will not be excluded when the convenience of issuing them demands their inclusion in the Extra Series.

During the forty-eight years of the Society's existence, it has produced, with whatever shortcomings, and at a cost of over £30,000, an amount of good solid work for which all students of our Language, and some of our Literature, must be grateful, and which has rendered possible the beginnings (at least) of proper Histories and Dictionaries of that Language and Literature, and has illustrated the thoughts, the life, the manners and customs of our forefathers and foremothers.

But the Society's experience has shown the very small number of those inheritors of the speech of Cynewulf, Chaucer, and Shakspere, who care two guineas a year for the records of that speech. 'Let the dead past bury its dead' is still the cry of Great Britain and her Colonies, and of America, in the matter of language. The Society has never had money enough to produce the Texts that could easily have been got ready for it; and many Editors are now anxious to send to press the work they have prepared. The necessity has therefore arisen for trying to increase the number of the Society's members, and to induce its well-wishers to help it by gifts of money, either in one sum or by instalments. The Committee trust that every Member will bring before his or her friends and acquaintances the Society's claims for liberal support. Until all Early English MSS. are printed, no proper History of our Language or Social Life is possible.

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The Society intends to complete, as soon as its funds will allow, the Reprints of its out-of-print Texts of the year 1866, and also of nos. 20, 26, and 33. Dr. Otto Glanning has undertaken *Seinte Marherete*; and *Hali Meidenhad* is in type. As the cost of these Reprints, if they were not needed, would have been devoted to fresh Texts, the Reprints will be sent to all Members in lieu of such Texts. Though called 'Reprints,' these books are new editions, generally with valuable additions, a fact not noticed by a few careless receivers of them, who have complained that they already had the volumes.

A gratifying gift is to be made to the Society. The American owner of the unique MS. of the Works of John Metham—whose Romance of Amoryus and Cleopas was sketched by Dr. Furnivall in his new edition of *Political, Religious and Love Poems*, No. 15 in the Society's Original Series—has promised to give the Society an edition of his MS. prepared by Dr. Hardin Craig of Princeton, and it will be issued next year as No. 132 of the Original Series. The giver hopes that his example may be followed by other folk, as the support hitherto given to the Society is so far below that which it deserves.

The Original Series Texts for 1910 were No. 139, *John Arderne's Treatises on Fistula in Ano, &c.*, edited by D'Arcy Power, M.D., englisch about 1425 from the Latin of about 1380 A.D.; No. 140, *Capgrave's Lives of St. Augustine and St. Gilbert of Sempringham*, A.D. 1451, edited by John Munro.

The Original Series Texts for 1911 were, No. 141, *Eurth upon Earth*, all the known texts, edited by Miss Hilda Murray, M.A.; No. 142, *The English Register of Gostlow Nunnery*, Part III, containing Forewords, Grammar Notes and Indexes, edited by Dr. Andrew Clark; and No. 143, *The Wars of Alexander*, edited from the Thornton MS. by J. S. Westlake, M.A. (still at press).

The Original Series Texts for 1912 were, No. 144, *The English Register of Oseney Abbey, by Oxford*, Part II, containing Forewords, Grammar, Notes and Indexes, edited by the Rev. Dr. Andrew Clark, and No. 145, *The Northern Passion*, Part I, containing the four parallel texts of the poem, with variants from other manuscripts, edited by Miss Frances A. Foster.

Mr. John Munro has at press a revised and enlarged edition of Original Series, No. 26, the shorter pieces from the Thornton Manuscript, originally edited by the Rev. G. G. Perry, and this will be sent out to all subscribers to the Original Series for 1913. A revised edition of Dr. MacCracken's *Minor Poems of Lydgate*, Part I, will be issued to subscribers of 1910.

The Texts for future years will be chosen from Part III of *The Brut*; Part III of the *Alphabet of Tales*, edited by Mrs. M. M. Banks; Part II of Mr. A. O. Belfour's *Twelfth Century Homilies*; and Part IV of Miss Dormer Harris's *Coventry Lect Book*. Later Texts will be Part III of Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, with a Glossary of Wm. of Waddington's French words in his *Mannual des Pechiez*, and comments on them, by Mr. Dickson Brown; Part II of the *Exeter Book*—Anglo-Saxon Poems from the unique MS. in Exeter Cathedral—re-edited by Professor Gollancz; Part II of Prof. Dr. Holthansen's *Vices and Virtues*; Part II of *Jacob's Well*, edited by Dr. Brandeis; the Alliterative *Siege of Jerusalem*, edited by the late Prof. Dr. E. Kölbing and Prof. Dr. Kaluza; an Introduction and Glossary to the *Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.* by H. Hartley, M.A.; Alain Chartier's *Quadrilogie*, edited from the unique MS. Univ. Coll. Oxford No. 85, by Prof. J. W. H. Atkins; and the *Early Verse and Prose* in the Harleian MS. 2253, re-edited by Miss Hilda Murray. Canon Wordsworth of Marlborough having given the Society a copy of the *Leofric Canonical Rule*, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, Parker MS. 191, C. C. Cambridge, Prof. Napier will edit it, with a fragment of the englisch *Cepitula de Bp. Theodulf*: it is now at press.

The Extra Series Texts for 1910 were No. CVI, *Lydgate's Troy Book*, Part III, containing Books IV and V, completing the text, edited by Hy. Bergen, Ph.D.; and No. CVII, *Lydgate's Minor Poems*, Part I, *Religious Poems*, with the Lydgate Canon, edited by H. N. MacCracken, Ph.D.

The Extra Series Texts for 1911 were, No. CVIII, *Lydgate's Siege of Thebes*, Part I, the text, edited from the MSS. by Dr. A. Erdmann; and No. CIX, *Partonope*, Part I, edited from its 3 MSS. by Dr. A. T. Bödtker.

The Extra Series Texts for 1912 were, No. CX, *Caxton's Mirrour of the World*, edited with reproductions of all the woodcuts, by Dr. O. H. Prior, M.A., and No. CXI, *Caxton's History of Jason*, Part I, the text, edited by Mr. John Munro (both at press).

Future Extra Series Texts will be Lydgate's *Minor Poems*, Part II, *Secular Poems*, ed. by Dr. H. N. MacCracken; *Lydgate's Troy Book*, Part IV, edited by Dr. Hy. Bergen; *De Medicina*, re-edited by Prof. Delcourt; *Loveleich's Romance of Merlin*, re-edited by Prof. E. A. Kock, Part II; Miss Eleanor Plumer's re-edition of *Sir Gouther and Sir Percyvalle*; Miss K. B. Locock's re-edition of *Hylton's Laddar of Perfection*; Miss Warren's two-text

edition of *The Dame of Death* from the Ellesmere and other MS.; *The Owl and Nightingale*, two parallel Texts, edited by Mr. G. F. H. Sykes; Dr. Erbe's re-edition of *Mirk's Festival*, Part II; Dr. M. Kourath's re-edition of *William of Shoreham's Poems*, Part II; Professor Gollancz's re-edition of two Alliterative Poems, *Winner and Waster*, &c.; about 1360; Dr. Norman Moore's re-edition of *The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London*, from the unique MS. about 1425, which gives an account of the Founder, Rahere, and the miraculous cures wrought at the Hospital; *The Craft of Nombrunge*, with other of the earliest englighst Treatises on Arithmetic, edited by R. Steele, B.A.; and the Second Part of the prose Romance of *Melusine*—Introduction, with ten facsimiles of the best woodblocks of the old foreign black-letter editions, Glossary, &c., by A. K. Donald, B.A.

Later Texts for the Extra Series will include *The Three Kings' Sons*, Part II, the Introduction, &c., by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner; Part II of *The Chester Plays*, re-edited from the MSS., with a full collation of the formerly missing Devonshire MS., by Mr. G. England and Dr. Matthews; Prof. Jespersen's editions of John Hart's *Orthographie* (MS. 1551 A.D.; black-letter 1569), and *Method to teach Reading*, 1570; Deguilleville's *Pilgrimage of the Sowle*, in English prose, edited by Mr. Hans Koestner. (For the three prose versions of *The Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*—two English, one French—an Editor is wanted.) Members are asked to realise the fact that the Society has now 50 years' work on its Lists,—at its present rate of production,—and that there is from 100 to 200 more years' work to come after that. The year 2000 will not see finished all the Texts that the Society ought to print. The need of more Members and money is pressing. Offers of help from willing Editors have continually to be declined because the Society has no funds to print their Texts.

Before his death in 1895, Mr. G. N. Currie was preparing an edition of the 15th and 16th century Prose Versions of Guillaume de Deguilleville's *Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*, with the French prose version by Jean Gallopes, from Lord Aldenham's MS., he having generously promised to pay the extra cost of printing the French text, and engraving one or two of the illuminations in his MS. But Mr. Currie, when on his deathbed, charged a friend to burn all his MSS. which lay in a corner of his room, and unluckily all the E. E. T. S.'s copies of the Deguilleville prose versions were with them, and were burnt with them, so that the Society will be put to the cost of fresh copies.

Guillaume de Deguilleville, monk of the Cistercian abbey of Chaalis, in the diocese of Senlis, wrote his first verse *Pèlerinaige de l'Homme* in 1330-1 when he was 36.¹ Twenty-five (or six) years after, in 1355, he revised his poem, and issued a second version of it,² a revision of which was printed ab. 1500. Of the prose representative of the first version, 1330-1, a prose Englishing, about 1430 A.D., was edited by Mr. Aldis Wright for the Roxburghe Club in 1869, from MS. Ff. 5. 30 in the Cambridge University Library. Other copies of this prose English are in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, Q. 2. 25; Sion College, London; and the Land Collection in the Bodleian, no. 740.³ A copy in the Northern dialect is MS. G. 21, in St. John's Coll., Cambridge, and this is the MS. which will be edited for the E. E. Text Society. The Land MS. 740 was somewhat condensed and modernised, in the 17th century, into MS. Ff. 6. 30, in the Cambridge University Library:⁴ "The Pilgrime or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World," copied by Will. Baspoole, whose copy "was verbatim written by Walter Parker, 1645, and from thence transcribed by G. G. 1649; and from thence by W. A. 1655." This last copy may have been read by, or its story reported to, Bunyan, and may have been the groundwork of his *Pilgrim's Progress*. It will be edited for the E. E. T. Soc., its text running under the earlier English, as in Mr. Herridge's edition of the *Gesta Romanorum* for the Society. In February 1464,⁵ Jean Gallopes—a clerk of Angers, afterwards chaplain to John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France—turned Deguilleville's first verse *Pèlerinaige* into a prose *Pèlerinaige de la vie humaine*.⁶ By the kindness of Lord Aldenham, as above mentioned, Gallopes's French text will be printed opposite the early prose northern Englishing in the Society's edition.

The Second Version of Deguilleville's *Pèlerinaige de l'Homme*, A.D. 1355 or -6, was englighst in verse by Lydgate in 1426, and, thanks to the diligence of the old Elizabethan tailor and manuscript-lover, John Stowe, a complete text of Lydgate's poem has been edited for the Society by Dr. Furnivall. The British Museum French MSS. (Harleian 4399,⁷ and Additional 22,937⁸ and 25,594⁹) are all of the First Version.

¹ He was born about 1295. See Abbé GOUJET'S *Bibliothèque française*, Vol. IX, p. 734.—P. M. The Roxburghe Club printed the 1st version in 1893.

² The Roxburghe Club's copy of this 2nd version was lent to Mr. Currie, and unluckily burnt too with his other MSS.

³ These 3 MSS. have not yet been collated, but are believed to be all of the same version.

⁴ Another MS. is in the Pepys Library. ⁵ According to Lord Aldenham's MS.

⁶ These were printed in France, late in the 15th or early in the 16th century.

⁷ 15th cent., containing only the *Vie humaine*.

⁸ 15th cent., containing all the 3 Pilgrimages, the 3rd being Jesus Christ's.

⁹ 14th cent., containing the *Vie humaine* and the 2nd Pilgrimage, *de l'Ame*: both incomplete.

Besides his first *Pèlerinaige de l'homme* in its two versions, Deguilleville wrote a second, "de l'ame separée du corps," and a third, "de nostre seigneur Iesus." Of the second, a prose Englishing of 1413, *The Pilgrimage of the Soul* (with poems, by Hoeclive, already printed for the Society with that author's *Regement of Princes*), exists in the Egerton MS. 615,¹ at Hatfield, Cambridge (Univ. Kk. 1, 7, and Caius), Oxford (Univ. Coll. and Corpus), and in Caxton's edition of 1483. This version has 'somewhat of addicions' as Caxton says, and some shortenings too, as the maker of both, the first translator, tells us in the MSS. Caxton leaves out the earlier englisher's interesting Epilogue in the Egerton MS. This prose englishing of the *Soul* has been copied and will be edited for the Society by Mr. Hans Koestner. Of the Pilgrimage of Jesus, no englishing is known.

Members are reminded that *fresh Subscribers are always wanted*, and that the Committee can at any time, on short notice, send to press an additional Thousand Pounds' worth of work.

The Subscribers to the Original Series must be prepared for the issue of the whole of the Early English *Lives of Saints*, sooner or later. The Standard Collection of Saints' Lives in the Corpus and Ashmole MSS., the Harleian MS. 2277, &c. will repeat the Laud set, our No. 87, with additions, and in right order. (The foundation MS. (Laud 108) had to be printed first, to prevent quite unwieldy collations.) The Supplementary Lives from the Vernon and other MSS. will form one or two separate volumes.

Besides the Saints' Lives, Trevisa's englishing of *Bartholomaeus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, the mediaeval Cyclopaedia of Science, &c., will be the Society's next big undertaking. Prof. Napier of Oxford, wishing to have the whole of our MS. Anglo-Saxon in type, and accessible to students, will edit for the Society all the unprinted and other Anglo-Saxon Homilies which are not included in Thorpe's edition of Ælfric's prose,² Dr. Morris's of the Blickling Homilies, and Prof. Skeat's of Ælfric's Metrical Homilies. The late Prof. Kölbling left complete his text, for the Society, of the *Ancren Riwle*, from the best MS., with collations of the other four, and this will be edited for the Society by Dr. Thümmler. Mr. Harvey means to prepare an edition of the three MSS. of the *Earliest English Metrical Psalter*, one of which was edited by the late Mr. Stevenson for the Surtees Society.

Members of the Society will learn with pleasure that its example has been followed, not only by the Old French Text Society, which has done such admirable work under its founders Profs. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, but also by the Early Russian Text Society, which was set on foot in 1877, and has since issued many excellent editions of old MS. Chronicles, &c.

Members will also note with pleasure the annexation of large tracts of our Early English territory by the important German contingent, the late Professors Zupitza and Kölbling, the living Hausknecht, Einenkel, Haenisch, Kaluza, Hupe, Adam, Holthausen, Schick, Herzfeld, Brandeis, Sieper, Konrath, Wülfing, &c. Scandinavia has also sent us Prof. Erdmann and Dr. E. A. Kock; Holland, Prof. H. Logeman, who is now working in Belgium; France, Prof. Paul Meyer—with Gaston Paris as adviser (alas, now dead);—Italy, Prof. Lattanzi; Austria, Dr. von Fleischbacher; while America is represented by the late Prof. Child, by Dr. Mary Noyes Colvin, Miss Rickett, Profs. Mead, McKnight, Triggs, Hullume, Bryce, Craig, Drs. Bergen, MacCracken, &c. The sympathy, the ready help, which the Society's work has called forth from the Continent and the United States, have been among the pleasantest experiences of the Society's life, a real aid and cheer amid all troubles and discouragements. All our Members are grateful for it, and recognise that the bond their work has woven between them and the lovers of language and antiquity across the seas is one of the most welcome results of the Society's efforts.

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¹ Ab. 1430, 106 leaves (leaf 1 of text wanting), with illuminations of nice little devils—red, green, tawny, &c.—and damned souls, fires, angels, &c.

² Of these, Mr. Harsley is preparing a new edition, with collations of all the MSS. Many copies of Thorpe's book, not issued by the Ælfric Society, are still in stock.

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